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NATIONAL LAMPOON®

THE UP YOURSELF BOOK

DELUXE EDITION

BY PETER AND PEGGY POPE, PH.D.s

SEARCHING FOR THE WAY TO BE A BETTER YOU UNTIL YOU DIE

CONCEIVED & EDITED BY
GERALD SUSSMAN

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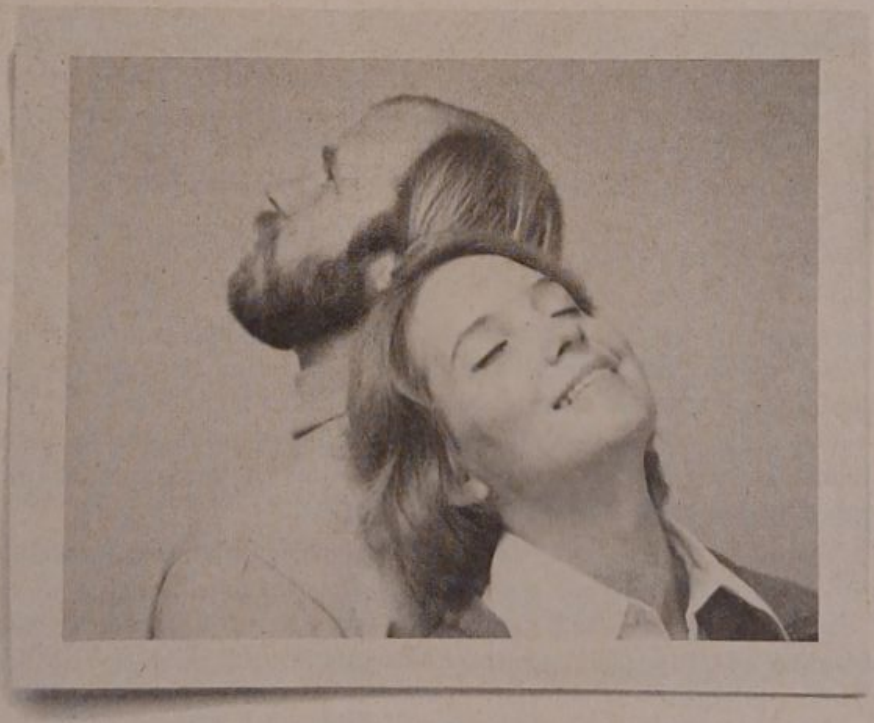
NATIONAL LAMPOON PRESENTS

THE UP YOURSELF BOOK



DELUXE EDITION

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FOREWORD

For years, the *National Lampoon* has been looking for the right book to launch itself into serious publishing. In that capacity, I've read hundreds of manuscripts and outlines. I've heard all kinds of proposals and ideas. When the word was out on the publishing grapevine that I was on the prowl for a serious book, the phones never stopped ringing. The agents, the packagers, the deal-makers soon barraged us with big names and big money contracts.

"Norman wants to do it—period, the end," said Norman Mailer's agent. "John told me he's very excited about the prospect," said Richard Goodwin, a close friend of John Galbraith. "Goodwin would love to get together with you people," said Sterling Lord, Goodwin's agent. If I wanted to drop names, we could drop Bellow, Roth, Truman Capote, and Lillian Hellman. We could drop Alvin Toffler and Erik Erikson. Andy Warhol, Robert Rauschenberg, and Cartier-Bresson wanted to do picture books for us.

But the bottom line remained blank. Something was always in the way. Mailer was unavailable when I wanted him. Goodwin was running late with his current book—could we wait six months? Roth wanted too much money, and so on and so forth. I just about gave up when an unsolicited manuscript fell into my hands exactly one month ago. It had no special recommendation, no agent's build-up. It was, of all things, a Ph.D. thesis written by a husband and wife named Peter and Peggy Pope. It was called *The Up Yourself Book*, or *Searching for a Way to Be a Better You Until You Die*.

There are very few books that make a permanent impression, that turn your head around and actually change your life. You can count them on the fingers of one hand. *Up Yourself* is such a book. It was as if I had never really lived before, never understood where, what, and why I was, until I picked up this book. It was like reading Tolkien or *The Prophet* for the first time. I found the perfect start for our serious projects.

The rest of the story is publishing history, and is unimportant to relate here. Suffice it to say that Peter and Peggy Pope teach interhuman communications at San Modesto State, and *Up Yourself* is the account of their explorations into the human potential/self-growth movements in their home state of California. Their findings are what really count. At once enlightening, uplifting, even shocking, *Up Yourself* does what few books can do—shows you how to be self-aware, centered, focused, committed, creative, autonomous, compassionate, competent, confident, and secure. Not since the Old Testament has a book offered so many insights into improving your life. But enough of our introduction. Let Peter and Peggy tell you who they are and where they're at.

Gerald Sussman

INTRODUCTION

Let me tell you how this book came to be. My husband, Peter, and I teach interhuman communications at San Modesto State in California. One night, I was home alone grading papers. Peter was out somewhere and didn't get back until 3:00 AM. His clothes smelled of cheap perfume, his breath smelled of whiskey, and there were lipstick smears on his mouth.

Normally, Peter and I give each other a lot of space. I never hassle him. But I had a gut feeling that something was wrong. He claimed he had gone to a masquerade ball, disguised as a debauched lover. I believed him, because our relationship was based on trust. Except he started going to these balls five times a week. I asked if I could come and he said no, it was just for men—that they were recreating the decadent atmosphere of Vienna in the 1890s (Peter is into some esoteric scenes.)

Well, I finally found out that his Viennese parties were confined to one little "mocha torte," a cocoa-skinned lady from Oakland.

There was no reason for me to be jealous. Peter and I worked through years of self-realization. We understood each others needs. But after I stabbed Little Miss Mocha, I felt that something was gone from our relationship. If we were to find ourselves, we had to lay a heavy mind trip on each other. Peter agreed.

So we decided to explore all the new self-realization movements in California. Our journey into these new worlds of human potential was really a journey into, or up, ourselves. Peter and I went through a lot of changes. It was beautiful. The result was <u>The Up Yourself Book</u>, which became our Ph.D. thesis as well.

Afterwards, Peter mailed the thesis to hundreds of publishers in New York. He thought it would make a best-selling book. After 246 rejections, it was bought by the <u>National Lampoon</u>.

A personal note: all the chapters I have written are in my actual handwriting. I feel it's the only honest way to communicate. I also did the sketches in the book. I'm not a professional artist, but I wanted to capture the truth of the moment in pictures as well as words.

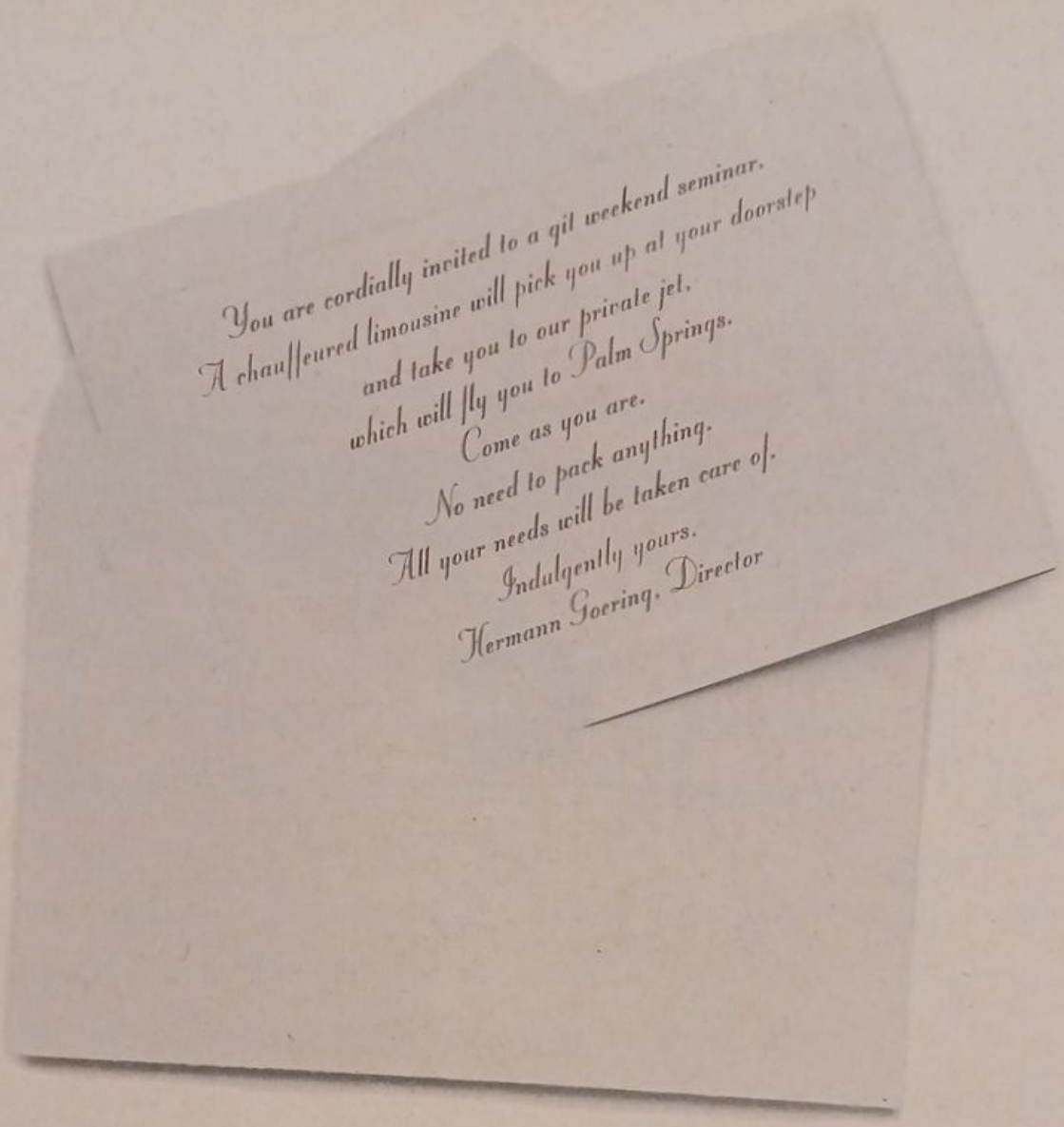
Our book is a statement about who and where we are, and is a guide to helping you find out who and where <u>you</u> are. Take a trip up yourself with us!

Peggy Pope, Ph.D.

Everything Peggy wrote is true. But my little thing with the cocoa-skinned girl was just that--a little, meaningless thing. Actually, it helped bring Peggy and me together. It was the catalyst for our book, motivating our search through the state of California for ways to better ourselves. Of course, we also had to keep moving to escape police detection--we had no idea at the time that the girl recovered and never pressed charges against Peggy.

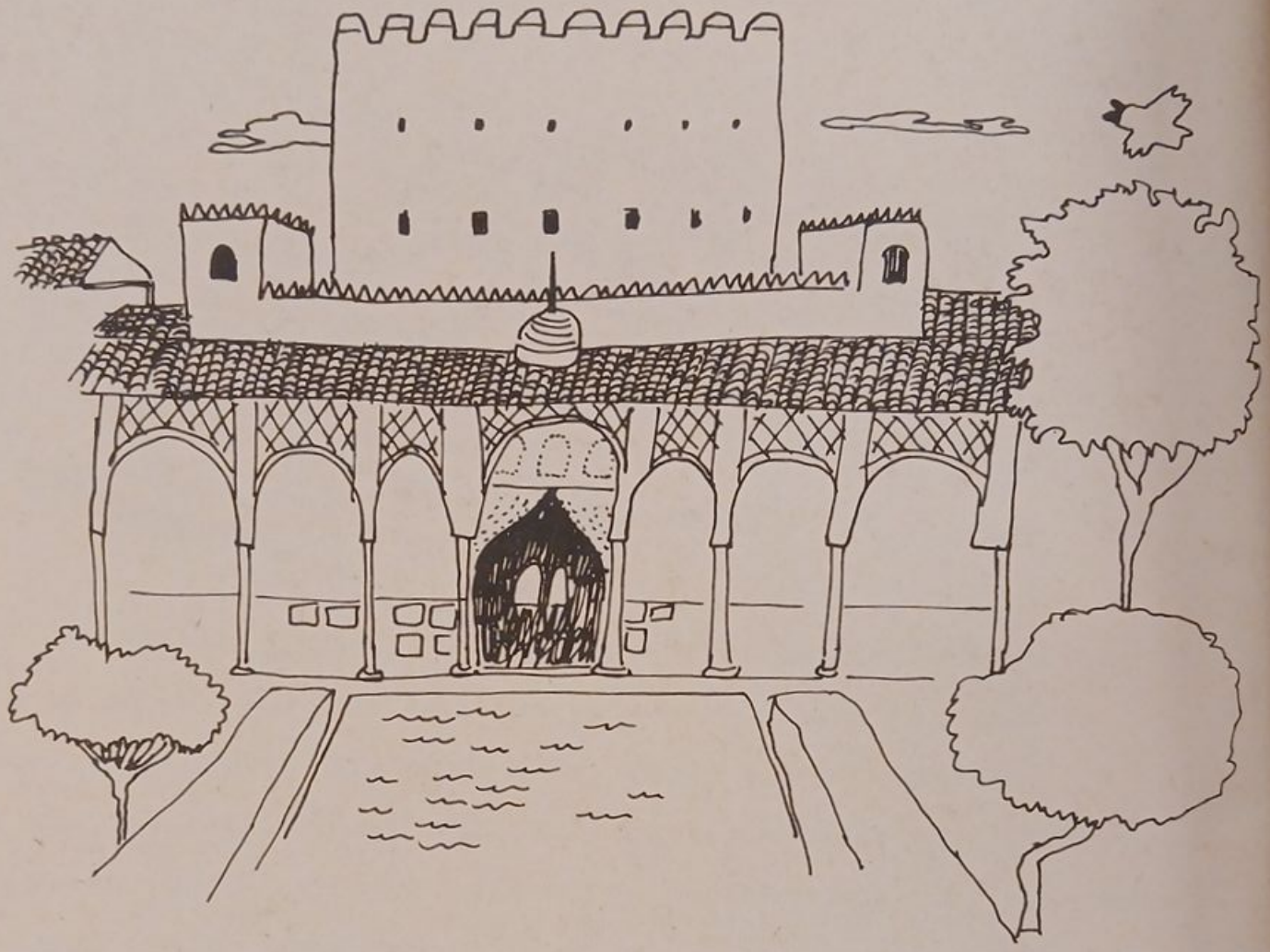
My chapters were typed on an IBM Selectric. I think Peggy was a little naive in doing her chapters in handwriting, but that's her style of self-expression. She's a beautiful and very heavy-duty lady.

Peter Pope, Ph.D.


You are cordially invited to a git weekend seminar.
A chauffeured limousine will pick you up at your doorstep
and take you to our private jet,
which will fly you to Palm Springs.
Come as you are.
No need to pack anything.
All your needs will be taken care of.
Indulgently yours,
Hermann Goering, Director

A GIT WEEKEND

The git (Goering Indulgence Training) seminar center is a perfect replica of the Alhambra, a palace of the Moorish kings who ruled Spain in the fourteenth century. It is surely one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. Upon our arrival, we were immediately carried out of the Bentley by pairs of Nubians (real ones from Nubia) to our quarters, which were as lavish as those built for the kings.



There were ladies and men-in-waiting everywhere. We had all kinds of marvelous clothes in the closets. We were in separate beds, and were immediately spoon-fed Iranian caviar and champagne. Everything was done for us. We ate and drank until we were full, but it was still not enough. We were urged to eat and drink more. There were pounds of caviar everywhere. We had to go to the bathroom and throw up. This was merely our introduction to the first session.

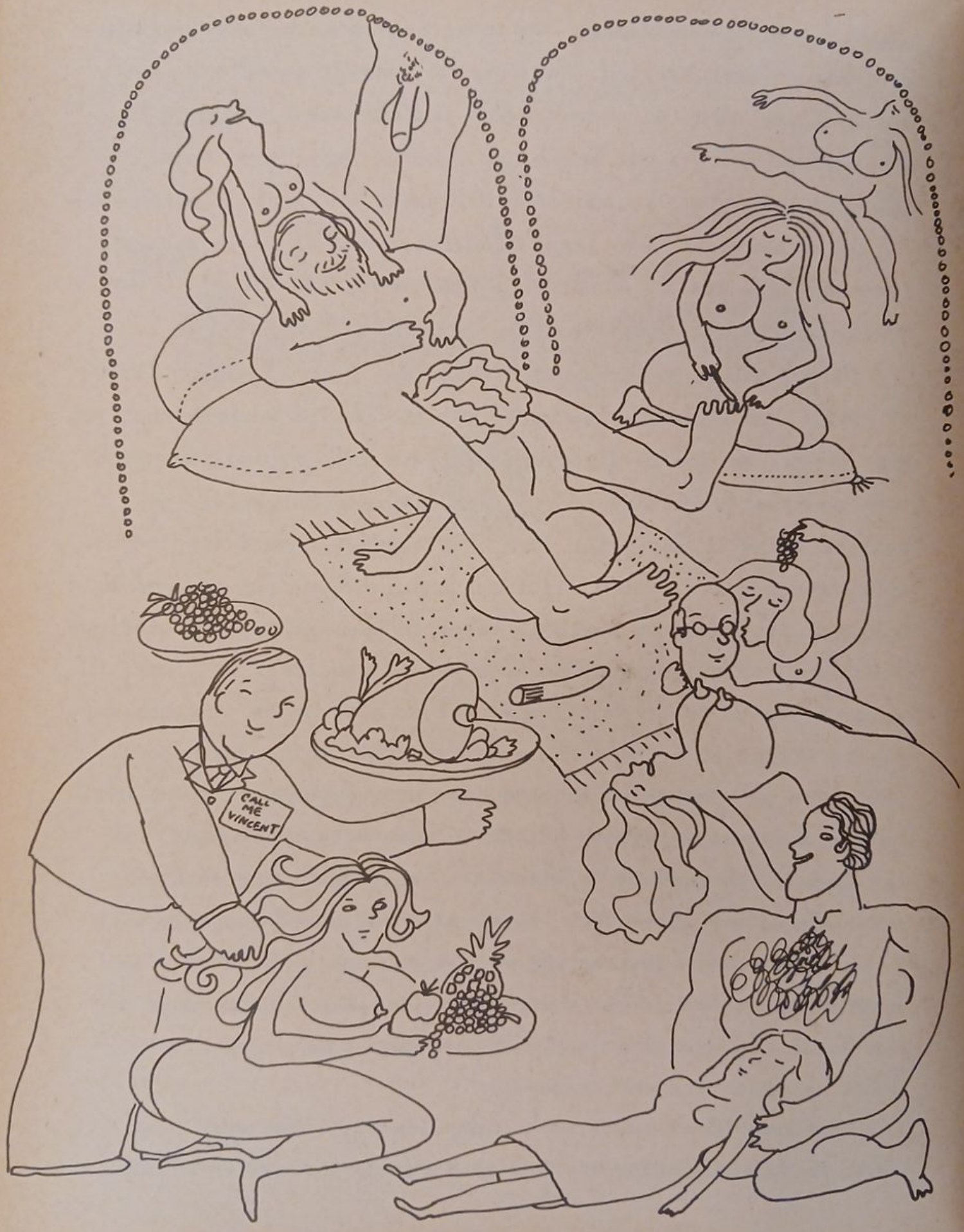
Git sessions start at noon, which is considered the wake-up hour. But first we were given a series of highly pleasurable

baths and gentle massages. While we sat on large silk pillows in a magnificent setting, our session leader, known only as Vincent, lay down the ground rules for our stay. Vincent is a rotund man with a big smile and a constantly happy look. He likes to lick his lips and clap his hands as signs of enthusiasm.

He walked over to a large blackboard and wrote in capital letters, "YOU ARE ALL WONDERFUL, BEAUTIFUL, AND TIP-TOP. THE WORLD OWES YOU A LIVING."

"Never forget those words," he said. "You'll end up living by them. Now here are the rules for the entire weekend that you must obey. No one is allowed to refrain from eating, drinking, smoking--that's regular smoking and drugs--fornicating, or participating in any other form of pleasurable self-indulgence. Every seven hours, there will be a short break. Of course, this does not include your periodic trips to our incredibly luxurious bathrooms, which you can use as often as you like. In fact, we urge you to use them for any oral or anal needs. By the way, you'll notice that there is no toilet paper in our bathrooms. Don't worry. Our servants take care of everything! There will be servants everywhere to attend to your slightest whims. No one leaves the room or is allowed to rest until the regular rest breaks are announced. Everything you could possibly want is in this room. Is that clear? If you don't think you can comply with these rules, you can get your money back right now and leave, no questions asked." (At this point, six people left, looking very embarrassed.)

The next seven hours were mind-blowing. They were also stomach-blowing. Vincent kept up a steady barrage of intense


CALL
ME
VINCENT

praise, screaming into his microphone at the top of his voice, "You men...you're all tall, dark, and handsome, you're virile, witty, and charming. You're sexy and tough. Women...you're beautiful, warm, and womanly. You're sexy and smart. You're exciting and different. You're all a bunch of beauties!! All of you!"

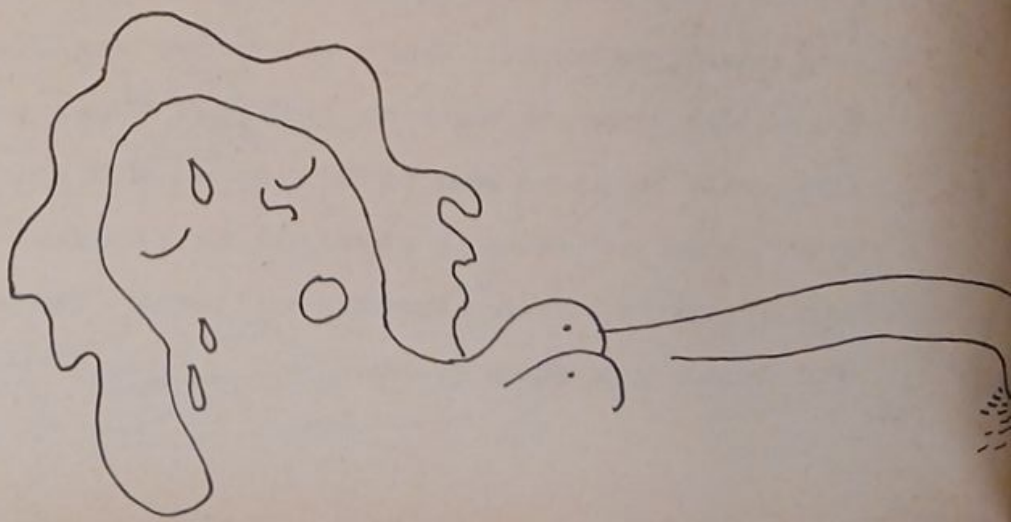
We were lying on plush divans. Servants kept up a nonstop delivery of exquisite little dishes of food--food of every ethnic origin. Tiny quiches, Chinese tidbits of such succulence they were literally sexual. Champagne poured out of little fountains, all at our fingertips. In the background, I could see baby lambs and pigs being roasted. I was offered a three-way combination, a pedicure, massage, and blow job. I declined. Suddenly, Vincent spotted me and roared, "Get rid of that guilt shit and take your pleasure, you big handsome lug!" I tried to protest that I wasn't quite in the mood, especially with Peggy lying right next to me. Vincent snapped his fingers, and a man appeared who was a dead ringer for Paul Newman. He fell down in front of Peggy and buried his head in her crotch, while she was also getting a massage and being fed baby lobster tails.

The hours floated by and the pleasures got more intense. Vincent and his assistants provided a nonstop commentary, shouting encouragement. There was group sex for those who wanted it. There was homo as well as hetero. There was sex with handsome, immensely endowed men of all races and colors. There was sex with women of unusual physical attributes--huge, shapely breasts and buttocks, even gigantic clitori. The variety of the food and drink was staggering.

At first, many of the people protested Vince's bullying tactics. Some men found it difficult to shake their old beliefs--the fact that they had ugly bodies or were acne-ridden, blind without their glasses, and so on. Vincent would really come down hard on these poor types, and immediately signal for

a former Miss Universe to sit on their faces or eat smoked salmon off their stomachs or do something particularly flattering to them. Luckily, I have no problem living with my looks, and neither does Peggy.

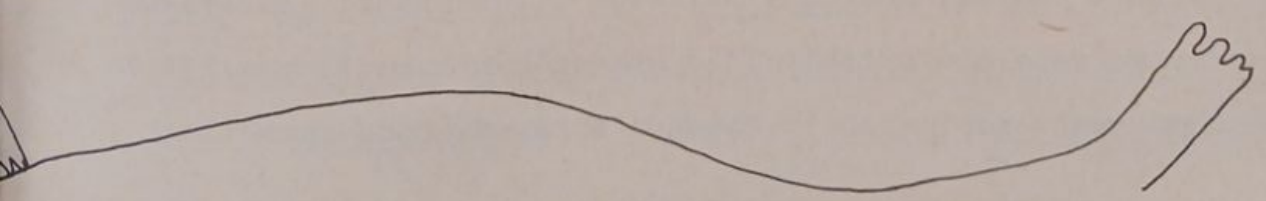
We were allowed to go to the luxurious bathrooms as often as we liked, accompanied by servants, of course. People were beginning to swoon and faint from the sheer excess. One man suffered a heart attack. There were frequent attacks of acid indigestion, gastritis, and vomiting. One woman passed out for three hours after having 117 multiple orgasms. Slowly but



surely a dull, glazed look was forming over the people in the room. They were stupefied with pleasure.

And then Vincent started pounding home one of the git themes--the idea that you are not responsible for anything in your life except your own pleasure, that whatever has gone wrong for you is not your fault, but lies outside yourself--in other people, the fates, your parents' mistakes, and so on. He said we would never be happy until we accepted the fact that everybody and anything is more responsible for our lives than we are, and what we really wanted is what we were getting here--complete self-indulgence and pleasure without guilt. He produced a gigantic globe and spun it around.

"There's a big world out there," he said, using the huge globe as an example. "And there's an awful lot we can find in it to blame for our problems. God only knows what we have to cope with in our everyday lives. Pollution; noise; strikes; contaminated, artificial, unhealthy food; inadequate schools, housing, and hospitals; corrupt politicans who don't grasp your problems; bosses who don't appreciate you; parents, children, wives, husbands, and lovers who don't really understand you; wars and massacres and race riots and busing riots and diseases and inflation and unemployment and earthquakes. Where the hell does it stop, I ask you? How the hell can you survive? How can you blame yourself for anything? It's just too goddamn much. Too fucking much!"



Vincent's impassioned speech created a profound effect on most of the people in the room. They broke into tears and sobbed and moaned uncontrollably, calling for their old blankets, a Teddy bear, an old raincoat they loved. Vincent snapped his fingers, and sure enough, all of these odd items were provided. (The git people seem to be ready for all kinds of reactions, and this one must be one of the more predictable ones.)

Peggy and I weren't quite sure how to respond to Vincent's exhortations and assurances. Something in us wanted to believe him, but a lot of our past lives contradicted what he said. Vincent seemed to sense our ambivalence, because he suddenly switched moods. He snapped his fingers again and servants appeared with tape recorders, earphones, and hypodermics.

Vincent said that we were all ready for a little break, a rest period. We all secretly welcomed it, I think. Before we knew it, we were comfortably laid out on plush beds. We had to wear earphones and listen to Vincent's taped voice murmuring

sweetly about how wonderful we were. One by one, we were given shots, and in a few moments we were fast asleep. It was like a coma, the deepest, most sensual sleep I have ever had.

When I awoke, it was Tuesday. It seems that we all slept through the entire weekend, including Monday. The ever-present Vincent was there to greet us as we all stretched and lolled about, getting massages and nibbling delicious little dishes.

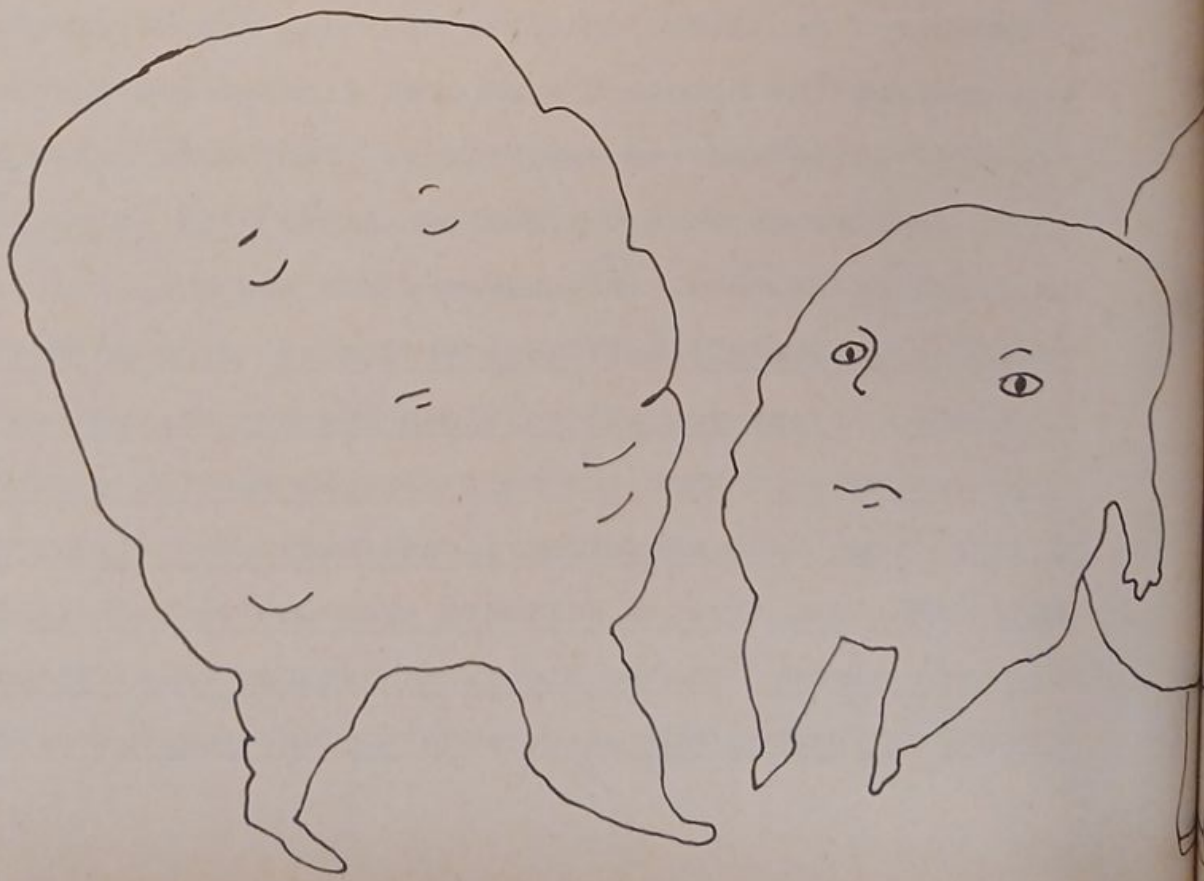
"We expected you to sleep through the weekend. Most people usually do in response to the first session, which is the toughest. Pleasure and indulgence can be just as enervating as anxiety and pain. Besides, we don't believe in Monday out here. Everyone sleeps through Monday."

There was some talk about being misled, that the seminar was scheduled for the weekend and we had already missed virtually all of it. It was now Tuesday. We had all been absent from our jobs and other obligations for two days. Vincent smiled broadly. I could see what the training was getting at. Vincent was getting the automatic response from people who still had a sense of guilt and responsibility. They were missing from their jobs, family, or whatever for two days. "Is it your fault?" he screamed at them. He answered his own question. "Of course not, you wonderful, brilliant geniuses! It's my fault. I'm to blame. I put you all to sleep and hypnotized you with my taped messages. What the hell are you worried about? Getting fired? Your kids wandering around the house alone, not being fed? That's a trap, a bullshit trap you've been falling into all your lives. You're bigger and better than all that unrewarding, boring bullshit. Don't blame yourselves, blame me!"

Peggy and I had no obligations other than getting our story, but most of the others still felt a bit sheepish and guilty about sleeping all the way to Tuesday. I noticed, however, that they weren't vociferous and outspoken about their guilt. They were quite calm. No one even considered leaving. They were in a semi-trancelike state. Peggy and I felt the same way. There seemed to be no earthly reason for us to leave.

At this point, Vincent started the eating-drinking-sex-massage-and-other-pleasures routine. Only this time it was even more intense. We weren't allowed to take a breath. The food and drink was even more luxurious, richer, rarer, more expensive than anything I ever saw. I was shampooed with Dom Perignon '69 and rinsed with Taittinger Blanc de Blanc '64.

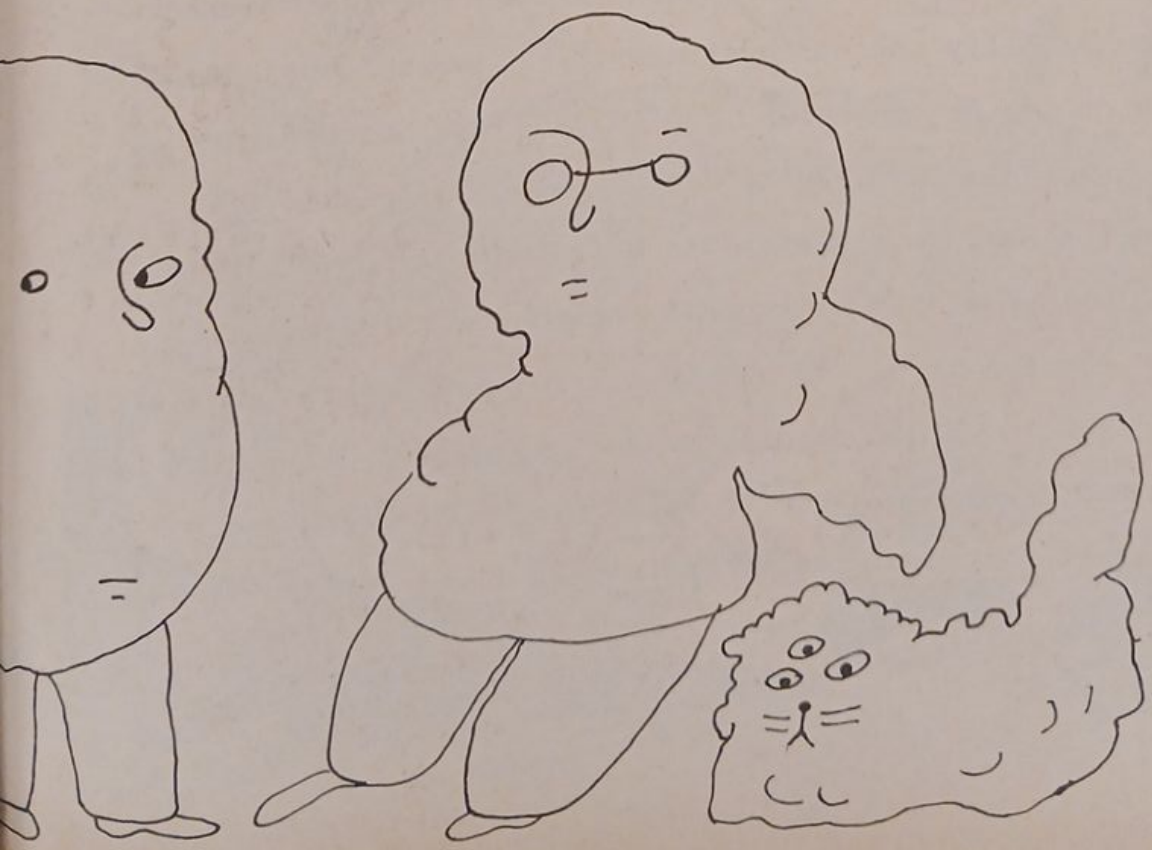
Instead of seven-hour sessions, Vincent cut them down to about four hours, interspersed with naps, then three-hour sessions and shorter naps, then two-hour sessions, and so on,



until we were doing five minutes worth of hedonistic pleasure and one minute worth of nap.

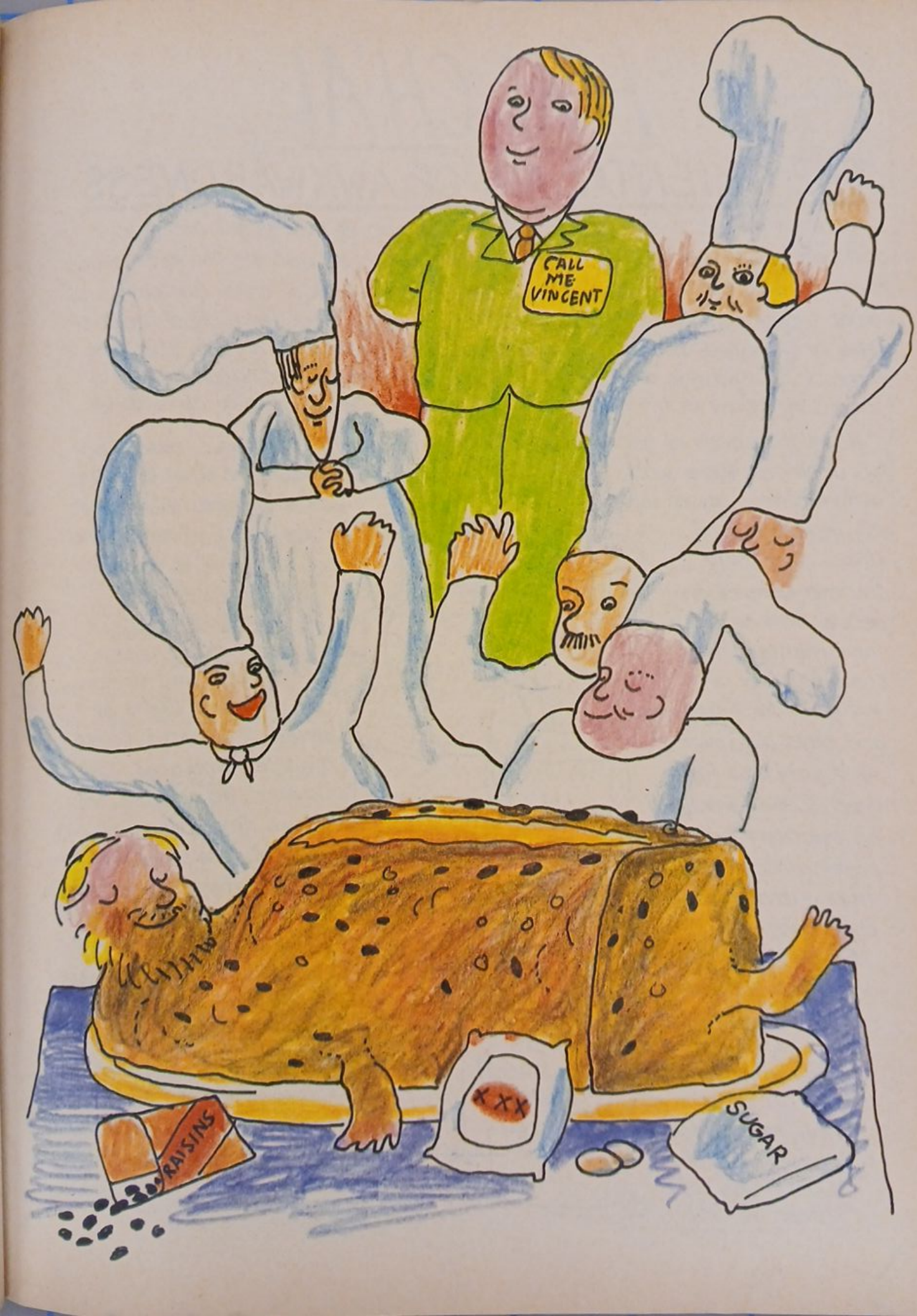
All the while, Vincent and his assistants praised and coddled and cooed at us, alternately shouting and screaming about how wonderful we were, how the world is to blame for all our problems--the same litany we had heard for days. This back and forth pleasure-sleep session went on for what seemed like days (actually, it lasted through Tuesday). By the end of the day, I felt like a stuffed toy, a life-sized doll that a child manipulates in her games. I was only aware of external stimuli and my orifices. Nothing else mattered.

When I began to lose control of my motor coordination, I knew something strangely exciting was happening to me. My arms and legs couldn't move. I felt like a large, round shape that could only wobble back and forth like a weighted rubber doll. Some of the people in my group looked like blobs of mozzarella cheese.



Vincent came back in the room with a small army of men who were wearing bakers' outfits. They dusted us with flour, and it felt good. They kneaded and pounded us as if we were baking dough. Then they brushed melted butter over us and poured all sorts of fillings and toppings on us. We were going to be baked. They were turning us into human cakes. I was a raisin pound cake, which made me a little dizzy at first, but Vincent's warm, floury hands soothed me. We were all popped into moderately warm ovens and fell asleep. The next thing I knew, I was in one of those clear plastic cake holders in a restaurant near Encino, with a smiling maitre d' about to cut a large wedge out of me. I didn't even want to scream. I had no desire to break through my cake shell. The knife was cutting into me. I collapsed.

I woke up groggy, as two men carried me to a large shower stall. I heard Vincent clap his hands and shout that I had made my "breakthrough." I had broken through the last barrier of nonresponsibility and noninvolvement. I guess I must have dreamed about the maitre d' and the knife. Now, according to Vincent, it was all "a piece of cake," which was an old RAF expression for what Americans would call "easy as pie." My cake shell was hosed off by the two attendants. I was put in a gigantic clothes dryer and gently fluffed dry. Three small Oriental girls, no older than thirteen, patiently combed lint out of my hair, anointed me with lotions and colognes, and dressed me. I had completed my training. I was a human cake.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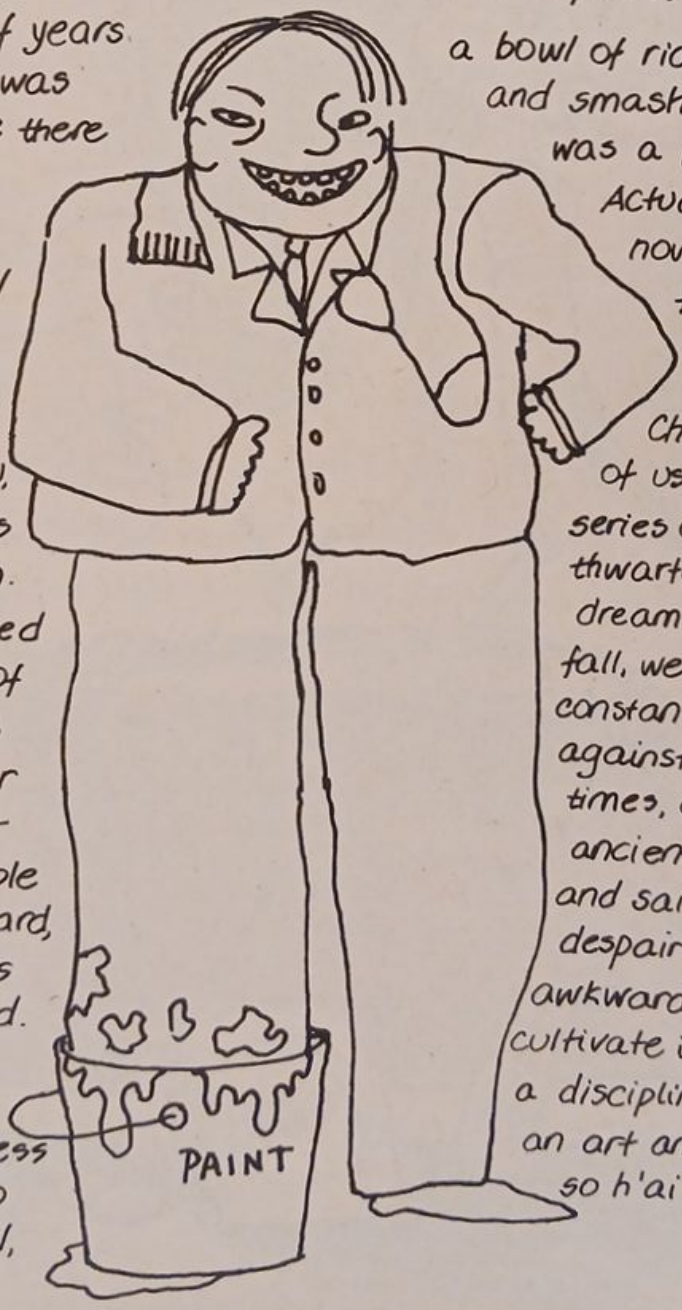
SUGAR

H'AI CH'AI

THE ORIENTAL ART OF AWKWARDNESS

Bennett Koo is a small, compactly-built man of indeterminate age, somewhere between thirty and sixty. It is hard to tell with the Chinese. He has the look and the aura of a master, which he is — a h'ai ch'ai Supreme and Most Indubitable Master and Wearer of the Beige Sock, the highest order of the art. Bennett Koo smiles a lot, and has the look of a man who lives in three or four worlds at once. He seems dreamy-eyed and careless, yet is incredibly swift in his awkward movements. He explains h'ai ch'ai to us.

"Many thousands of years ago in China, there was awkwardness before there was perfection and grace. The early Chinese were clumsy people with crude movements. They knew nothing of judo, aikido, kung-fu, and other disciplines of beauty and form. Instead, they practiced an informal kind of physical discipline that mirrored their philosophy of life — the idea that people are naturally awkward, that life itself is naturally awkward. Awkwardness was all they knew. Awkwardness was beautiful to them. It was real, honest. To drop a bowl of rice on a hard floor and smash the bowl to pieces was a natural thing to do. Actually, you Americans now have a saying for their idea: <u>nobody's perfect.</u>

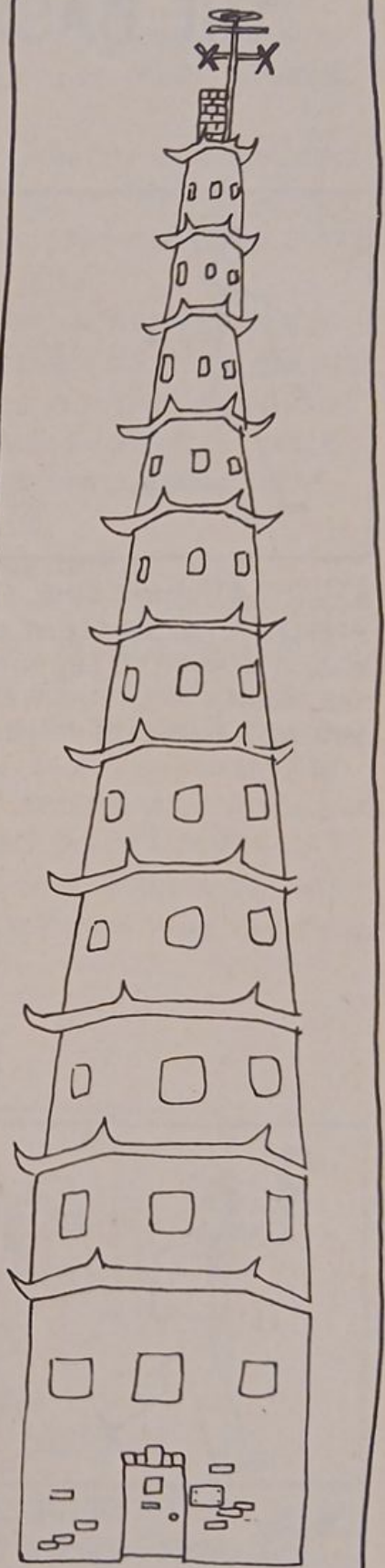


"To the early Chinese, and to many of us today, life is still a series of awkward moves, thwarted ambitions, faded dreams. We stumble, we fall, we drop things. We constantly bump ourselves against adversity, and many times, alas, we bruise. The ancient Chinese knew this, and said to themselves, why despair? Rejoice in your awkwardness; celebrate it, cultivate it, and make it into a discipline worthy to be called an art and a way of life. And so h'ai ch'ai was born."

Bennett Koo led us into the main gymnasium, where his students were practicing their h'ai ch'ai moves. Before each move, the students step on each other's feet rather than bowing. This is the h'ai ch'ai custom.

There are four levels of h'ai ch'ai: green sock, aqua sock, gray sock, and, the highest level of all, beige. Only nine people in the world are beige socks, seven of them residing in the People's Republic of China.

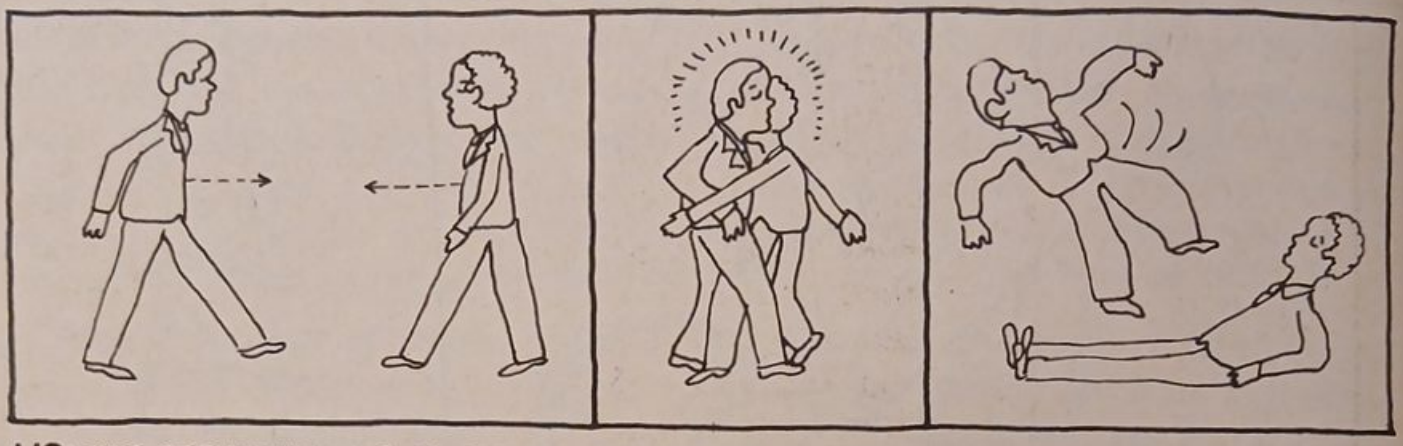
The students perform the most clumsy, awkward acts possible, uttering great cries and moans of dismay and apology after each. The large room was punctuated with these noises and the sounds of dishes and glasses shattering, tables overturning, and bodies bumping into each other. If I hadn't known better, I would have sworn I was in an Oriental slapstick movie out of Mack Sennett and the Three Stooges. But the atmosphere was serious and intense. H'ai ch'ai is a religion, a discipline that has become a way of life. "It is a way of sustaining the have-nots through their dull, uneventful lives," said Koo. "It says to them, we can't all be gazelles. We can't all be Fred Astaires or Bruce Lees. Live with your clumsiness and you will live happy."



THE H'AI CH'AI BUILDING

THE BASIC MANUAL OF H'AI CH'AI

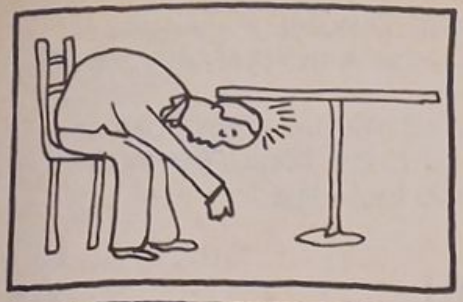
T'A CHUN - BUMPING

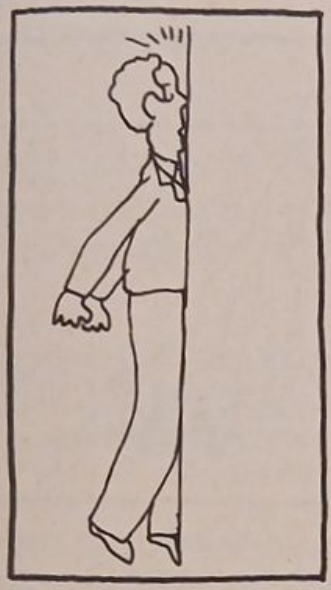


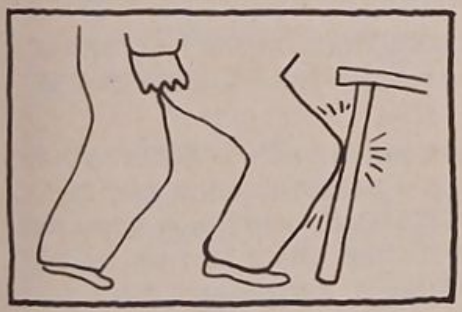
L'O: THE STRAIGHT LINE. FROM PERSON TO PERSON, IT IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE. APPROACH THE INNOCENT ONE ON THE STRAIGHT LINE. THE INNOCENT ONE THINKS YOU WILL STEP ASIDE TO LET HIM PASS. YOU DO NOT. THE BODY (**K'A**) MOVES INTO THE BODY, AND THE SENSES ARE GRATIFIED. HE IS KNOCKED DOWN. YOU REEL AND FALL BACKWARDS. YOU ARE EXPECTED TO HELP HIM IF HE IS HURT.

H'WA: FROM THE SIDE. A GLANCING BLOW, QUIET BUT UPSETTING TO THE INNOCENT ONE'S BALANCE, CAUSING HIM TO STUMBLE. CAUSING YOU TO STUMBLE.

H'WAN: AS IS OFTEN THE CASE, YOU ARE PREOCCUPIED WITH SOMETHING. YOU ARE WALKING RAPIDLY AND NOT LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION YOU SHOULD BE. WALKING BACKWARDS IS EXCELLENT. IN THIS MANNER, YOU MOVE AS IF BY FATE INTO THE INNOCENT ONE, WHO HAS NO THOUGHT OF YOU. HE IS GREATLY SURPRISED AND SO ARE YOU. HE MAY OFFER A RETORT, SUCH AS, "**BLIND PIG, WATCH WHERE YOU WALK.**" EXCUSE YOURSELF WITH MANY PARDONS.







T'A LING - THE INANIMATE OBJECT

THE MOST INNOCENT BECAUSE IT DOES NOT OFFER RESISTANCE. A TREE, A PIANO, A DOOR. THEY ARE NOT OBSTACLES TO GO AROUND. THEY ARE THINGS TO WALK, TO RISE, TO FALL INTO.

WHEN THE HEAD MEETS THE OPEN CHEST OF DRAWERS OR THE UNDERSIDE OF THE PIANO, THE MIND IS SHAKEN LIKE MAH-JONGG TILES, AND THE EYES SEE MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN THE HEAVENS.

THE NIGHT IS BETTER FOR THIS ACTIVITY THAN THE DAY. THE INANIMATE SLEEP EVEN SOUNDER AND ARE MORE QUIET IN DARKNESS. THIS IS A TIME WHEN YOUR KNEE CAN MEET A HARD, STUBBORN PIECE OF TABLE LEG, OR YOU CAN WALK DIRECTLY INTO A WALL, OR, IF YOU ARE LUCKY, INTO A MIRROR.

THE TRULY AWKWARD ONE CAN RECEIVE GREAT PLEASURE AND HIGHLY VISIBLE INJURY FROM WALKING DIRECTLY INTO AN OBJECT. THERE IS LITTLE DANGER IN THESE OBJECTS, BUT THEY ARE NOT BENIGN TO THE AWKWARD ONE. YET THERE IS MUCH DIFFICULTY IN ACHIEVING TRUE **H'AI** (ESSENCE OF AWKWARDNESS) BECAUSE THERE IS NO HUMAN TO RECEIVE YOUR MOVEMENTS. YOU ARE ALONE. TEST YOURSELF CONSTANTLY IN T'A LING. AFTER YOUR MOVEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE, SAY SOMETHING POLITE TO THE OBJECT. IT IS YOUR FAULT THAT YOU HAVE BUMPED INTO IT.

L'I WAN - SPILLING

LIQUID - BORN TO BE POURED, TO BE SPILLED AND JUGGLED. CIRCUMSPECTION COMBINED WITH DIRECT, QUICK MOVEMENTS. AT THE DINNER TABLE, YOU REACH FOR THE PLATTER OF MEAT. AS YOU PLACE MEAT ON YOUR PLATE, YOU BRUSH YOUR ARM AGAINST YOUR WINE GLASS, OVERTURNING IT ON THE LAP OF THE INNOCENT ONE SITTING NEXT TO YOU. OTHER LIQUIDS CAN BE USED.

THE SAME MOVEMENT CAN RESULT IN A LARGE STAIN ON THE TABLECLOTH, A MINOR L'I WAN, BUT ACCEPTABLE. TO EQUAL THE BEAUTY OF A LIQUID ON A HUMAN LAP, ONE MUST PRACTICE L'I WAN ON A FINE ORIENTAL RUG.

THE MOVEMENT OF THE ARM IN L'I WAN IS ALMOST ACCIDENTAL. THE INNOCENT ONE IS ALWAYS TAKEN BY SURPRISE, AND THE EMBARRASSMENT IS INTENSE. LOOK FOR GREAT CONTRAST OF COLORS. RED WINE, WHITE CLOTHING — THE SHINING EXAMPLE.

SHIH - BUMP AND SPILL

LIQUID FLOWS AND SPREADS WHEN IT IS SPILLED. CARRY A VESSEL, A GLASS, OR A POT OF LIQUID WHICH MAKES ITS MARK ON THE INNOCENT VICTIM. INKS, DYES, JUICES OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ARE MOST USEFUL.

A BUMP AND A SPILL REPRESENT ALL OF THE THREE **S'AN** (BODY, SOUL, HEART). TO SPILL ALSO MEANS TO BREAK THE VESSEL CONTAINING LIQUID. A DIFFICULT TASK WHICH CAN BE DONE ONLY BY THE MOST AWKWARD.

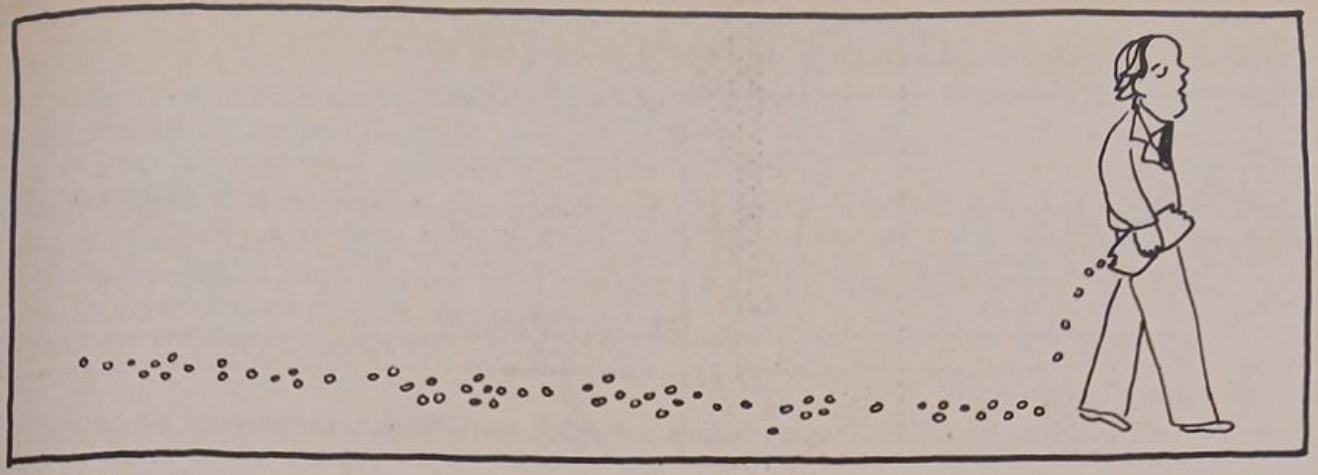
HOLD A LARGE VESSEL OF INDIGO DYE OR A BOTTLE OF GRAPE WINE VERY LOOSELY. YOUR MIND IS ON OTHER MATTERS AND YOUR HEAD IS IN THE SKIES. YOU SEE THE INNOCENT ONE OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE, PERHAPS. BUMP INTO HIM FORCEFULLY AND IN A FORWARD MOTION, THEREBY PUSHING THE VESSEL'S CONTENTS INTO HIM WITH THE SAME MOTION, AND AT THE SAME TIME, DROP THE VESSEL TO THE GROUND, SHATTERING IT INTO MANY PIECES. FALL BACKWARD TO THE GROUND.

YOU HAVE USED YOUR BODY, YOU HAVE SPILLED AND CREATED A PATTERN FROM OUT OF YOUR SOUL, YOU HAVE BROKEN A VESSEL, AS THE HEART DECREES.

T'ING - FOOD TECHNIQUE

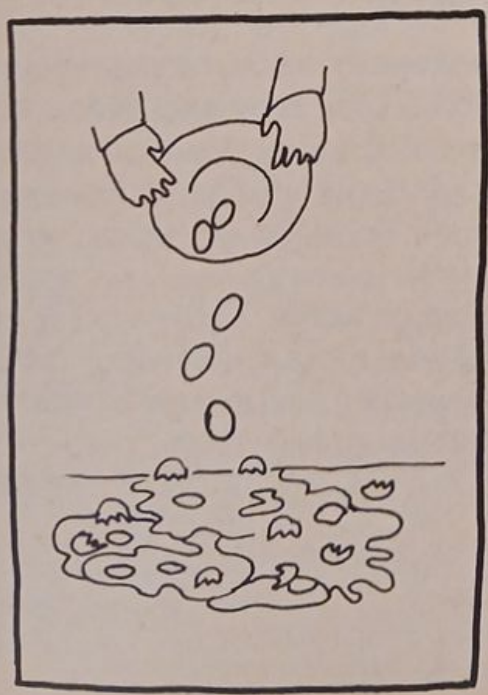
APPROPRIATENESS OF FOOD IS IMPORTANT. DROPPING A PORK BUN ON THE FLOOR WILL NOT ENHANCE YOUR TECHNIQUE OR STYLE. A PORK BUN DOES NOT CRUMBLE OR STAIN. IT MERELY LIES THERE, WAITING TO BE PICKED UP.

L'CHON. DROPPING OF UNCOOKED RICE. DO NOT BE DECEIVED BY HOW EASY THIS TECHNIQUE LOOKS. EASY MOVES ARE OFTEN THE HARDEST TO MASTER CORRECTLY. L'CHON MEANS DROPPING UNCOOKED RICE ON THE FLOOR. A BAG OF RICE IS COMPOSED OF MANY LITTLE GRAINS. YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO DROP THEM SO THEY SCATTER ABOUT EVERYWHERE. THERE ARE MANY DROPPING PATTERNS TO LEARN. LEARN TO STUMBLE AND THROW THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THE RICE BAG IN THE AIR, SO THAT THE GRAINS MAY ALSO LAND ON MANY OTHER SURFACES, SUCH AS THE STOVE, THE TABLE, THE CHAIRS, AND SO ON. THE MOVEMENTS OF L'CHON ARE LIKE THE SPREADING OUT OF A GIANT FAN. THE SOUND OF RICE GRAINS FALLING ON A HARD FLOOR IS LIKE GENTLE HAIL. IMITATE NATURE.



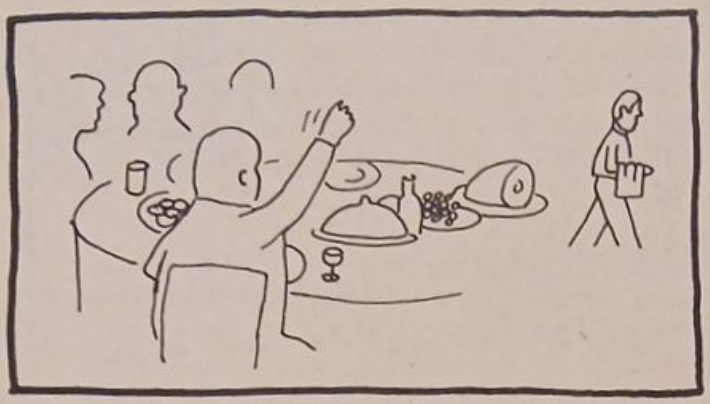
L'CHEE. LEAKING OF UNCOOKED RICE FROM A HOLE IN THE BAG. THE MASTERS APPROVED OF THIS MOVE WHEN THE STUDENT WANDERED AROUND FROM ROOM TO ROOM CARRYING A DEFECTIVE RICE BAG, THUS LEAVING TRAILS OF RICE GRAINS EVERYWHERE.

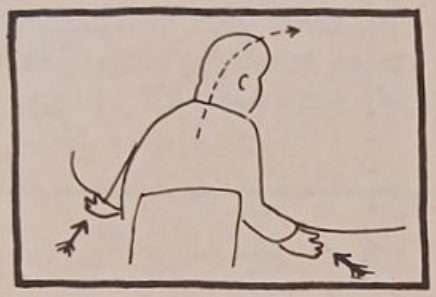
F'A. DROPPING MELONS. SEE HOW SLIPPERY A PIECE OF WATERMELON IS WHEN IT IS PLACED ON ITS SIDE. CARRYING THE PLATE SLIGHTLY TILTED WILL ENABLE THE MELON TO SLIDE TO THE FLOOR AND CRUMBLE INTO MANY PIECES, WITH THE PITS SCATTERED IN MANY DIRECTIONS. BENDING DOWN AND PICKING UP THE SLIPPERY WATERMELON PITS WITH YOUR FINGERS IS A LESSON IN HUMILITY AND PATIENCE. IN THE SHANG DYNASTY, THE GREAT H'AI CH'AI TEACHER M'O HAD EVEN HIS MOST ADVANCED STUDENTS PICK UP WET WATERMELON OR CANTALOUPE PITS FOR TWO HOURS, MORNING AND EVENING.



P'I MING. EGG DROP. CONSIDER THE EGG, A MOST PERFECT FORM. WHY DO WE USE IT IN H'AI CH'AI, THE ART OF THE IMPERFECT? BECAUSE WHEN AN EGG IS DROPPED, IT BECOMES TRULY IMPERFECT. THE BROKEN EGG IS A MYSTERIOUS ELEMENT, NEITHER PURE LIQUID NOR PURE SOLID. IT IS REMARKABLY DIFFICULT TO PICK UP, TO CLEAN. IT STICKS TO THE FINGERS AND IT DOES NOT LOOK BEAUTIFUL. A PROPER EGG DROP USES AT LEAST THREE TO SIX EGGS, PREFERABLY ONE DOZEN. THE YOLKS SHOULD BREAK AND SPREAD, MAKING A MORE DISAGREEABLE PATTERN. EGG DROPPING COMES PRIMARILY FROM CARELESSNESS, BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE ARE ESPECIALLY CAREFUL WHEN HOLDING EGGS. THUS, A STATE OF CARELESSNESS MUST BE ATTAINED.

M'U WANG – CARELESSNESS





M'A FONG: OVERTURNING AN ENTIRE TABLE LADEN WITH FOOD AND DRINK. TO BE MASTERED PROPERLY, M'A FONG MUST BE DONE WITH CONSIDERABLE CASUALNESS, AS IF IT WERE THE MOST RANDOM MOVEMENT OR PURELY ACCIDENTAL IN NATURE. THE ENTIRE MOVEMENT MUST BE SWIFT AND SUDDEN, SO AS NOT TO GIVE THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE TABLE A CHANCE TO AVOID YOUR MOVE.

A MOST WONDERFUL MANDARIN BANQUET WITH MANY, MANY DISHES IS THE PERFECT TIME TO COMMIT M'A FONG.

DO SOMETHING VERY HARMLESS, SUCH AS SIGNALING A WAITER. AT THE SAME TIME, RISE FROM YOUR CHAIR, CARELESSLY PUT YOUR HANDS UNDER THE EDGE OF THE TABLE, AND LIFT IT WITH A SUDDEN JERK. THIS SHOULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SEND THE TABLE TEETERING AND CAUSE ALL THE DISHES AND BEVERAGES TO LAND IN THE LAPS OF YOUR DINNER COMPANIONS, ACCOMPANIED BY CONSIDERABLE BREAKAGE. M'A FONG IS DIVIDED INTO THREE ELEMENTS: SIMPLE (P'O) – A SMALL MEAL WITH A FEW PEOPLE; G'I – A MEDIUM-SIZED DINNER OR LUNCHEON WITH UP TO SEVEN PEOPLE; T'I – THE FORMAL BANQUET, CONSISTING OF TEN OR MORE. OF COURSE, MORE STRENGTH AND DEFTNESS WILL BE NEEDED AS THE TABLES GET LARGER AND MORE CROWDED WITH DISHES AND PEOPLE.

CARELESSNESS MUST BE CULTIVATED IN THE VERY YOUNG IN THE SAME MANNER AS READING, WRITING, AND DOING NUMBERS. TRUE CARELESSNESS BECOMES INSTINCTIVE. IT DISTINGUISHES THE GREAT H'AI CH'AI PRACTITIONER FROM THE ORDINARY ONE. THE POSSESSOR OF **M'U WANG** IS THE POET OF AWKWARDNESS. HIS AUTHORITY AND STYLE IS UNQUESTIONED. HE MAKES THE MOST DIFFICULT MOVES LOOK EASY AND UNFORCED.

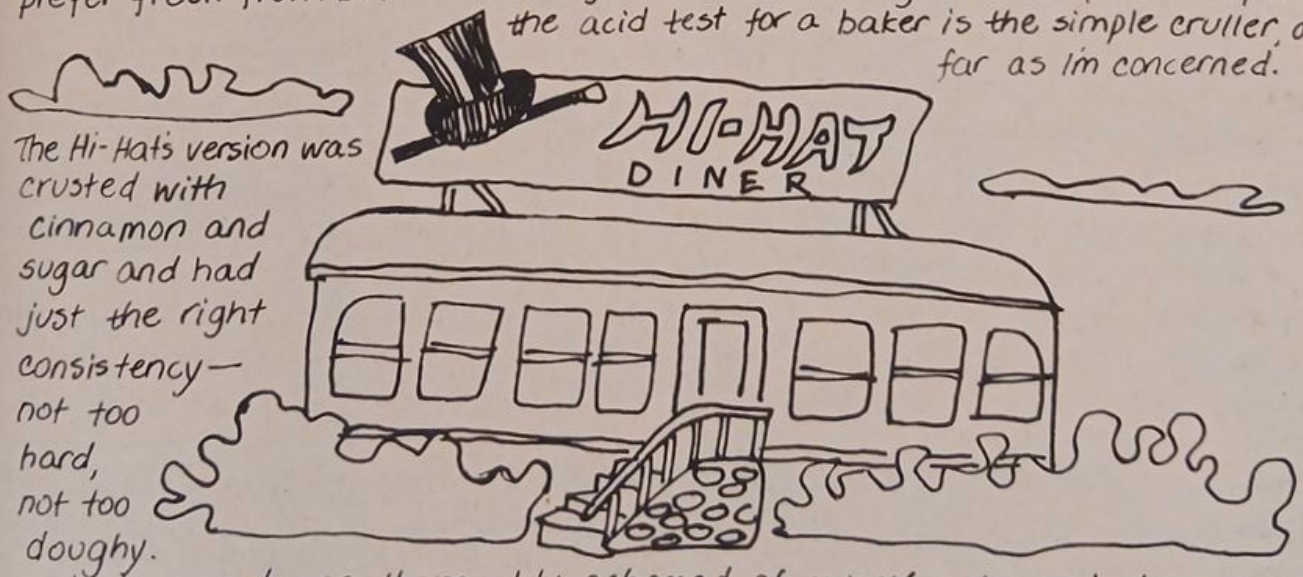
IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN TRAINED IN CARELESSNESS SINCE BIRTH, YOU WILL HAVE TO LEARN BASIC TECHNIQUES. LEARN TO BE CARELESS FROM THE MOMENT OF AWAKENING UNTIL YOU LAY DOWN TO SLEEP. FOR INSTANCE, BEFORE GOING TO BED, LEAVE YOUR FRONT DOOR OPEN, YOUR GAS JETS ON WITHOUT A FLAME, SCATTER TOYS AND ROLLER SKATES EVERYWHERE (TO TRIP ON). NEVER CLOSE A CLOSET, A JAR, A BOX, A CHEST OF DRAWERS. LEAVE MONEY WHERE IT CAN BE DETECTED AND STOLEN, WEAR YOUR CLOTHES HAPHAZARDLY, LEAVING BUTTONS OPEN. FORGET YOUR WALLET, FORGET APPOINTMENTS. LOSE IMPORTANT PAPERS. DROP COINS AND SCATTER THEM IN PUBLIC PLACES.

CARELESSNESS (M'U WANG) IS THE FOUNDATION OF H'AI CH'AI, THE TRUNK OF THE GREAT TREE.

HOW TO BE A HINDU SAINT

We have been told by a man I will call Benjie that there is actually a school where one studies to become a Hindu-style saint. It is called a Khurma, a place where one gets the calling. Benjie is a guru groupie, one of our scouts on the self-realization trail who comes up with worthwhile places for us to explore. He is a semiandrogynous type— slender, pale, close-cropped mousy hair, pale, inoffensive clothing. In guru circles, he has attained a state of dahreem, or inoffensiveness, which has allowed him to visit many centers of Indian holiness. Benjie is considered part of the back- ground, a harmless little figure (Peter thinks he's simply stoned all the time). Benjie is very enthusiastic about the saint school, and has arranged a visit. It's located in Olancha, which is in central California.

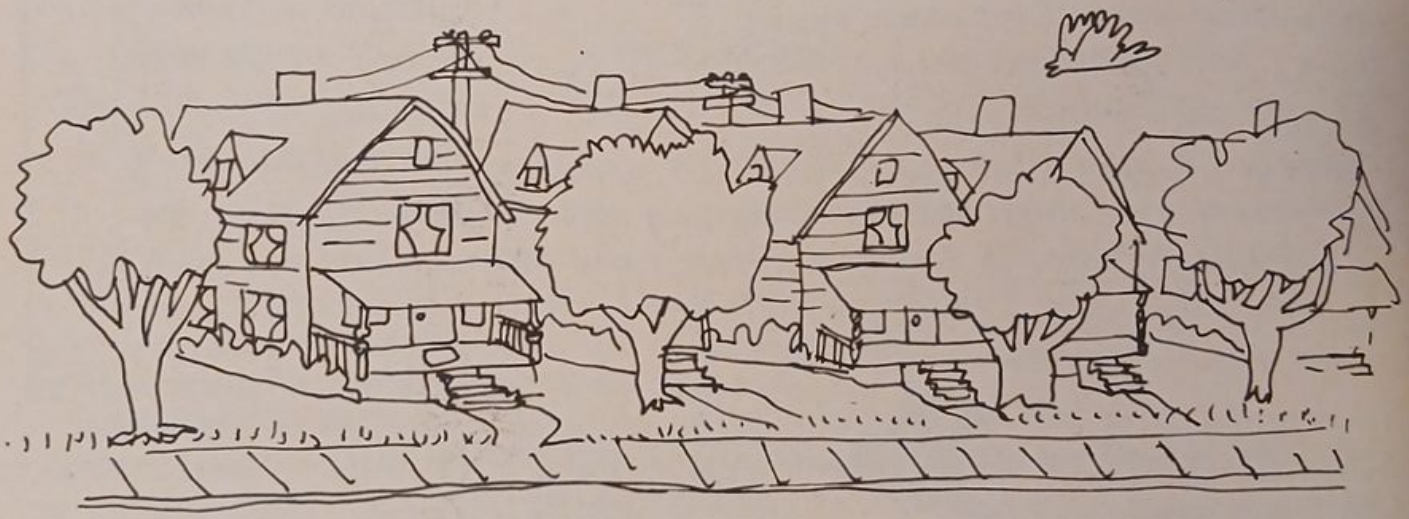
We started from Pasadena, heading north, and had lunch at the Hi-Hat diner, outside of Lancaster, where I had the most delicious cinnamon crullers I ever ate. I normally don't eat a heavy dessert after lunch; I prefer fresh fruit. But the sign said "all baking done on premises," and the acid test for a baker is the simple cruller, as far as I'm concerned.



The Hi-Hat's version was crusted with cinnamon and sugar and had just the right consistency— not too hard, not too doughy. I had six and was thoroughly ashamed of myself afterward. The rest of the food at the Hi-Hat was average diner stuff. Don't go out of your way for it unless you're a cruller freak. If you are, buy them by the dozen and freeze them.

We arrived at the school about ten in the evening. It's not really a traditional-looking school, but rather a collection of two-story non-descript clapboard houses located on a quiet residential street in Olancha. There are nine houses in all, each with a small front porch, an attic, and a basement. They reminded me of boarding houses, and I'm sure they were at one time or another, probably during World War II. I was dying to steal some of the priceless thirties kitsch that was lying all over the place — Donald Duck highball glasses, Pullman pillows, Dizzy Dean ashtrays. Peter and I were assigned to a small but charming bedroom, a room that could have once belonged to a lower-middle-class Andy Hardy. No special Indian greetings, no rituals or chants. All very straight, almost motel-like in style.

"See you in the morning for breakfast and a little tour of the school," said our greeter and guide, Bhahabi Ramadubandagish.



MONDAY. Breakfast around the big boarding house dining table. Lots of children's cereals — Cocoa Puffs, Booberries, Sugar Smacks — what we think of as junk food. Bhahabi explained that since most of the residents were in a state of jhiva, where food is unimportant, they prefer to eat something light and tasteless, almost a nonfood, such as these cereals. The bright colors of the cereals and the boxes and the silly premium offers fascinated them, and brightened up their mornings, so to speak.

FROOT LOOPS
SUGAR SMACKS
COCOA PUFFS
GRADE A
PRIZE
BOOBERRYS

Bhahabi then took us on a tour of the day's classes. The classes are conducted by bona fide living saints, Mahawami Mahakreshi, the Baba Dass Swahami Ramaroni, and others. It is like a group of medical specialists instructing highly advanced interns.

The first class is called dhivi, which is roughly translated as "aura" (attaining that ineffable presence and charisma of a saint). There are nine students in the room. Of course, they are light-years removed from ordinary students. They are all gurus, just one level below sainthood themselves. There is a small pony in the room, a shy, frightened little animal barely removed from its mother's teats. The object of the day's lesson is for the students to attract the pony to them by their auras alone, and to make the pony bask in the warmth and goodness of their presence.

We were not allowed in the room, but could see the activity through the open door. The gurus were seated in a circle and the pony was in the middle. Each guru

was intent on creating his own aura, lines of saintly energy, bliss, and transcendental love — waves that would extend toward the pony, drawing the animal closer to him. The instructor moved from student to student, feeling each energy and making little comments or criticisms.

The problem was that the pony was attracted to all of the gurus at the same time. Each one exerted a powerful energy-love wave toward the poor animal, pulling him from one to another. The animal got confused and panicky. The students were so immersed in achieving their saintly auras that they unconsciously started to compete with each other for the love of the pony. We had to move away from the door because the energy-love waves were too intense. The pony was so overwhelmed that he died on the spot. Only the teacher, an accredited saint, could stand the vibrations in the room.

"We lose a lot of ponies before the students learn how to control their auras," said Bhahabi.

TUESDAY. The look, the complete "image" of a saint, is very important. Every saint must have his own unique look and style. Bhahabi took us to a style class. "Style is part of image, which is part of aura, which is part of the Grand Vid, the oneness of the saint with the Eternal thread," said Bhahabi. "In short, nothing can be ignored. The smallest detail of deportment, of speech patterns, of body odor, of dress—it all must be carefully developed. After all, a saint is supposed to be perfect, yes no?"

The style class is taught by the Baba Ree Bob, affectionately known as "Mr. Glide" or the "Smooth One." Baba Ree Bob coaches and advises the aspiring saints on their wardrobes, what they will wear as their trademarks. Once an outfit is chosen, the student must wear it at all times. It is his "look."

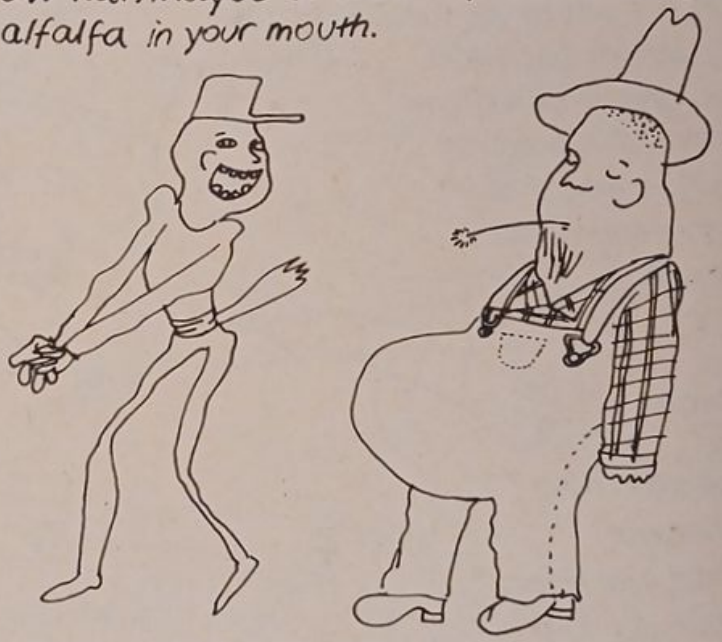
Baba Ree Bob is a striking figure in his white leotard, white painter's cap, and brilliant green silk scarf tied around his waist. He reminds me of a dance choreographer or a stage director. "Is not a saint always on stage, always performing?" asks Bhahabi. He's read my mind. Gurus can do that.

We sat in the back of the room and recorded Baba Ree Bob as he worked with each aspiring saint individually, commenting and coaching and directing the costume selection. The first aspiring saint was a man of middle height, with an incredibly large head and belly and thin, bandy legs.

He wore nothing but his undershorts and stood against a stark white wall while Baba Ree Bob studied him carefully. His name was Vaprana Vishnumanda. He just stood there with a serene look.

BABA REE BOB: Oh, my goodness, you've got that Swami Muktananda look. I'm so tired of those big bellies, darling. Maybe we can cover it up and not give it so much play. I know, I know, darling... the big belly is your power center— it radiates your energy and aura and it's a comforting sight to your disciples, right? I know. I've heard it so many times. [HE SIGHS HEAVILY AND CLAPS HIS HANDS.] Well, we can't just let it all hang out, can we? We must have our own special look. Stand up straight, darling. I want to see how much we can hide with good posture. Not much. Oh, fuck me.

Ramakrishna! You've got the biggest belly I've ever seen for a guru! Let's see what you look like in overalls— the Farmer Brown look. Overalls, plaid flannel shirt, straw hat, maybe a Stetson, work shoes, a piece of alfalfa in your mouth.



[VAPRANA GOES INTO A DRESSING ROOM AND EMERGES A FEW MINUTES LATER IN THE FARMER OUTFIT].

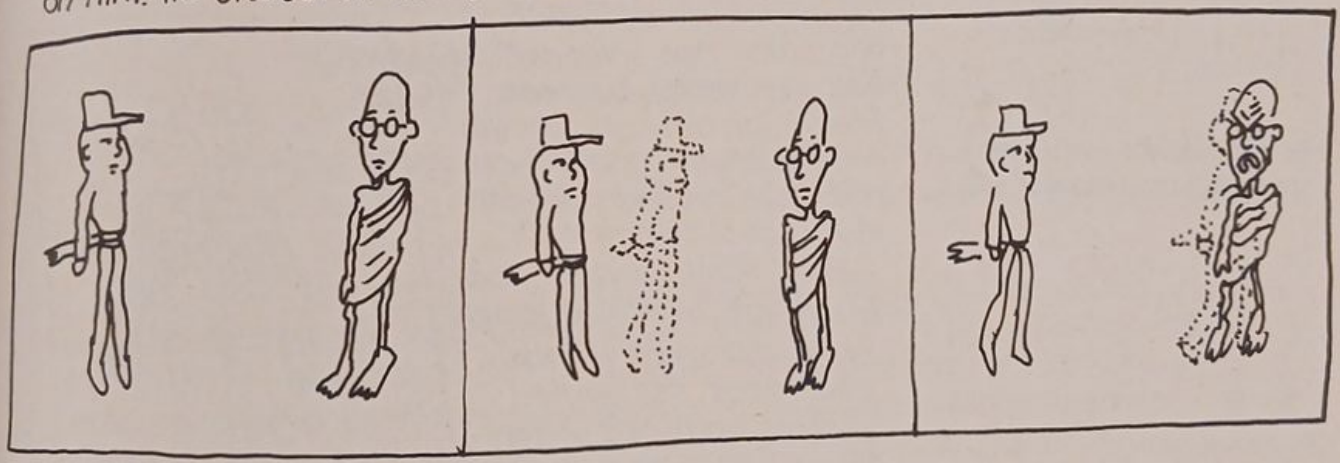
BABA REE BOB: [TRYING TO STIFLE A GIGGLE] Forget it. Sorry, darling. It's too earthy, too earthbound. Makes you look like a gigantic old hippie. It's not you. No offense. I just don't think the overalls drape properly on you. I'd throw myself in a cauldron of hot ghee before letting you out in that outfit.

And no caftans for you, darling. I could make my job so much easier if I put you in a pretty caftan, but that's cheating. I could put every "BB," every big belly in a caftan, but they're so boring. I could do an entire caftan collection. Vogue and Womens Wear would pick it up in a flash. Baba Ree Bob is doing caftans this year. Forget it. It's a cheap trick. It's boring. I hate caftans. They're for people who

hate challenges, who don't want to think. I'm sick of all those dreary guru robes. They don't make for good karma or good auras or images.

Hold on, darling... I'm getting a rush. Oh, Vishnu! The ideas are coming so fast I'll have a hemorrhage. Oh! Oh! Here they come. Ready? Darling, you'll be British. the English Outdoor Look. Full-cut safari jacket, matching pleated trousers, baggy tweeds for winter. The English tailors know how to hide their big tum-tums with perfectly draped jackets and roomy pants. You'll look very smart and distinguished.

Another guru entered, a very thin, ascetic type similar in looks to Gandhi. His name was Baba Dhiddi Gass. He gave off an aura of austerity, a lack of ostentation, someone totally uninterested in clothes. He stood silently in the center of the room as Baba Ree Bob studied him. Baba Ree concentrated all his attention on him. He stared at him for two and a half hours.



Suddenly I saw Baba Ree leave his body and enter the body of Baba Dhiddi. Baba Dhiddi must have felt it, because his face contorted in pain for a moment. Then Baba Ree returned, and Baba Dhiddi's face was normal again. This is what I swear I saw and what Peter confirmed seeing as well. We were not under the influence of drugs.

BABA REE BOB: Excuse me, darling, but I had to be <u>you</u> for just a moment. You're so incredibly ascetic, so austere, darling. I had to get into your najhuma to find out what you're really like. Can't we do something to help your image? I mean, you don't want to become too ascetic or you'll be pure drab, darling. Too boring for words. Your followers will get so freaked out looking at your boring clothes, I mean, darling, it won't win you any converts. I mean, you're not exactly offering them strawberries and whipped cream.

Let me look at those eyes. Those eyes are incredible. Oh, Vishnu! I'll bet they glow in the dark. They're so <u>charismatic</u>. I love them. You're so terribly <u>slender</u>. You've got good bones, darling. I think

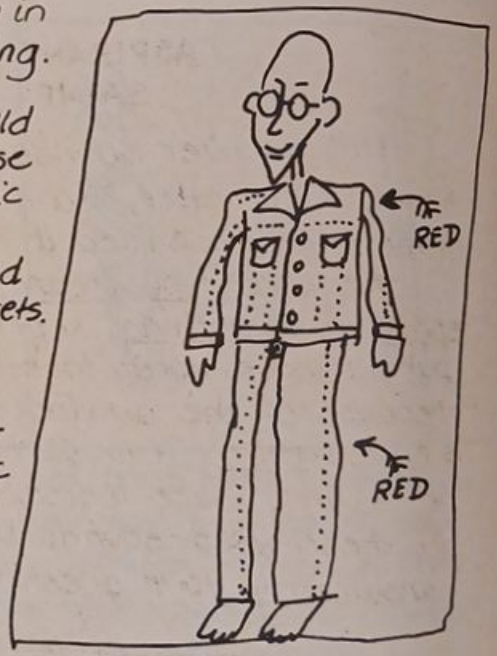
BHABA DHIDDI IN THE '40s LOOK. BOLDLY UNSUCCESSFUL.

you're terribly inspirational. Sacrifice. Simplify. Cut your needs to the bare essentials. Get rid of the frivolities. No frivoling! I <u>know</u>. It's so perfect. It's so clean. It's pure purity. I'll bet you don't have an ounce of phlegm in your entire body. You smell nice, too. What do you eat? Birch bark? Oh, darling, that's so pure. Silver birch bark, straight off the tree. Oh, I love it, I love it. You say you haven't farted in seventeen years? your stomach is as clean and pure as the air on Mount Everest? Oh, darling, I wish I could live with you. I really do. I love your aura. It's very organic. I get a nice rush of energy from you, too.

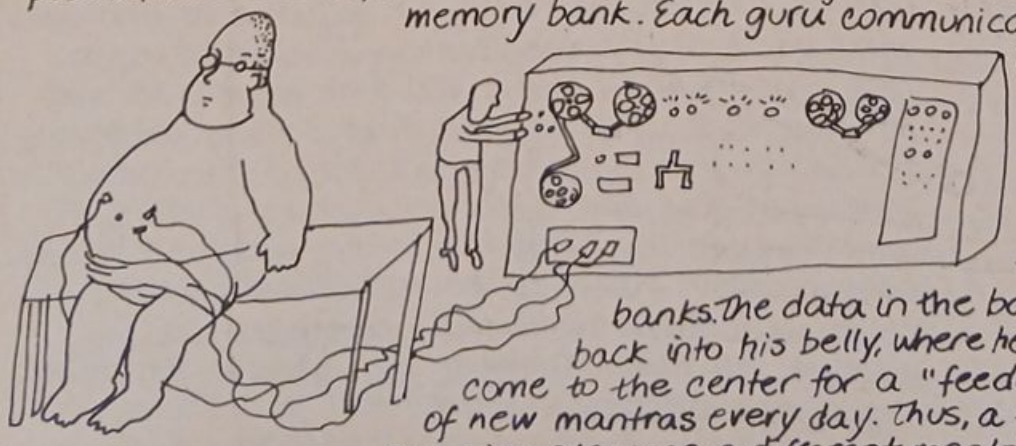
I'll tell you what you need, darling. You need a little eye appeal. You need a little craziness. A little... how shall I say it... a little gaudiness... not gaudy, no... a <u>memorable</u> quality.

You should do everything in one color. One color, darling. For your entire wardrobe. Ready for this? you should have everything in Chinese red. I see an entire ascetic wardrobe in Chinese red.

Oh, Vishnu! Chinese red Levis with matching jackets. Red blazers with a Baba Dhiddi crest. Red quilted jackets. Even red undershorts. Why should ascetic be boring? I want you to give it a little buzz. I love it. I love <u>you</u>. It's perfect.



WEDNESDAY. Benjie takes us to the Mantra Control Center. The gurus have hired an expert mathematician to devise an almost unending variety of mantras. The possibilities are infinite. The computer already has ten million mantras in its memory bank. Each guru communicates with the computer via special electrodes attached to his belly. From his belly, he emits his divine aura and vibrations, which are fed into the memory banks. The data in the banks is then transmitted back into his belly, where he stores it. The gurus come to the center for a "feeding," storing thousands of new mantras every day. Thus, a fully accredited saint can give everyone a different mantra.



ENIGMATICS

This is the name used for all the collected wisdom of the saints. A saint is supposed to issue all his wisdom in enigmatic statements. Therefore, he is always right, and can always be interpreted in different, yet valid ways.

The teachers come to the saint-aspirants and ask questions.

TEACHER: I cannot overcome my desires for the flesh. What can I do?

ASPIRANT SAINT: Eat through one nostril. Talk only to the bees.

TEACHER: How may I find wisdom wandering through the land?

ASPIRANT SAINT: Wear not the shoes of others.

TEACHER: If I am weary of wandering, what can I call my home?

ASPIRANT SAINT: Home is where one hangs one's hat.

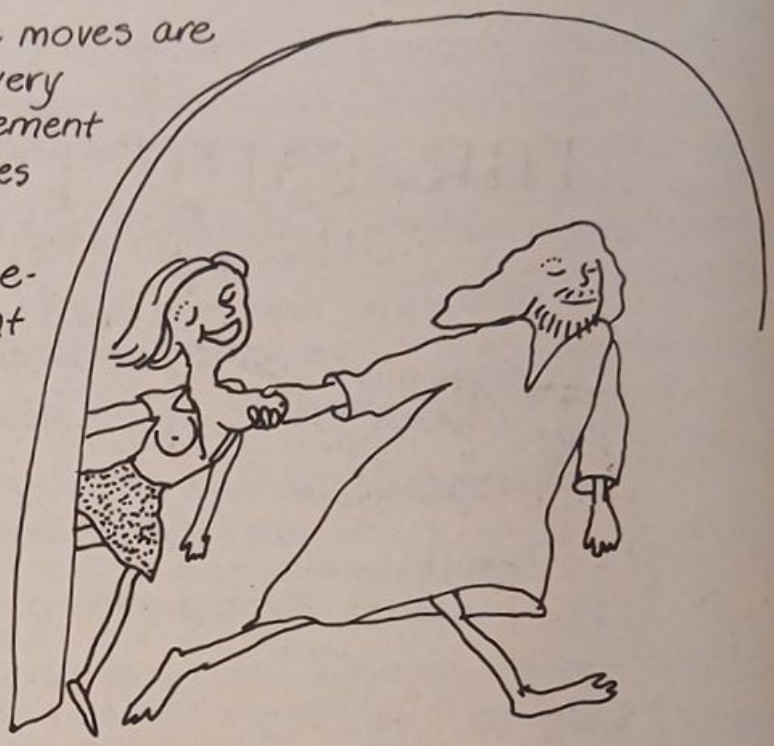
This answer sounded familiar to me. Like an old-fashioned American homily. "No matter," said Benjie. The more familiar it sounds, the better. A home truth, he called it.

The words you, dream, illusion, energy, center, here, now, being, I, one, space, void, nothing, kept cropping up. Sometimes the aspirant saint simply put all those words together in a sentence that seemed to make sense because of the authority and karma he radiated. Benjie agreed. "That is called rhim. It is sentences which have a good sound to them, but do not necessarily make logical sense. The greater the guru, the more meaningful these word-sounds become. He just gives you a good feeling by answering your questions in rhim."

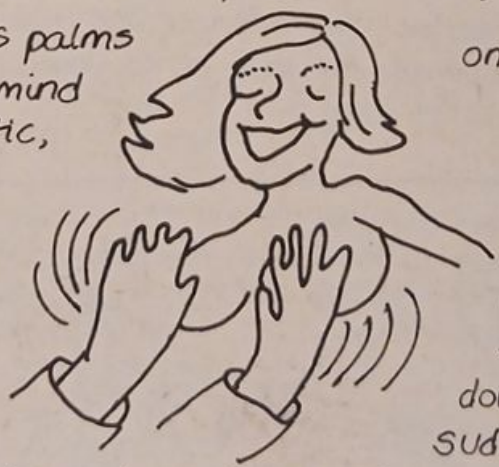
GURU GIVING A RHIM JOB

MOVEMENT AND ROLES

Every aspiring saint must have his own set of "moves" or saintly gestures that he uses on others to transport them to other realms or to just make them feel good and meaningful. The moves are very physical and are done very quickly, accompanied by an element of surprise. When a saint makes his move, he assumes a very familiar role. He looks like someone you know and trust. A saint can look like your father or mother, like Walter Cronkite, Gregory Peck, Hedy Lamarr, Milton Berle, or some old guy down the street. But you trust him to do anything with you.



In this class, we were allowed to participate. A guru bade me ask him a question, any question about myself. I thought for a moment. I asked him where I would go when I died. He grinned, and suddenly grabbed my left breast and pulled me along, as if it were a leash. He pulled me all around the room. Then he rubbed his palms on my nipples. Somehow, I didn't mind at all. It felt very good. Not erotic, but very good. I felt as if I were lying in a gigantic cedar chest filled with beautiful old lace curtains and bridal gowns. The wood smelled wonderful. My mother looked down on me and smiled at me radiantly. Suddenly, I felt my bottom being pinched, and I was back in the classroom.

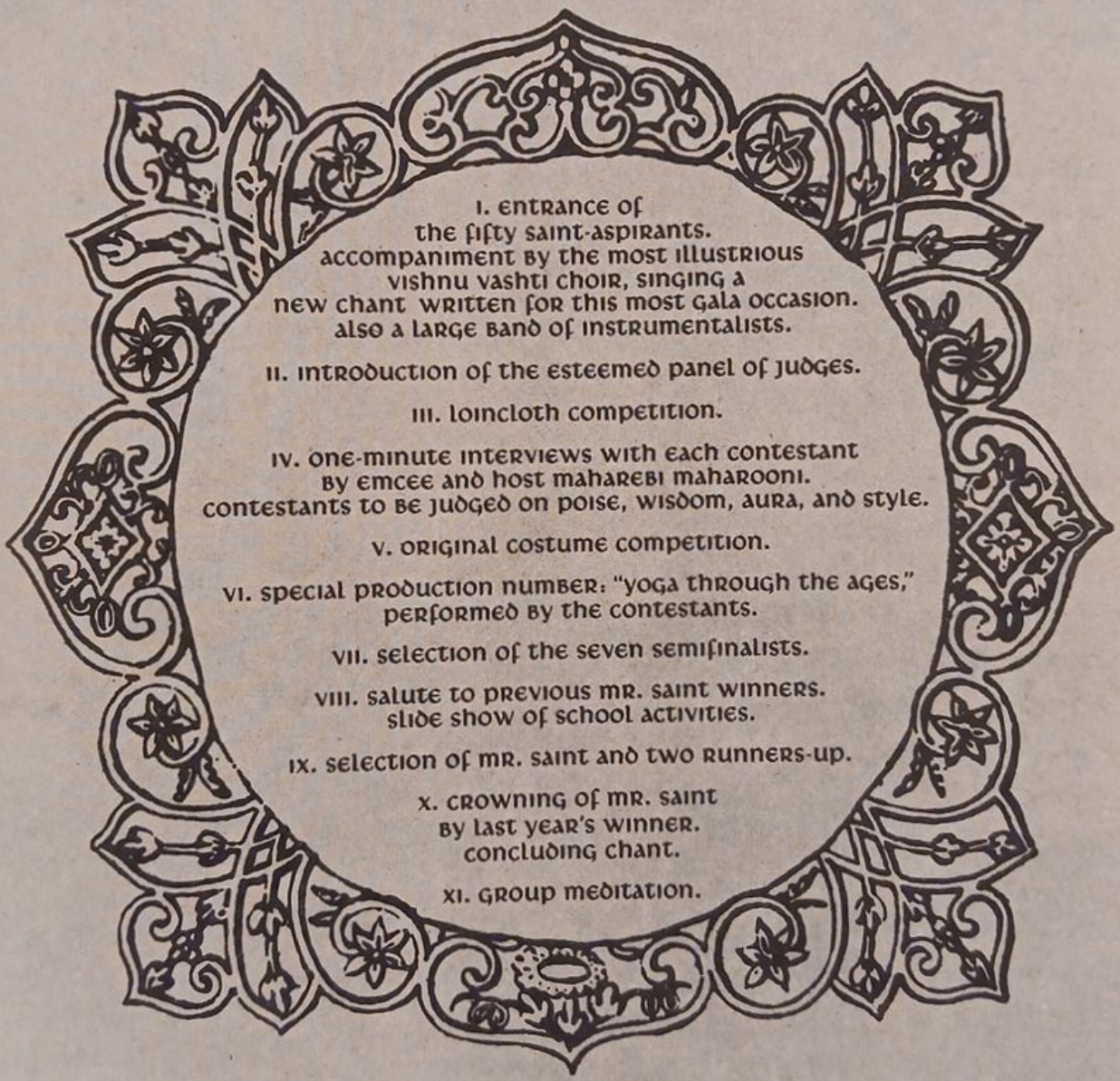


"I put you in a big box filled with pleasant clothes and pleasant smells. This is where you will go when you die," he said.

How did he do that, I wanted to know.

"It's just a trick, a cheap trick," said the guru, with a cackling giggle.

MR. SAINT PAGEANT
SOUVENIR PROGRAM



I. ENTRANCE OF
THE FIFTY SAINT-ASPIRANTS.
ACCOMPANIMENT BY THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
VISHNU VASHTI CHOIR, SINGING A
NEW CHANT WRITTEN FOR THIS MOST GALA OCCASION.
ALSO A LARGE BAND OF INSTRUMENTALISTS.

II. INTRODUCTION OF THE ESTEEMED PANEL OF JUDGES.

III. LOINCLOTH COMPETITION.

IV. ONE-MINUTE INTERVIEWS WITH EACH CONTESTANT
BY EMCEE AND HOST MAHAREBI MAHAROONI.
CONTESTANTS TO BE JUDGED ON POISE, WISDOM, AURA, AND STYLE.

V. ORIGINAL COSTUME COMPETITION.

VI. SPECIAL PRODUCTION NUMBER: "YOGA THROUGH THE AGES,"
PERFORMED BY THE CONTESTANTS.

VII. SELECTION OF THE SEVEN SEMIFINALISTS.

VIII. SALUTE TO PREVIOUS MR. SAINT WINNERS.
SLIDE SHOW OF SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.

IX. SELECTION OF MR. SAINT AND TWO RUNNERS-UP.

X. CROWNING OF MR. SAINT
BY LAST YEAR'S WINNER.
CONCLUDING CHANT.

XI. GROUP MEDITATION.

THURSDAY. GRADUATION DAY—THE MR. SAINT PAGEANT.

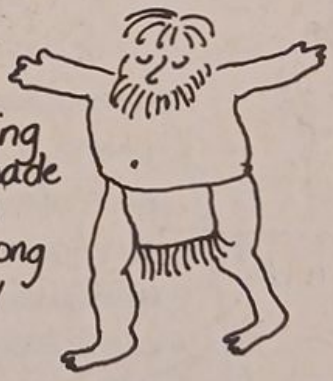
At last, the day all the aspirants have been waiting for. For a year they have been studying, practicing, and working toward the day when one out of the fifty will be chosen as a genuine ordained Hindu saint. A panel of five judges, all saints themselves, will put the aspirants through their paces in a grueling test of their powers. The aspirants will perform in nine categories and will be given point scores. The highest point earner will become the newly-elected saint for the year. Of course, no one really loses in this pageant, for everyone is still a guru and is entitled to try again next year. But there is only room for one saint a year. "You cannot spawn saints like oysters," said Benjie, our guide.

The pageant is being held at the local high school auditorium, which has been gaily decorated with Indian fabrics and paper lanterns. The hall is packed with friends, relatives, and followers of the fifty saint-aspirants. As the contestants march on to the stage, everyone chants for thirty minutes.

The loincloth competition is a throwback to the old days, when all the saints lived in the hot climate of India and had to wear skimpy clothing. There has been a move to eliminate the loincloth category, but the traditionalists are still in the majority, and the contestants have to parade down the aisle for the judges wearing their best little nothings.

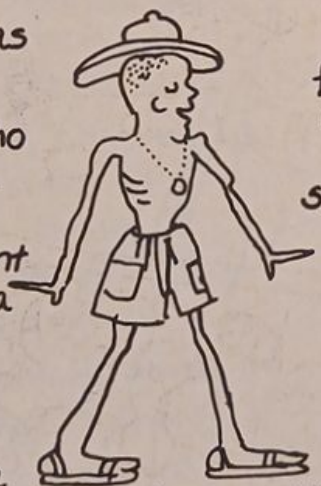
NUMBER FOURTEEN, Swami Rhiva Gi, looks remarkably well hung. His penis is protruding from the loincloth, a Hawaiian flower print design. The judges may take off points for his carelessness.

It's hard to say how the judges will rate them in terms of their physiques. No one looks younger than fifty, and their bodies are rather strange. Most of the contestants have adopted the big belly look, so that the loincloths have a soft drape covering their girth. The old, skinny Gandhi look is favored by some, which shows up the loincloth better. The contestants are required to design or buy their own outfits.



NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN, Rhaba Di, has a tough-looking fringed number made of leather, which could make a strong statement to gay converts.

My favorite was NUMBER FORTY, Dhishna Kra, who wore a Bermuda shorts outfit with pleated front and pockets, in a cream-colored tropical weight wool, which he topped off with a pith helmet, sandals, and a very thin gold necklace with some kind of Indian pendant. Very smart and tailored, not gaudy. A bit of the British influence. Probably has a lot of wealthy followers. Good at raising money.



THE M.C. OF THE PAGEANT is the Maharebi Maharooni, a sort of Indian Bert Parks. He is tanned, always smiling and forever jolly, reading from his little cards, trying to make all the contestants feel at ease. He does the pageant every year, flying in from Miami Beach, where he has his ashram.

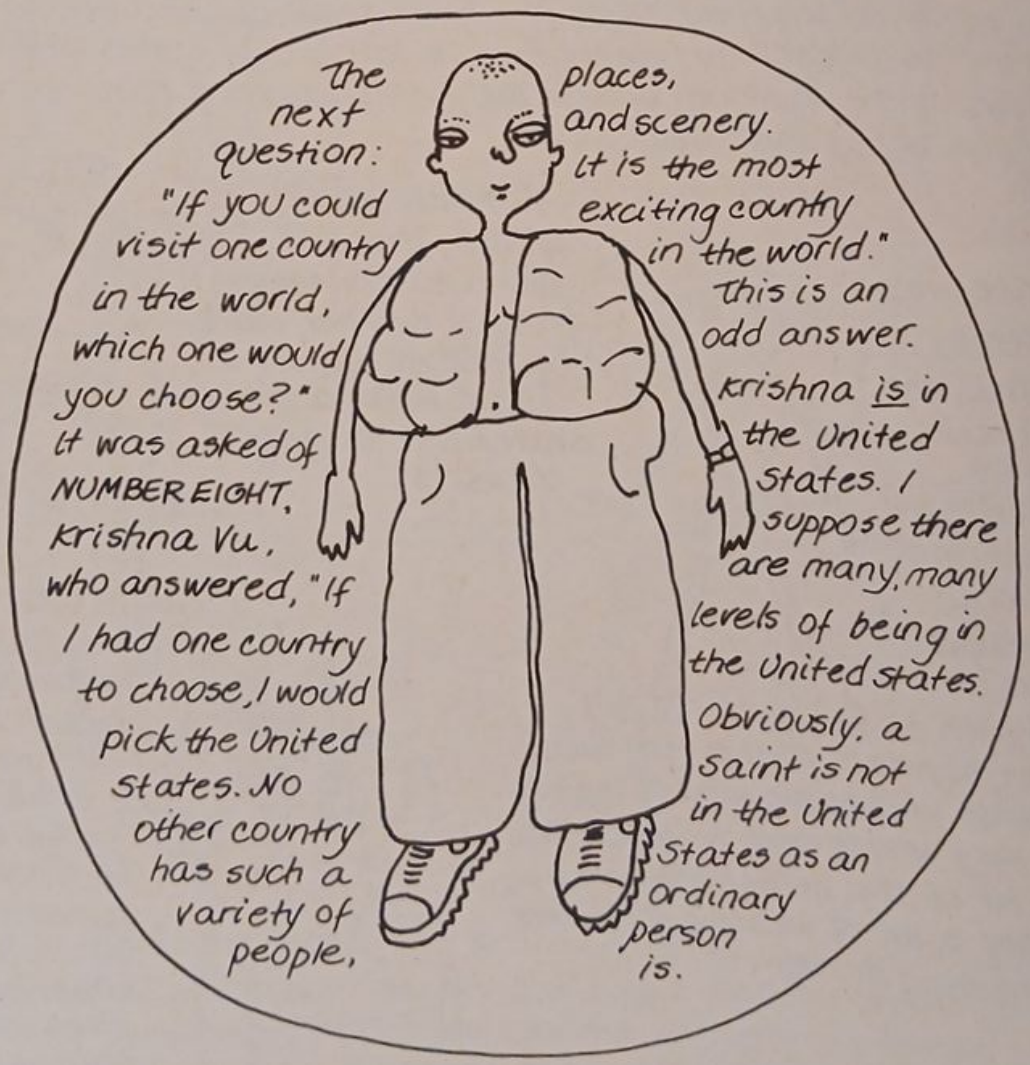
The wisdom and poise category: terribly important. Each contestant is asked a complex question by the Maharabi, a question he picks at random from his cards. The contestant has only one minute to answer.

NUMBER TWELVE, Varishna Varogi, is asked, "If you could make one wish come true in this world, what would it be?" Varishna replies, "I would like to eat an entire mocha hazelnut cake from Demel's pastry shop in Vienna. I am a hopeless diabetic, and can never enjoy a good piece of cake because of the sugar. I would eat the cake and die a happy man."

I wonder why Varishna made such a selfish, frivolous, sensual choice. He must have a deep motive. The ways of the gurus are difficult to interpret sometimes.

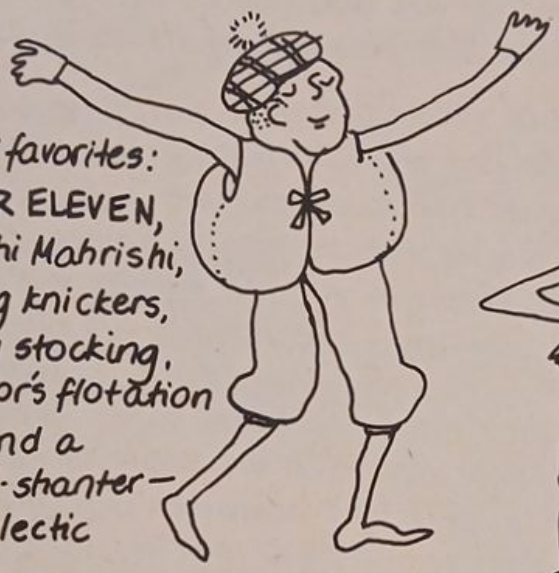
NUMBER THIRTY-ONE, Jahaba GU, is asked, "If you could meet one person in the world, living or dead, who would it be?" Jahaba answers, "I would like to meet any unnamed, poor, wretched beggar from the streets of Calcutta. The most humble person should be judged as important as the most famous."

Very wise, very saintly. Jahaba will score very well in this category.

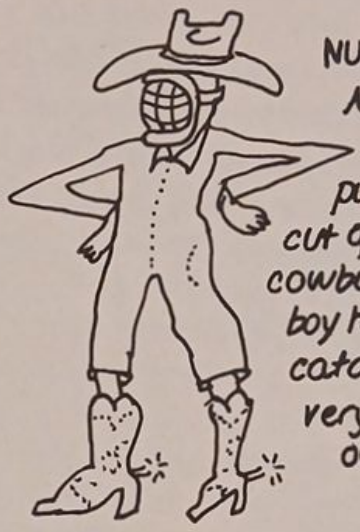

The next question: "If you could visit one country in the world, which one would you choose?" It was asked of NUMBER EIGHT, Krishna Vu, who answered, "If I had one country to choose, I would pick the United States. NO other country has such a variety of people, places, and scenery. It is the most exciting country in the world."
This is an odd answer. Krishna is in the United States. I suppose there are many, many levels of being in the United States. Obviously, a saint is not in the United States as an ordinary person is.

The costume competition is important because the style of dress that the saint-aspirant has chosen must be worn for the rest of his life. His outfit must be consistent, and reflect his aura and style as a saint. "Clothes make the man" can very easily be attributed to a guru.

NUMBER SIX, Parahna Daruum, comes out in a dress – a pretty, flowing white chiffon, somewhat A-line or tentlike. He's big and corpulent, and the dress actually complements his figure beautifully. There is not even a hint of femininity in his style, but it doesn't matter, since a saint is all things to all people.



Other favorites: NUMBER ELEVEN, Heshishi Mahrishi, wearing knickers, a body stocking, a sailor's flotation vest, and a tam-o'-shanter – the eclectic look.



NUMBER THIRTY, Nhamina Krish, wearing a purple jumpsuit cut off at the knees, cowboy boots, a cowboy hat, and a baseball catcher's mask – a very memorable outfit.

THE COMPETITION BUILDS TO A CLIMAX. We have gone from seven semi-finalists to the three remaining contestants. In just a few minutes, a new saint will be crowned to take his place in the pantheon. The audience has been respectfully silent, but now everyone's getting excited, and the room is buzzing with speculation on who the winner will be. Suddenly I hear a commotion at the entrance door, punctuated by shouts and curses.

THE THREE FINALISTS

I turn around to see a group of Hell's Angels, the motorcycle gang people, strutting into the auditorium. Their leader, a thickly-muscled, bearded man in a black T-shirt and tight fitting jeans, jumps right up to the stage and shouts, "What the hell is this shit? Where the fuck are the girls? I thought this was a beauty pageant. Who the hell are all these old farts in the funny clothes? Somebody told us there was a beauty contest going on in the high school, and now me and my friends are pissed off. I wanted to see some tits and asses and all I see are spooky wogs. Im going to kick the piss out of these guys!"

The leader and his gang are drunk and in a dangerous mood. Most of the gang run up to the stage and start to pull off the costumes of the contestants. People in the audience rush to defend the gurus and are beaten back by the Angels, who have chains, tire irons, and knives. The gurus stand their ground and stare straight into the eyes of the Angels, using their most powerful auras and vibrations. The room is full of energy waves; the air seems to crackle. But it has the wrong effect, galvanizing the Angels into a more violent mood. They smash the paper lanterns, burn the Indian fabric decorations, and start to rip up the seats of the auditorium. The contestants are now mostly naked, their costumes ripped to shreds. They are in trances, chanting or meditating or still trying to beat back the barbaric gang with their saintly auras. Peter signals me to make a run for the door. There is no point in trying to overpower the heavily armed gang.

Is there a lesson to be learned from all this? Only that the sword is mightier than the pen or the spirit. What a sad ending for the pageant. We never found out who won.

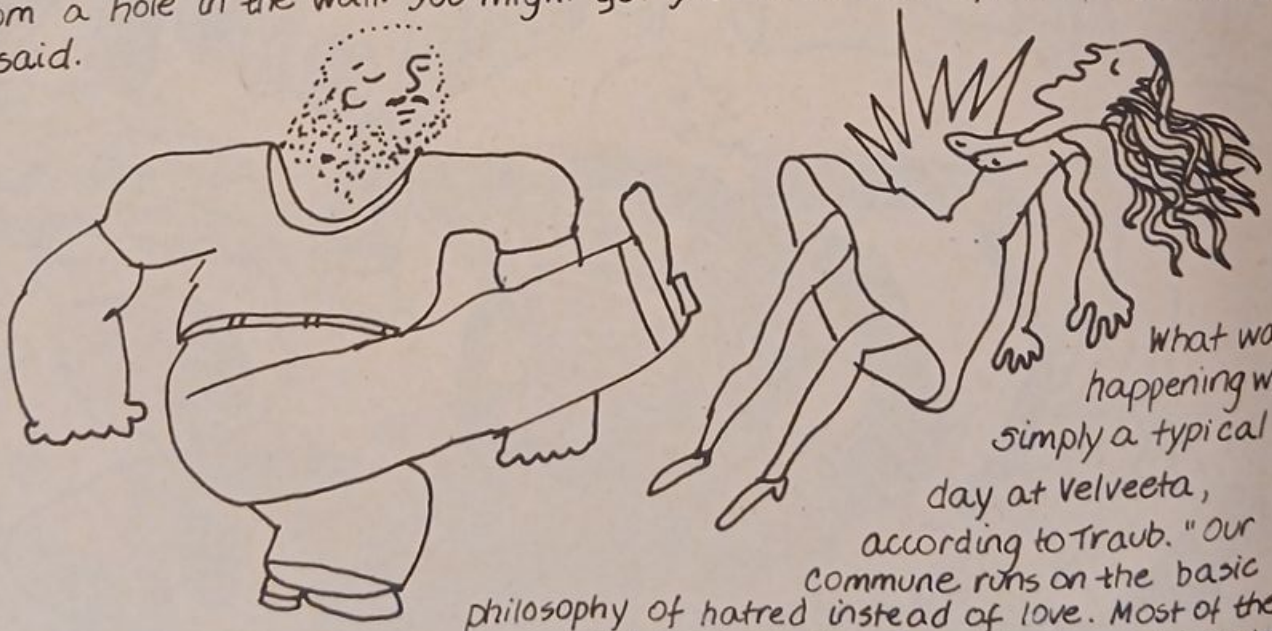
HELLS ANGELS
mc
CALIFORNIA

VELVEETA

Velveeta is a commune located in Cuesta Pass, about thirty miles from San Luis Obispo. The name comes from the material used to build the commune's houses. "yes, yes, it's cheese. The stuff made by Kraft," said Rick Traub, our guide. "We bought it from the army to use as food. It's the cheapest shit in the world. We had so much that we fooled around with it and discovered that it also made a great brick."

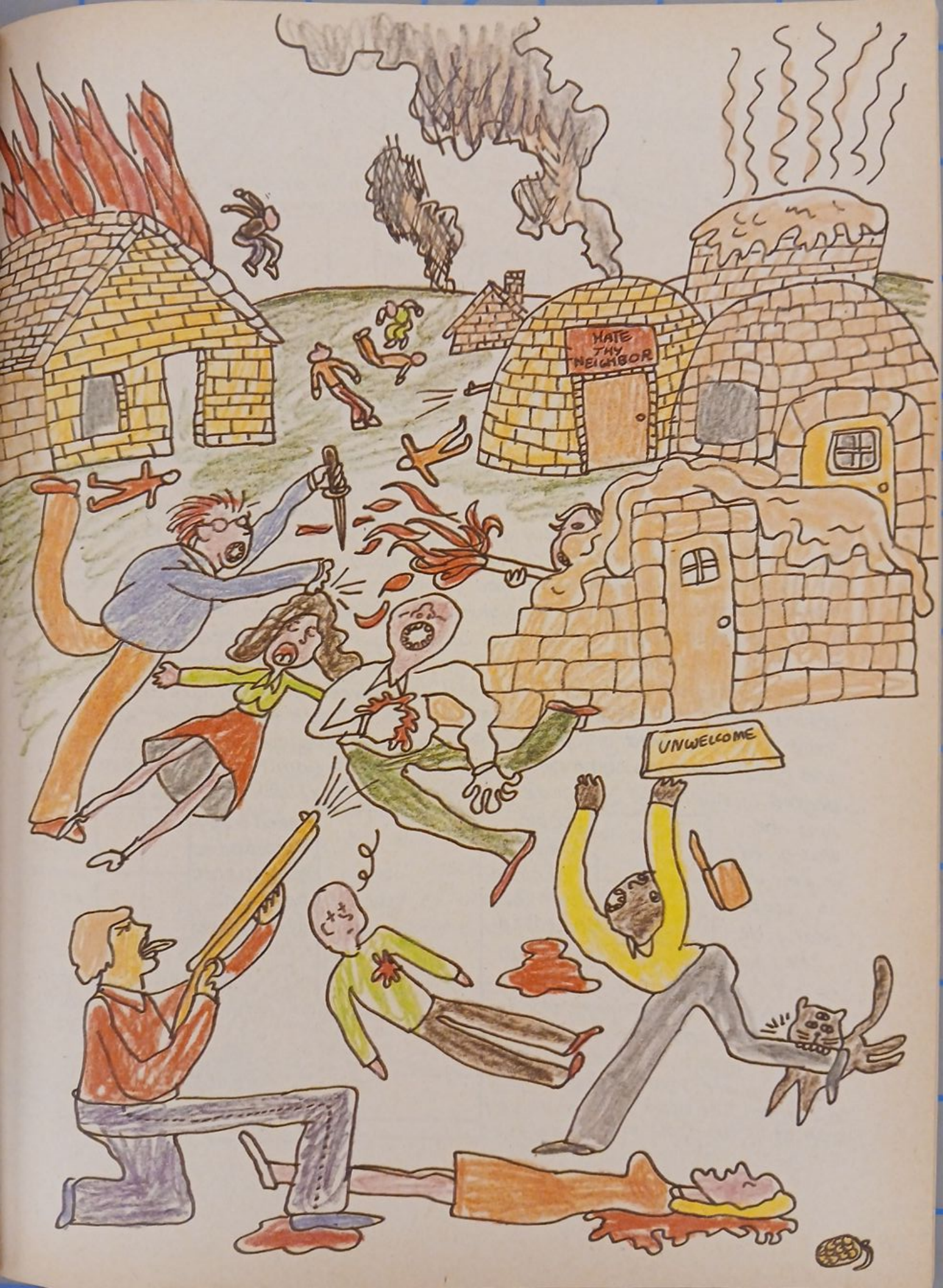
Traub assured us that the weather in the mountains is always cool, so that the houses don't soften. "sure, we get plenty of jokes about eating our houses, melting them down for grilled cheese sandwiches — but actually, no one wants to eat the stuff anymore. We've lived with it too long," said Traub.

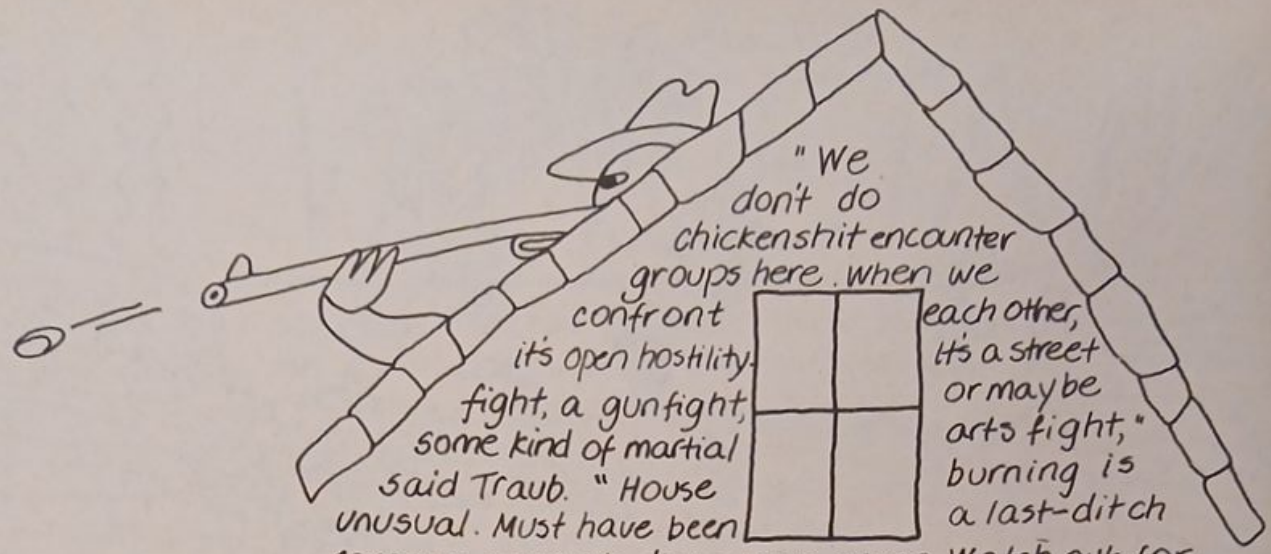
When we were about two or three miles from Velveeta, we heard the Noise. It sounded like a war, a real war with gunshots and bombs, and as we got closer, human shouts and screams. And then, the unmistakable smell of burning processed cheese. Traub parked his car about a half mile from the Noise and asked us to walk the rest of the way. Or rather, crawl. "They don't know you from a hole in the wall. You might get your head shot off in the crossfire," he said.



What was happening was simply a typical day at Velveeta, according to Traub. "Our commune runs on the basic philosophy of hatred instead of love. Most of the hippie communes of the sixties died out because they thought they could make it on love, drugs, and a wee little bit of work. Bullshit. Hate makes the world go around. There's nothing better. Nothing more rewarding."

We crawled toward the commune as an occasional bullet went flying over our heads. Some of the buildings were burned to a cheesy crisp. The smell was overpowering.


HATE
THY
NEIGHBOR
UNWELCOME



"We don't do chickenshit encounter groups here. When we confront each other, it's open hostility. It's a street fight, a gunfight, or maybe some kind of martial arts fight," said Traub. "House burning is unusual. Must have been a last-ditch revenge move. We discourage arson. Watch out for snipers, though. **Snipers are really crazy.** We're trying to get rid of them. Too sneaky. What we stress at Velveeta is out-front aggression and hatred. We discovered that when people live together, they function better out of hatred. Very few people agree on anything, right? But in a regular commune, you have to repress your true feelings for the so-called overall good of the community. BULLSHIT. All you do is fuck up your head, and you come out of those communes worse than when you came in. Listen, fighting and arguing and doing revenge makes you feel good, better than anything. Better than meditating, better than chanting, better than any kind of psychotherapy or whatever."

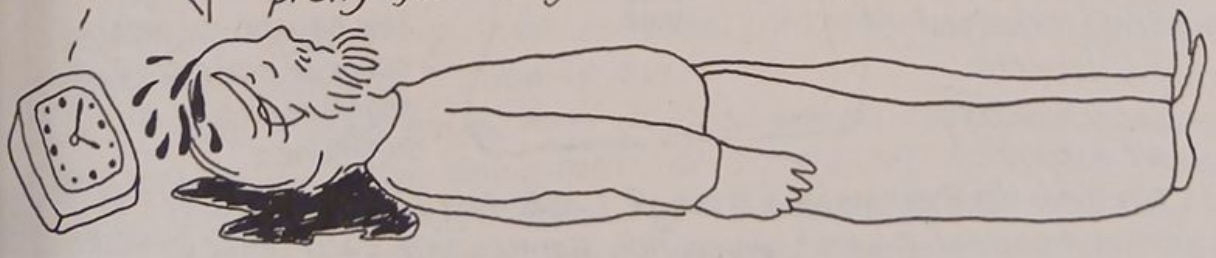
Everything at Velveeta is reversed. The Velveetans write hate letters, hate poems, and hate songs. Some even have kitschy "Hate thy neighbor" signs on their door. Vigilante groups, shootouts, and even hangings are not unusual. Insults and curses are the common language. I had to admit that there was a high degree of energy in the place. No hippie drug/sex/lazy laid-back scene here. And the people looked happy. There was a fire in their eyes and a purpose in their walk. I accidentally touched someone as I walked down a path and was nearly decapitated by a karate chop.

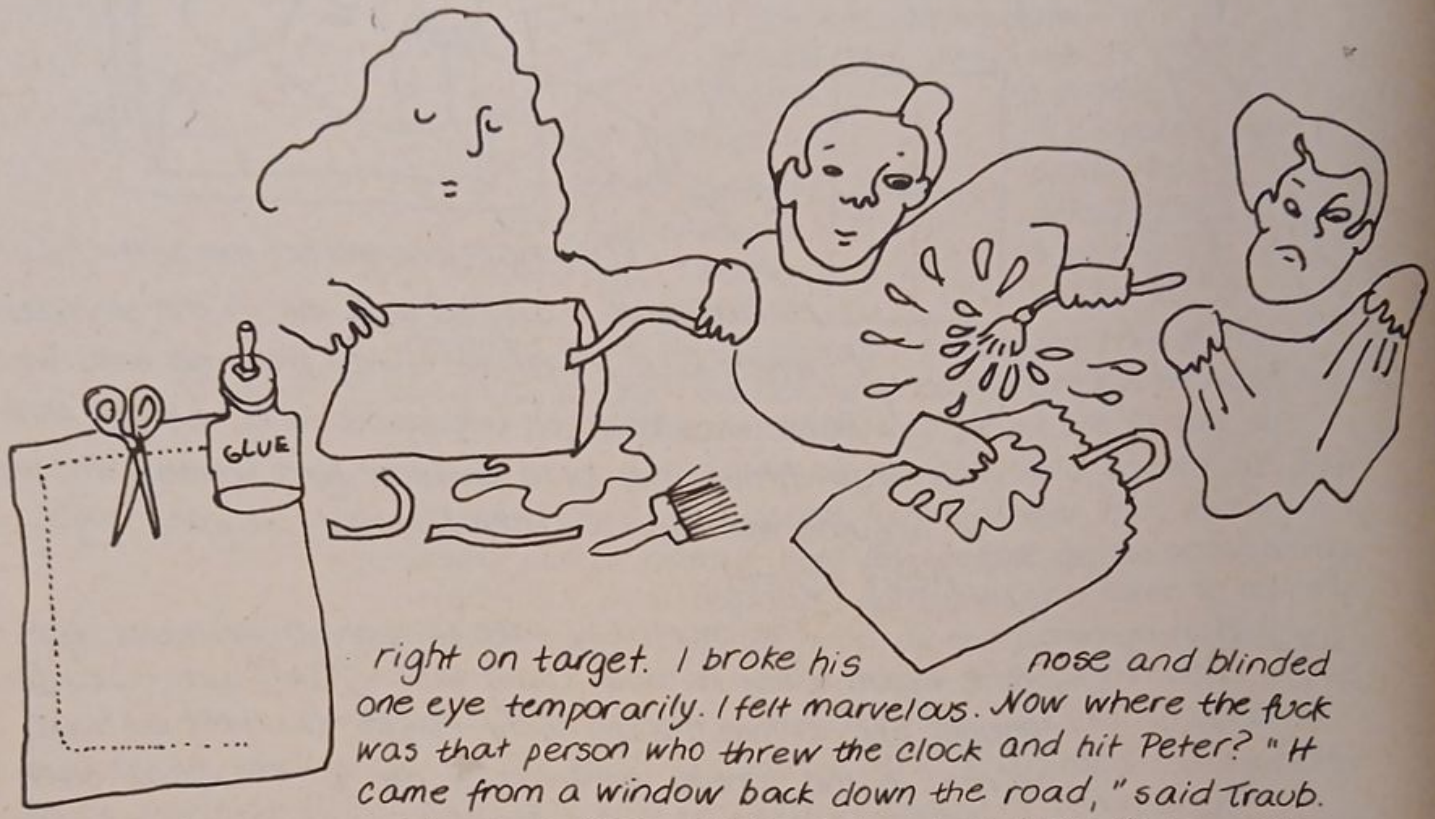
"Hey, blondie, isn't there enough room on this path for both of us? California is a big place," shouted my attacker. He stood over me, a huge, blond-bearded man with bib overalls and a boater hat. "where the fuck did they grow a dumbbell like you?" he said. "Don't answer. I can't stand to hear a retard. Just open your mouth so I can stuff an apple in it. Or my fist."

The man showered me with insults and was ready to kick me in the stomach when Rick pulled me away in time. Meanwhile, Peter was knocked unconscious by a clock that was thrown out of a window by a woman who was arguing with her boyfriend. Luckily, it was only a flesh wound.

"The mortality rate is high in Velveeta, but the waiting list is long," said Rick. "Certain types of people like to live dangerously. Makes you feel like an animal in the jungle, survival of the fittest, that sort of shit. Don't knock it. It works."

I felt my aching neck, where the straw-hatted man had slashed me. It quivered with pain. Peter was still unconscious, his head bleeding from the blow of the hard metal clock. I picked up the clock and ran after the guy who had hit me, calling him a slimeball and a scumbag. He turned around with a surprised look and got the full impact of the clock in his face. I was a pretty fair lady athlete in high school, and I was





right on target. I broke his nose and blinded one eye temporarily. I felt marvelous. Now where the fuck was that person who threw the clock and hit Peter? "It came from a window back down the road," said Traub. "But I wouldn't go up there. You're outnumbered. They'd toy with you and maybe kill you if they're in a mean mood. Look, you're just a visitor. Why don't you take Peter to a doctor? He's bleeding like a pig. We've got a good doctor and a good hospital only three miles from here. God knows we need them. I'll give you a lift."

Traub forced me to take Peter to a doctor against my better instincts. All I wanted was revenge. I promised myself I would return and find Peter's attacker, even though she had hit him accidentally. Suddenly, I realized how caught up I was in the Velveeta concept. Hate, envy, revenge—enough negative energy to power a hundred communes.

But how do they make a living? I asked Traub as he dropped us at the hospital. "When we're not fighting with each other, we make shopping bags. Hand-made paper shopping bags. They're not beautiful or anything. They're just O.K. They last a little longer than the fifteen-cent kind you get in the supermarket. We sell them to fancier stores who put their names on them. It's like a craft, only not that special."

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL

Pleasant day. Sky clear. Birds burbling. Up early, 6:15. Road to Mendocino. Preprandial intercourse satisfactory. Rear position. Seven minutes. Cunt sore. Spot deer.

Wrong turn on Rt. 1. Was supposed to go to Mendocino. Enter wire gates for directions. Youth asleep. Drive through. Park. Uniform dwellings. Dirt squares. Shades of Bensalem, New Harmony? Question Peter. Has not heard of commune, either. Prosperous Utopia if judged by size. Green-clothed youth dashes out, runs up flag. Trumpet sounds. Salutes. Interesting gesture. Vestigial. But what signify? Shrug.

Second green-clothed person stands in square. Youths rush out of dwellings, tuck in trou, mutter. Stand in front of person. Form lines. Four. Fascinating coordination. Pleasing uniformity. Men also in green. Person cries: "Tenshun!" and they pay him it with astonishing rigidity of body. Bit formal, tho'. Ancient ceremony, no doubt. Perfect cooperation. Much to be said for it. Men call names. Loud, clear. Men seem American. No women visible. Divided, perhaps, like Shakers. Man cries, "Atease!" Men straddle as one. Tribal dance. Dawn god. Choreography not intricate. Well rehearsed, tho'.

Man cries, "Quicktime, ho!" Men peel off. Two columns. Trot from square. I trot. Peter trots. Why not? Curious chant. "Hiptwothreefour!" Over and over. Sacred litany. Mantra for holy joggers. Trippy. Men trot in unison. Tacit agreement. Coordination admirable. No forcing. Socialist ideals in every movement. Differentiation of individuals minimal. All same. Under the skin. World Love. Single energy. Pragmatic expression of. "Hiptwothreefour." High karma. White light. But what sect? Roll eyes.

Enter low structure. Many tables. Counter at end. Smell of dishrags, dried eggs, lye. Olfactorily spartan. Men form queue. Talk. Horse. Curse. Sneer at food. Comedy of it all. Laughter of the gods boisterous. Spiritual concerns never more present than when in abeyance. Must remember that.

Other men behind counter. Wash dishes. Peel potatoes. Unhappy aspects. Criminals, no doubt. Spiritual discipline. Interesting penal theory. Women's work. What cult, tho'? Throw up hands.

P. and I take trays. Food dolloped on. No effete protocols. Insincere etiquette at minimum. Dining room not stately. Still no women. Homo ashram? Men look tough. Never know. Sit at table. Look at food. Look at Peter. Perfect coordination. Instant harmony. Waste no motion. Read minds. Rise as one. Trot to car. "Hiptwothreefour." Race for nearest HoJo's. Understand secret of cult, uniformity of vision, cooperation of movement. Same with us.

THE VITO PALAZZI SKYDIVING SOCIETY

In the Del Rosa section of San Bernardino, there's a small piece of land leased by the Arrowhead Country Club to the Vito Palazzi Skydiving Society. The club, named after its leader, now deceased, is one of the pioneering groups in the human potential movement.

The society has a small airplane hangar which serves as a meeting place. The members are an unusually active and happy group, dancing and singing and clapping their hands rhythmically, even though there is no music playing. Every few minutes, they stop and embrace each other warmly, bestowing kisses in an affectionate, unselfconscious manner. They look remarkably alert and bright-eyed. Their spokeswoman is Dolores Palazzi, Vito's sister.

DOLORES'S RAP

"Vito and I were very close. Neither of us ever married, and we lived together. People always used to spread vicious, nasty rumors about Vito and me. They were lies, all lies. Vito was my brother. We never did anything dirty to each other. He was five years older than me and treated me like a daughter. Once, just once, he touched my right breast by accident, and he nearly crippled himself falling on his hands and knees begging my forgiveness. He was a saint." (I thought she would burst into tears, but instead, she took my arm and skipped, actually skipped with me into the hangar. Her mood changed to euphoric bliss as she introduced me to the eight other members of the Vito Palazzi Skydiving Society.) "It was Vito's brainchild. He was always interested in changing his life for the better, in making over his personality. He tried all kinds of things—yoga, meditation, assertiveness training, all kinds of psychotherapy—everything.

They were fairly O.K., but they never made the big change in him—you know, the real mind blowing thing, the breakthrough. All his life, Vito was looking for the breakthrough, and then it came to him one day when he was watching these skydivers on TV. He said to me, 'What if the parachute doesn't work? Then it's all over in seconds. I'll bet those few seconds are the clearest moments in your life. That's when you get the message, the vision of life that is the real breakthrough. It all flashes before your eyes!'

"Vito wanted to go through that experience. He wanted to jump out of a plane with a parachute that didn't work. He didn't want to kill himself. NO, no. Just the opposite. He wanted to have the exact same experience, though. First he built a big net made out of special plastic that could take the shock of a falling body. Then, for the next six months Vito explained his ideas to our friends—how it would turn their heads around, make them see who they really are, and where they should be going. All we had to do was imitate the real experience and land in the big net. Vito was brilliant. He bought these Italian world war II parachutes, very pretty colors, but all defective. He had everyone rigged up with tape recorders. He wanted everyone's breakthrough visions recorded, so when we landed, we could compare insights. Talk about a moment of truth. We were going to learn more about life in twenty seconds than going through twenty years of Freudian analysis!

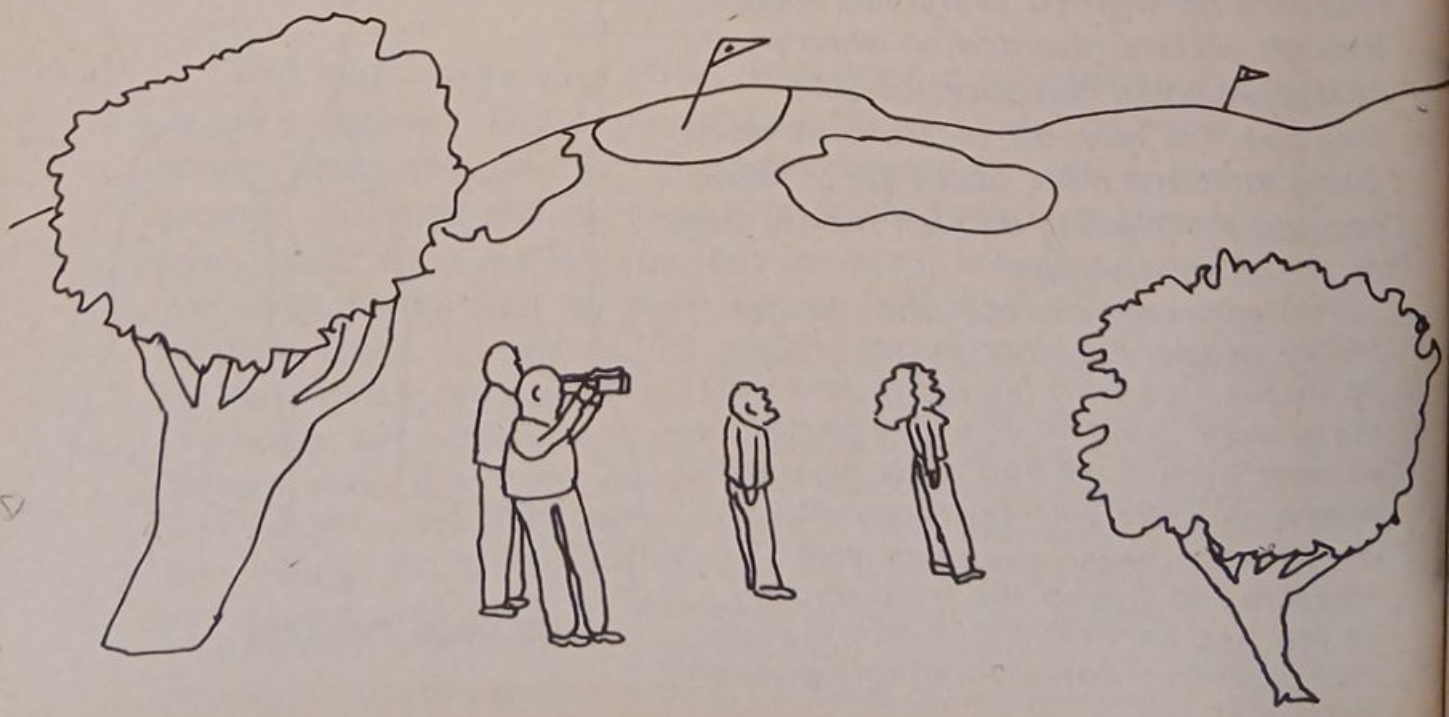
"Vito was very excited when he got twenty people together in our group. He imbued us with his ideas, and we really went gung ho. Fear? Of course we were afraid. We had never skydived before, as I told you. Fear, anxiety, dread—all these emotions were necessary to give us the breakthrough. We felt like we were participating in the most important human potential experiment of the century.

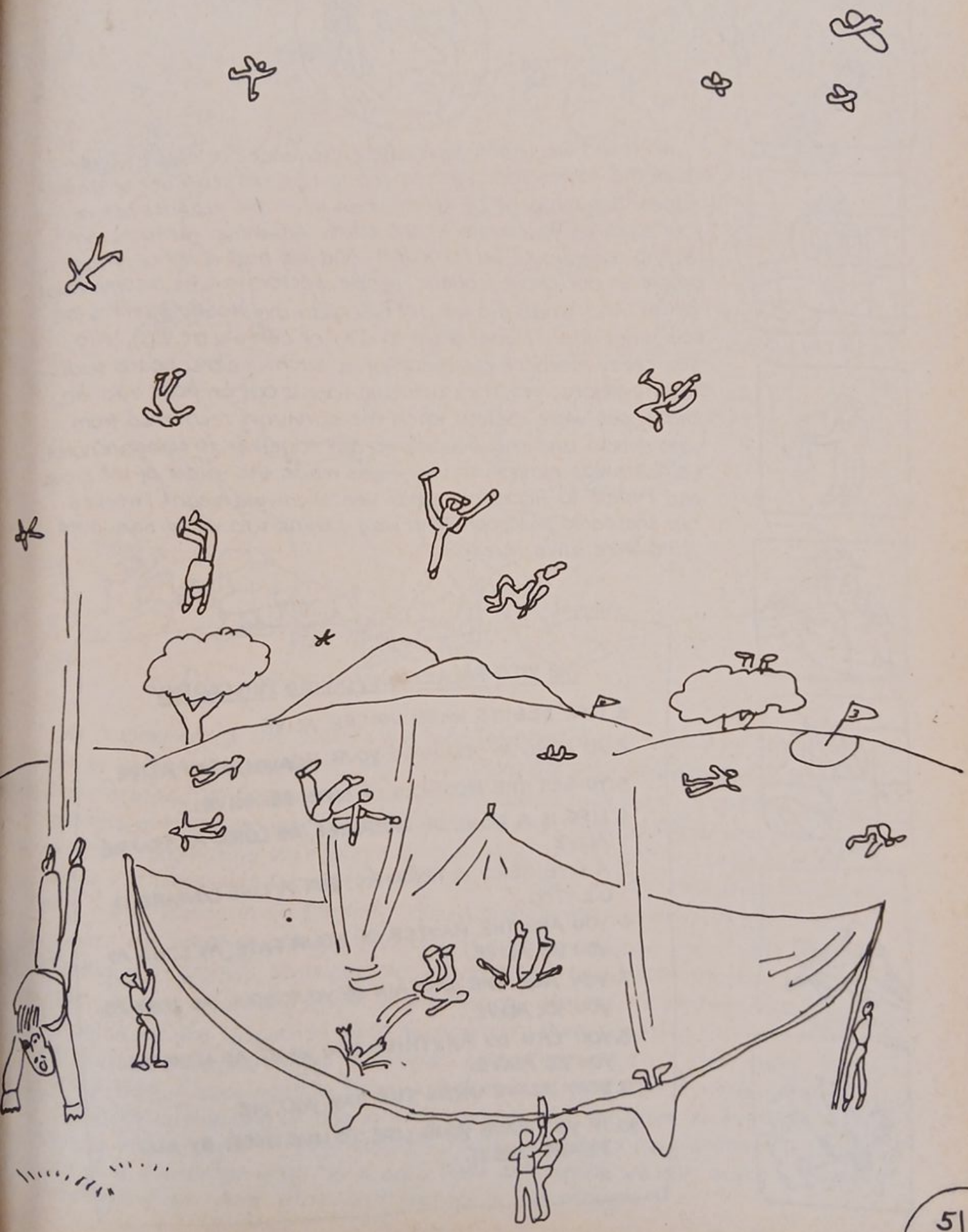
DOLORES PALAZZI

"Vito picked a perfect day. We went up in three planes to make our jump. We had people down below manning the net. Vito said we should all jump together. The idea was to pull the chute and discover that it wouldn't open, and then resign ourselves to the plunge, opening our heads and letting anything happen. It would be far more mind-opening than any drug. Well, bless us all, because we did it. Out we jumped.

"If Vito had one fault, it was his enthusiasm. He would get carried away with his ideas. He was such a great salesman that he made everyone believe him. He was so in love with his skydiving concept that he never bothered to check out all the details with experts. So when we jumped, the wind blew us all over the place. Some of us were heading for the net, some weren't. We didn't know how to play with the winds and the air currents. And, of course, the parachutes didn't work, which was part of the plan. Needless to say, there was a lot of screaming and yelling for God, mama, anybody to help us, because it was going to be all over in a few seconds.

"Well, some of us were lucky. Nine, to be exact. Nine of us landed on the net, and all we got was a severe banging around, a few broken bones, a lot of headaches, and a funny ringing in our ears. But eleven of the group perished in the fall, including Vito. Vito hit the ground like a bomb. It was terrible. They had to pick him up with a blotter. Two people died of heart attacks while they were still in the air, and one managed to land on a tree and stay alive. He's in the hospital, living like a vegetable, so he might as well be dead.





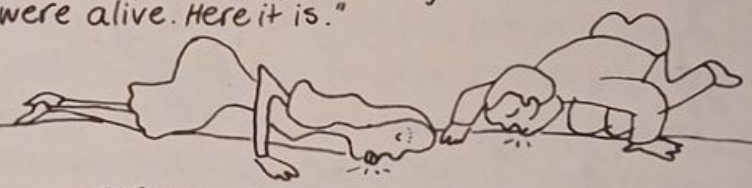
VITO'S MOMENT OF TRUTH

1st LAY

2nd LAY

3rd LAY

"What did we learn from the experience? Not very much from the tapes. Poor Vito, he really had his heart set on those tapes. The moment of truth, when your life flashes before your eyes as you hurtle to the earth. All those fantastic insights that would be recorded! And we had a lot of smart people in our group, college people, doctors, a CPA, a commercial artist. And what did we get? Screaming. Mostly screams for help, lines like, 'I don't want to die,' or cursing at Vito, 'Vito, you crazy motherfucking son of a bitch.' I never heard such cursing before; yes, they actually took it out on poor Vito. No, the tapes were useless. When the survivors recovered from the shocks and the wounds, we got together to compare notes. Since I was closest to Vito, I was made the leader of the group, and I tried to figure out what the skydiving meant. I worked out the basic philosophy the way I think Vito would have done if he were alive. Here it is."



THE VITO PALAZZI SKYDIVING PHILOSOPHY

1. LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE ALIVE.
2. AS LONG AS YOU HAVE YOUR HEALTH, STAY ALIVE.
3. TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE, BE ALIVE.
4. LIFE IS A BOWL OF CHERRIES, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE.
5. A LIVE HERO IS TERRIFIC, BUT A LIVE COWARD IS O.K., TOO.
6. YOU ARE THE MASTER OF YOUR FATE, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE.
7. YOU ARE THE CAPTAIN OF YOUR SOUL, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE.
8. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE.
9. STAY ALIVE UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE.
10. IF YOU HAVE YOUR LIFE TO LIVE OVER, BY ALL MEANS LIVE IT.

At a meeting of the society, the nine members talked about all kinds of human potential movements, and loved them all. They meditated, did yoga exercises and primal screams. They intimidated each other, acted out psychodramas and assertiveness lifescripts. They did transactional analysis exercises, promoting the concept of "whatever is O.K. with you is O.K. with me." Every discipline was O.K. with them. "Alaya," they all shouted after discussing and participating in an exercise. Alaya stands for "as long as you're alive."

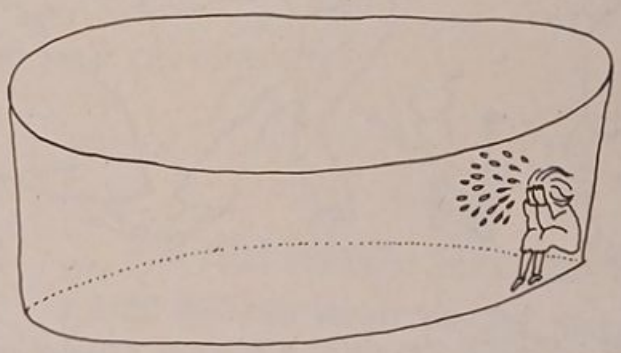
After the meeting, the group looked at pictures of dead people and disasters (earthquakes, floods, bombings, etc.). Instead of being solemn, they laughed and giggled. Then they drove to the nearby Mountain View Cemetery and danced on the graves to disco music from their portable radios, punctuating the music with more shouts of "alaya." I never saw such a deliriously happy group, and I have been to Brazilian carnivals and African tribal dances.

Dolores is thinking of organizing another skydive after doing some serious testing with experts. "Vito's ideas are really sound, as long as they're carried out in a foolproof way," she said. "We still think we can make a breakthrough if we don't panic and the net is big enough."

In the Cardiff Beach area, about thirty miles north of San Diego, Dr. John Dilly has been conducting his revolutionary experiments with dolphins, duplicating their lifestyles in specially designed solitude-isolation-confinement tanks. We heard through a colleague of his, Dr. Betty Swigg, that Dilly was working on an even more revolutionary experiment, and that he was ready to publish the results very soon.

"He's playing with himself," said Dr. Swigg. "When he plays with himself it means he's very excited about his work and knows he is making an important breakthrough." She added that it would be crucial for Dr. Dilly to have an audience at this time because of the tremendous strain he was under, the isolation, the stress of living in a water tank. Dr. Swigg felt Dilly needed the exposure and the recognition of the outside world for his accomplishments. "He's been away a bit too long," said Dr. Swigg.

Peter and I were anxious to meet Dr. Dilly, a man who had achieved near-cult status, along with R.D. Laing, Suzuki, and the young Tim Leary, as one of the great explorers of the frontiers of human potential and communication.



When we arrived at his laboratory, we noted a strange stillness in the air. We found Dr. Swigg sitting alone in the middle of the solitude-isolation-confinement tank. The tank was empty of water. Dr. Swigg was crying quietly. She mumbled that Dr. Dilly was dead. An accidental drowning. We were stunned.

After accepting our condolences, Dr. Swigg led us to Dilly's study, where she produced an article that was to have appeared in Psycho-aquatic Quarterly. It contained the results of Dilly's latest experiments in breaking the frontier of man-animal communication. We submitted the article to the distinguished journal ourselves, and it was subsequently published. Although Dilly had meant to revise it somewhat, Dr. Swigg felt it was more important to print it without emendation, in his memory, and possibly attract a publisher who might be willing to give her a hefty advance if she expanded it into a book.

Tanks for Nothing

My First Experience with the Solitude-Isolation-Confinement Tanks

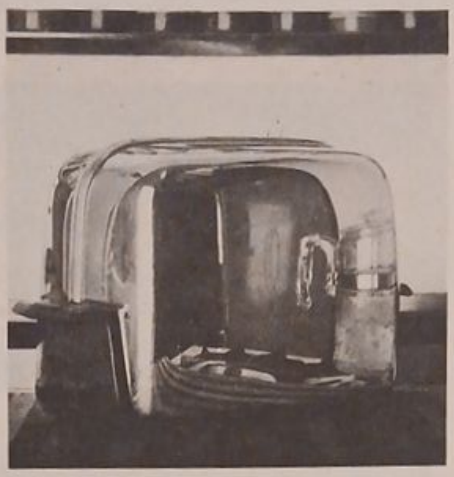
by John C. Dilly

Lately, I have been asked by several of my friends, "What are the practical possibilities of your research, if any? Can we put any of your discoveries to use in improving our daily lives?" This had led me to give great consideration to this subject, since I believe that science is more than merely a sterile collection of facts and theories. What good is research if it does not help man other than in a purely theoretical way?

I believe that the solitude-isolation-confinement (sic) tanks that I developed during my research of interspecies communication are one such example of this. This device was originally designed to simulate certain bioecological conditions; however, I believe it can also be of great usefulness in conducting self-investigatory inquiries into the metaprogramming of one's own biocomputer. Half-hour sessions in a sic tank have benefitted me as well as several of my professional colleagues greatly. I now firmly believe that these tanks can become an integral part of almost anyone's daily life, and that significant therapeutic changes in one's beliefs and outlook can be caused by their usage. Before reporting how I myself have made use of the sic tanks, however, I first would like to give a brief description of their origin and development.

Shortly after completing the work of teaching the dolphins to speak Spanish and sing "Begin the Beguine," I decided to investigate the possibilities of communicating with another sea creature—*Mercenarius,* the northern quahog, or cherrystone clam. All the dolphin equipment was placed in storage, and we prepared to scale down our procedures to effect the change from studying a large-brained, rapid-swimming, vocal-communicating, air-breathing, active mammal (*Truncatus tursiops,* or the bottle-nosed dolphin) to studying a small, sedentary, brainless, noncommunicating, tactilely repulsive bivalve. Just as in the dolphin research, I began by attempting to explore the meta-conditions of the clam's life. What did it mean to "live like a clam"?

I found that, unlike man or the dolphin, the clam lives in a tightly-closed shell, sits on the ocean floor, experiences no sensory input save the minute flow of water through its casing, and, because it has no vocal apparatus, cannot speak Spanish or sing the songs of Cole Porter, or anyone



THE COSMIC TOASTER, a Toastmaster BL-125, now discontinued. There is evidence that disconnected models take on strange qualities when they are kept in service.

else, for that matter. This seemed to present a problem as far as learning to empathize with the clam. It seemed that it would be difficult to "meet the clam halfway," an approach we had used with the dolphins with great success. My associate, Miss Eileen Crane, attempted to live closely with one of our subjects, but experienced difficulty in achieving even the most rudimentary kinds of interspecies contact. Below is an excerpt of one of her reports:

> Day 4: Woke at 7:30. Clovis (name of subject clam) was inert and still, as usual. After breakfast, spent two hours reciting basic humanoid speech-elements to Clovis, with no response. Then cleaned tank for half hour, wrote in journal, ate lunch. Then spent an hour tossing small beach ball and urging Clovis to perform "discriminate-and-fetch" exercise. No response from him (her?). As this was the fourth straight day of talking to the clam and receiving no response, I began to feel quite stupid, and reported this to Dr. Dilly very loudly and several times. He reassured me that interspecies communication is always frustrating in the initial stages. After dinner, screamed at the damn clam for another hour, got no response, so said the hell with it and practiced my sidestroke. Went to bed at 10:30.

I Become a Clam

Because the problem of differing environments proved more acute than I had anticipated, I decided to attempt to recreate a "clamlike" environment for myself, to try to experience what the clam experiences every day of its life. Before constructing the "clam cage," however, I first had to determine exactly what its aspect would be.

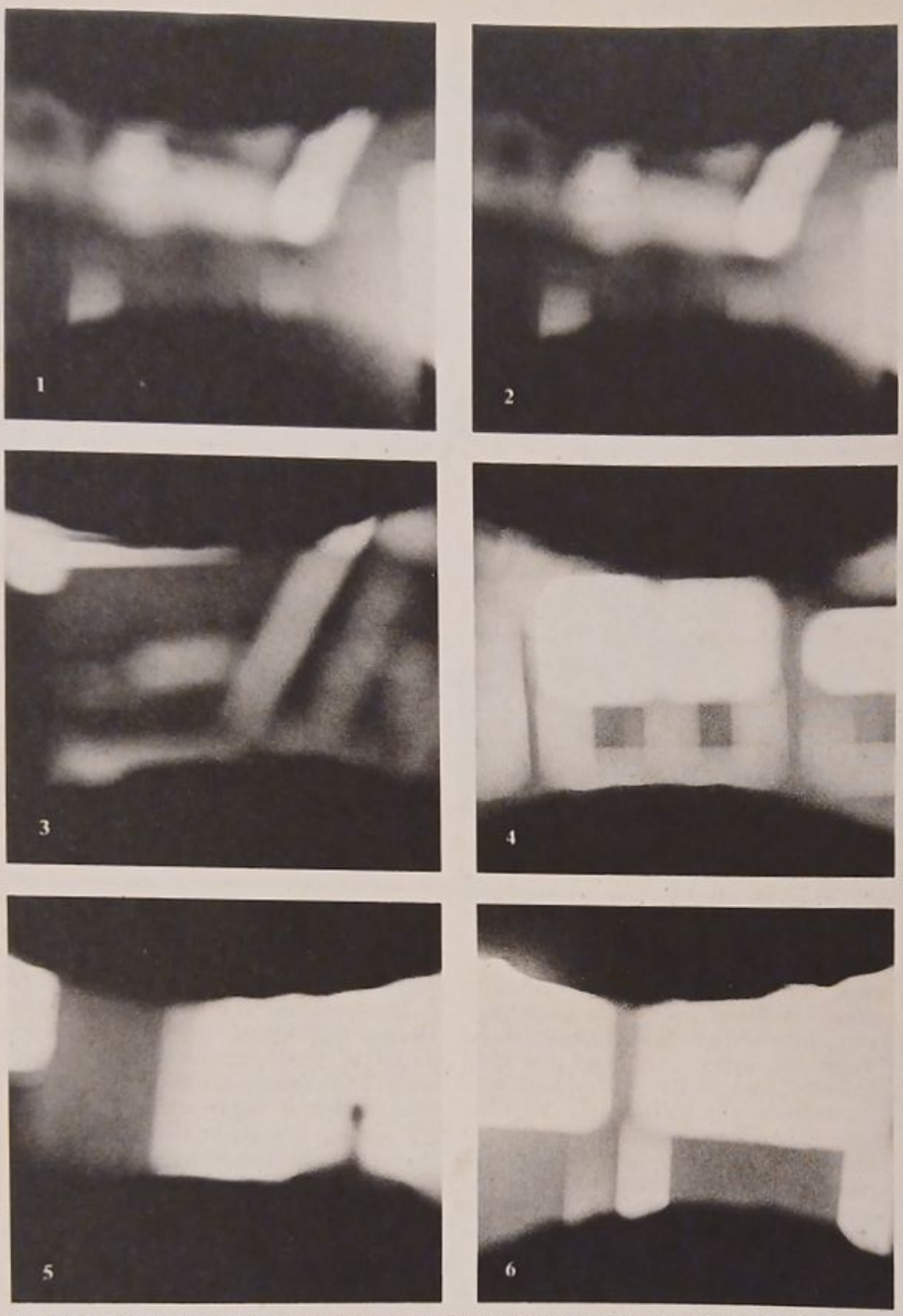
It would, I decided, have to exclude all light, sound, motion, smell, taste, and tactile sensory inputs. It would have to enable a stream of water to flow through it—not, in my case, for breathing, but to as close as possible simulate the clam's habitat. I would still breathe air, I decided, since I am a human and humans are mammmals and mammals breathe air. After all, I am not a clam!

The tank, when complete, featured all these aspects. It was covered, to simulate the bivalve's shell; water flowed through it, which kept it free of excretions and buoyed me up, nullifying the effects of gravity. No sensory stimuli could enter. It was, in fact, the perfect solitude-isolation confinement tank.

My first hours in the sic tank were very strange and "weird." For the first hour, I remained in my personality mindset, running off programs about the project, etc. Then a period began when I fantasized about what it must be like to be clam. I found myself wondering, "Does a clam have legs?" exactly like the familiar saying. By then, of course, my own legs had, in effect "disappeared." The tank freed me of all physical and sensory preoccupations. The complete absence of sensory stimuli, plus the effect of zero gravity caused by the flow of water, was sufficient to project me into a nonphysical mode of awareness and being. That is why I have entitled this article "Tanks for Nothing," because these tanks create an environment of total "nothing," where no input can intrude.

It was during this experiment that I had a very deep religious experience, one which completely changed my life and gave me much insight into the universe. I had been running off the clam-experiment programs when suddenly I found myself precipitated into the space of what I have come to call the "cosmic toaster."

> I am in a space where I have no body, and can see only brilliant white light radiating out to infinity in all directions. All around me is illumination and radiance. Then, suddenly I "hear" a strange humming and clacking sound. I come upon an enormous



WHAT THE CLAM "SEES," AS RECORDED BY UNDERWATER TV CAMERAS. Plates 1 and 2 show what the clam sees under ideal living conditions. Plates 3 and 4 show the clam reacting to stress conditions (induced artifically). Note the irregular, jumpy patterns. Plates 5 and 6 come from Vinnie's Fish Market in Sausalito. The white patterns could be ice shavings.

toaster. It seems as big as a skyscraper. Two "technicians" are operating it, and they are only seen as points of light and intelligence. Yet they are taking slices of white bread from a conveyor belt, putting them into the toaster, and tossing them out when the toast pops up. This entire process is instantaneous; there is virtually no time lapse between the time the slices descend into the toaster and the time they emerge as toast. I sense I have an ability to communicate with two technicians, and I "say," "What are you doing?"

"Man is bread," answers one of them. "Life is a toasting." Then the other one says, "You're next." I experience this as a down, a bummer. It is all quite meaningless. There is no butter. There is no jelly or jam. There is no purpose to this endless, infinite process. We are all bread. We all enter the toaster. We all emerge as toast. There is no God, there is no eternal life, no goodness, no love. Only bread, the toaster, the toast, the toasting. To eternity.

This experience had placed me in a great fear space. I discovered that, for some reason, the prospect of being a piece of white bread placed into a toaster before its extremely hot coils to be cooked into a slice of toast filled me with an elemental fear.

I examined my feelings concerning this development. Why must bread be toasted at all, I wondered? Why can't the bread stay bread? Why must life be "a toasting?" I sensed that this confrontation with what I called my two "toast-masters" was crucial for my development and that, indeed, I could not go on to higher spaces or to communicating with the clams before reconciling myself with this program in me.

First I tried to find a connection between this toaster experience and the work with the clams. Then I endeavored to make a connection between the clams and the dolphins. Then I investigated the possibilities of a connection between the toaster and the dolphins. None of these solutions were effective, and I was more puzzled than ever. It was during this period of time that I had begun work with LSD, so one hypothesis that arose was that perhaps with the LSD used in conjunction with sic tanks, I could revisit the space of the cosmic toaster and confront the fear and terror of this phenomenon.

LSD, Toasters, and Me

This is one of the reasons I think the tanks can be useful to man in general. One is able to view one's life and one's personality from an unusual and often helpful perspective when one is out of one's body confronting one's hidden inner fantasies, problems, "other selves," etc. Furthermore, in addition to the freeing of oneself from the body and the abnormal mental state that results, the use of LSD or other hallucinogens adds an additional dimension to this experience. The world would be a lot different if everyone took LSD and lay suspended in solitude-isolation-confinement tanks!

After a day of careful preprogramming and rest, I injected a 300 mg. dose of the LSD into my arm and climbed into the tank. Once again I was precipitated into the toaster space. I saw the toaster. I saw the two technicians, who were still busily engaged in putting in and removing the slices of toast from the toaster.

I asked them, "Oh, so you're still here?"

"Of course," one of them answered. "We are always here."

"Why?" I asked. I suddenly became very angry, and demanded of them, "Why all this endless toasting? What is the reason for all this? Why must there be toasting at all? What is the point of all this toasting? Why can't bread just be bread? Why can't life just be life? Why must life be a toasting?"

They paused in their work and looked at each other. This time they were not merely points of light, but had taken the forms of two workmen clothed in fatigue caps and overalls. "Who is he?" one of them asked the other. "Damned if I know," the other one said. They each shrugged and resumed their work. One removed the freshly toasted slices from the machine and dropped them flat onto a conveyor belt which transported them out of sight. He wore gloves. The other slid in two slices of white bread into the slots of the machine and pushed down the black

WHAT DR. DILLY SAW WHEN HE LIVED AS A CLAM. These pictures were taken while I was in a "clamlike" state. My assistant, Dr. Swigg, who was present during the entire course of the experiment, has no record of anyone fitting the description of my "vision." There are only two possible explanations: either the cameras somehow recorded my dreams, or the drugstore sent me the wrong set of pictures. The woman seems to be wearing a jockstrap and a bow tie, and is eating a baby lamb chop.

bar.

I was very angry now. "Listen!" I called to them "I am John Dilly and I have come deep into this negative space to confront the significance of this toasting. Now tell me: why does it all go on?"

The one with the gloves looked up and said to me, "Because the bread gets stale otherwise. This way, at least you can use the old toast for croutons."

I was suddenly filled with an indescribable joy and warmth. I felt safe, loving, and loved. I experienced a childish delight in the simplicity of this vast cosmic scheme. I saw that this was true, but more importantly, I felt totally at one with the truth of the explanation.

"It all seems so absurdly simple!" I cried.

"Of course," the other one said, heaving onto his shoulder two fresh slices. "Everybody knows about bread."

Where Do We Go From Here?

I came back from this space, returned to my body, and left the tank. I felt that I had gained a new perspective on life. For the next week, I proceeded to integrate the data gained from this experience and went on to explore the further possibilities of LSD research and sic tank phenomena.

This is only one account of the possibilities of the tanks. I believe that most people can benefit from sessions in these facilities, and am currently joining in partnership with a West Coast diving supply company to begin mass production of the tanks for institutional and eventually, I hope, home use. It is my wish that sometime in the future, man will be able to integrate the solitude-isolation-confinement tank into his daily routine, the way we now use the telephone. Ultimately, I envision a time when man, dolphin, and clam alike will be able to lie in the tanks together, inject LSD, leave their bodies, and communicate.

- **LOS ANGELES**
  - BUGLAND
  - FORT ROSARIO
  - MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY PLASTICS
  - LEGHORN CAVERNS
- **BAKERSFIELD**
  - BAKERSFIELD OPERA HOUSE AND CLAM BAR
  - BIRTHPLACE OF FRANK GIFFORD
  - RIVERBOAT VILLAGE
- **OAKLAND**
  - MIDGET BOAT SPEEDWAY
  - FRANKIE LANE GOLF MUSEUM
  - DECAYING SPANISH GARDENS
- **EUREKA**
  - SKYWAY SHOPPING MALL
  - FISHLAND
- **SANTA BARBARA**
  - BIRD CITY
  - LA BENITA NATURAL TUNNEL
  - LUMBER FESTIVAL
- **CUESTA PASS**
  - SAN LUIS OBISPO BALLET
  - HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE
- **OLANCHA**
  - PY-CO-PAY ANTIQUE TOOTHBRUSH MUSEUM
  - LEANING TOWER OF CITRUS
- **SAN BERNARDINO**
  - RIDDLEBERRY MULE FARM
  - THOUSAND PONDS STATE PARK
  - PERRY COMO'S ITALIAN VILLAGE
- **MENDOCINO**
  - SUGAR SPRINGS
  - MENDOCINO STADIUM
- **FRESNO**
  - PETRIFIED MARSHES
  - INTERNATIONAL SUNSTROKE CHAMPIONSHIPS
  - REPTILE ZOO
- **CHOWCHILLA**
  - LARIAT SHOW
  - TREE JUMPING EXHIBITION
  - HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE
- **CRESCENT CITY**
  - PEPPER CLIFFS
  - CRESCENT CITY SYMPHONY
- **PALM SPRINGS**
  - PALM SPRINGS HISTORICAL SOCIETY
  - BALLET IN THE SKY
  - SHADOWLAND
- **CARDIFF**
  - MOUSTACHE MUSEUM
  - CARDIFF ANIMAL CHOIR
  - INDIAN DRINKING EXHIBITION

THE STATE FLOWER:
GOLDEN POPPY

THE STATE TREE:
CALIFORNIA REDWOOD

BUGLAND:
LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

A TOURIST MAP OF THE UP YOURSELF JOURNEY

SACRAMENTO VALLEY

LAKE TAHOE

STATE CAPITAL (SACRAMENTO)

YOSEMITE NAT. PARK

OAKLAND

CHOWCHILLA

FRESNO

SIERRA NEVADA

OLANCHA

DEATH VALLEY

SAN LUIS OBISPO

BAKERSFIELD

LANCASTER

SANTA BARBARA

LOS ANGELES

SAN BERNARDINO

PALM SPRINGS

CHOCOLATE MTS.

CARDIFF

THE STATE BIRD:
CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL

BRUCE JUNG
PSYCHODRAMA
INSTITUTE
AND PUNK FARM

THE BRUCE JUNG PSYCHODREAMA INSTITUTE AND MINK FARM

The following is a taped transcript of a tour through the Bruce Jung Psychodreama Institute and Mink Farm. The tour really happened. We have the tape to prove it. Although now, it all seems like a dream. Perhaps our real lives are dreams and our dreams are real. Or perhaps our real lives are merely preludes to something else lurking in our deepest subconscious thoughts. Speaking of our deepest subconscious, Peggy wanted to draw some of her deepest subconscious fantasies as we toured the farm. She also sketched mine. They appear throughout this chapter.

PEGGY: You turn right at the Exxon station. I feel sure of it.

PETER: Left, darling.

PEGGY: Right, dearest. Look at my thumb and forefinger. They're touching. I'm already in alpha. I feel it. Turn right.

PETER: But the map says left, honeybunny.

PEGGY: Don't you understand? I am in a state of higher consciousness. My instincts are terribly strong. I'm in alpha. I'm beyond maps; I'm beyond ordinary geography.

(AT THIS POINT, THE TAPE IS INTERRUPTED BY A SCREECH OF BRAKES AND A CRUNCH OF METAL AS PETER MAKES A RIGHT TURN. A BENT GRILLE, ONE BROKEN HEADLIGHT, DENTED FENDERS. NO ONE SERIOUSLY HURT. CAR RUNS O.K. INSURANCE WILL COVER EVERYTHING.)

PEGGY: Sorry. Thought I was in full alpha.

PETER: Perfectly alright. Making mistakes is part of the learning experience.

(SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR THE QUIET HUM OF THE MERCEDES)

PEGGY: I see it, darling! Up ahead. The Bruce Jung Psychodreama Institute and Mink Farm. Omygod! I don't like the looks of it.

PETER: Don't be silly, Peg. It's just a portcullis with a spiked overhead drop gate leading to a drawbridge. And behind it is a Cornish castle perched upon a cliff with the sea pounding it relentlessly thousands of feet below.

PEGGY: Still, I'm a little frightened.

PETER: Move into your fright. Experience it. Feel it. Chew it and swallow it. It's exciting. It's rich and strange. Look at those crocodiles in the moat, for instance, or the crescent moon with a single, dark cloud veiling her face.

PEGGY: But, Pete...the moon was full last night.

PETER: Yes, that's why the whole experience is so mind-boffing.

PEGGY: But it can't be more than ten-thirty in the morning. Why is it so dark?

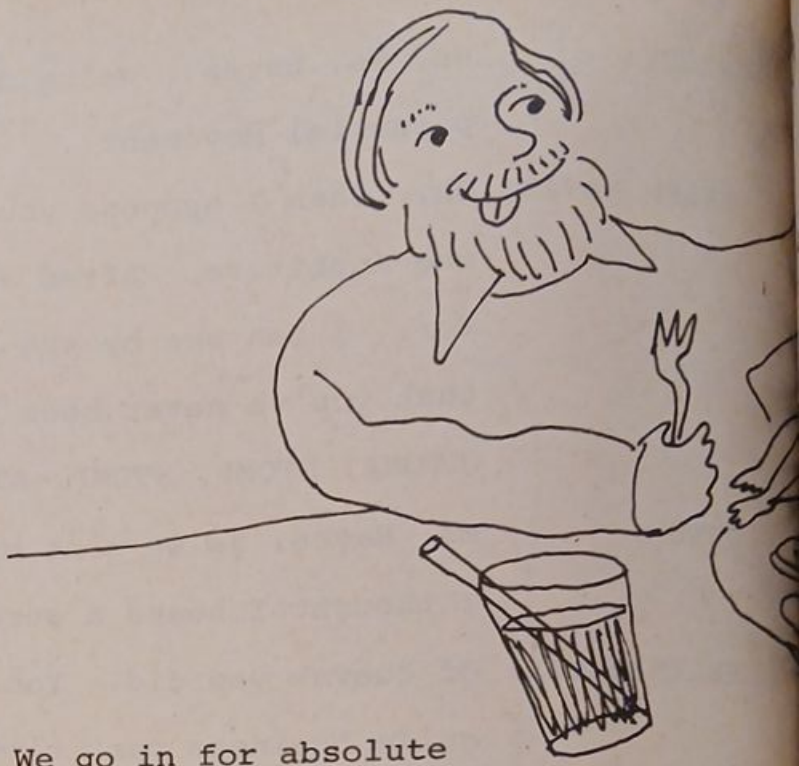
PETER: You're shouting. Don't shout.

(WE ARE GREETED BY A SWEET-FACED, WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN IN HER LATE SIXTIES. SHE IS WEARING A WHITE CHIFFON GOWN THAT FLOATS AS SHE WALKS. SHE IS DISTINGUISHED LOOKING, AND RESEMBLES A FAMOUS ACTRESS.)

HELEN HAYES: Hello, my dears. Come in, come in. Yes, I know what you're about to say. "But aren't you...aren't you..." Yes, I am. I am Helen Hayes, Helen Hayes the actress, First Lady of the American Stage. Fuck you, Kit Cornell. Up yours, Lynn Fontanne. I'm still working and you're not. I'm a two-time Oscar winner. Sorry. I was talking to myself for a moment. In any case, welcome to the Bruce Jung Psychodreama Institute and Mink Farm. What can I do for you lovely young people? Are you from The New York Times?

PETER: No, we're here as observers. I hope you got our letter about our book.

HELEN HAYES: A book? How sweet. I always get 75 percent of the advance and royalties, with extra payments for all personal appearances. Why don't you call my secretary for an appointment, and I'll just chatter away.



HELEN HAYES: Didn't it, though? We go in for absolute verissimo here. Now, let's see what this door leads to. Oops, don't disturb them.

PEGGY: What was it?

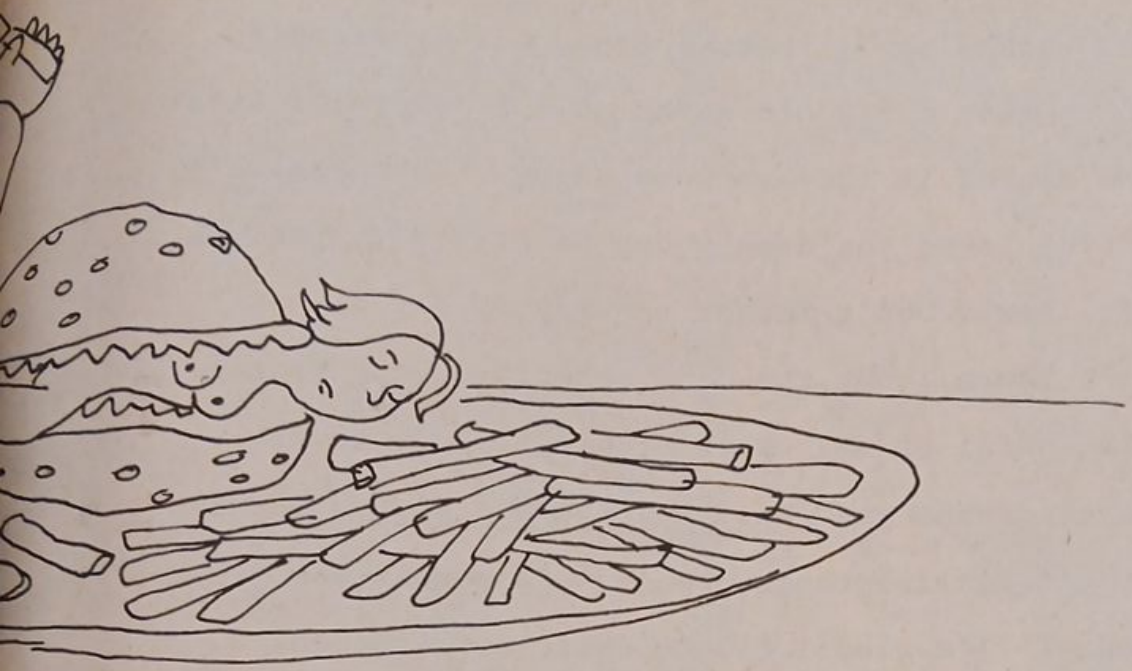
HELEN HAYES: What did it look like, my dear?

PEGGY: Like a family sitting around the dinner table.

HELEN HAYES: Oh, what it must be to have the scientist's observant eye! For that is what it was. The mother is telling the father all the terrible things the two children did that day, and the father is eating his liver and onions and not saying a word in their defense. One of the children is planning to poison one of the parents, and we'll come back later to see which child and which parent. Which do you guess?

PETER: I think the little girl will poison the mother.

PEGGY: You're so obtuse, Peter. Obviously, the little boy will kill the father. But why was everyone



at the table dressed in an Italian Renaissance costume?

HELEN HAYES: Were they? I'm just a guide here, sweetie. Now, as we pass down this dim, sconce-lit corridor, behind this door is a teenage girl--we won't open the door--and behind this door is her brother--we won't open that door, either. But behind this door is the room where--oh, my goodness, you wretched children, don't you know that sort of thing is taboo! How dare you! Oh, now, wait! I'm sorry. Keep right on doing what you were doing. I forgot: that's what you're here for! Had your schedule mixed up on my clipboard here. But go on. Go on, don't be inhibited by us. Remember, you're here to break through all that. Crawl back on top of her, junior. Go on, sis, put your finger up there, right where it was. Don't let us stop you. Oh, but look, they're pretending to wrestle

and tickle each other, as though they weren't doing that dirty old thing at all. Perhaps it's the sin of it they want to enjoy. So maybe we'd better leave you dear young people to yourselves. Bye, now. Don't forget to tidy up after.

There, shut the door quietly...God, wasn't that awful of me? What a gaffe! Knew their psychodreama was 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, but I didn't realize their opening engagement was today! I'm glad I caught their act, though. Splendid.

PETER: I would have liked to have stayed.

PEGGY: Peter!

HELEN HAYES: I can well understand your interest and concern, but there are so many shows going on here, it's like a Great White Way--one can't see them all. For instance, down this Gothic-arched hall to your right is the Antigone Showcase Theater--father/daughter incest plays, with many on the waiting list. And down that cobwebby old corridor to your left is the Oedipus Little Theater, for mother/son therapy. Rehearse four weeks, play two.

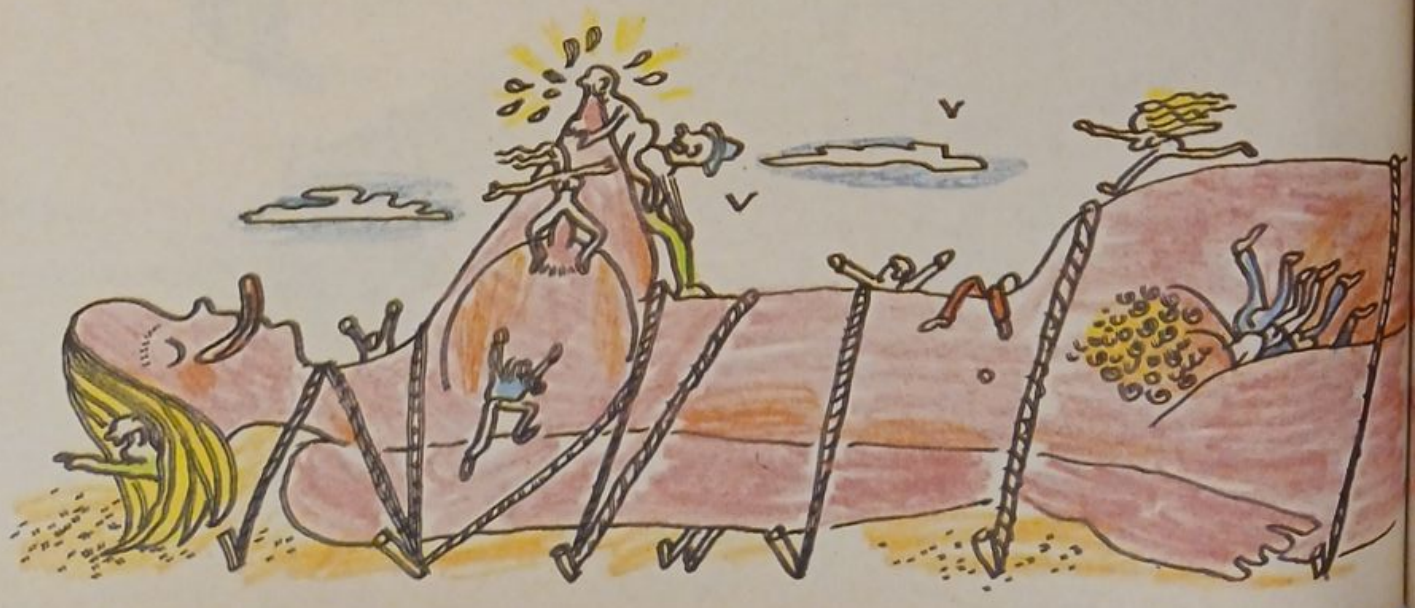
PEGGY: What happens then?

HELEN HAYES: If they don't get into it, they take up folk dancing. And if they do get into it, they save a hell of a lot of time in trying to relieve themselves in drive-ins. But that's not our

responsibility. What we're here for is to facilitate movement. If that young man you just saw comes home from his after-school job at Howard Johnson's, shoots some baskets over the garage door, has his supper, does his homework and watches television, or does his homework and fucks his brains out of his sister, what difference does it make, so long as he does his homework?...

PEGGY: Ms. Hayes, when the little girl pushed her father--I realize now it must have been her father--out of the tower window--what psychodreama was that?

HELEN HAYES: Those were some of our Jacobean Strolling Players--my favorite--where the cast is left absolutely to its own invention and creativity. They may roam freely about the castle, setting up shop wherever they can find a hospitable innyard. But, more particularly, since we have no innyards, they do their work wherever they will. The Warburtons, for instance. That couple you see



in front of you. The old woman in the wheelchair being pushed by the gentleman. He's her son, and as he's already in his seventies and has devoted his life to her, there are great tensions building in him. He's been saving a great deal of anger.

PETER: Will he kill her?

HELEN HAYES: Heaven forfend! You speak wildly.

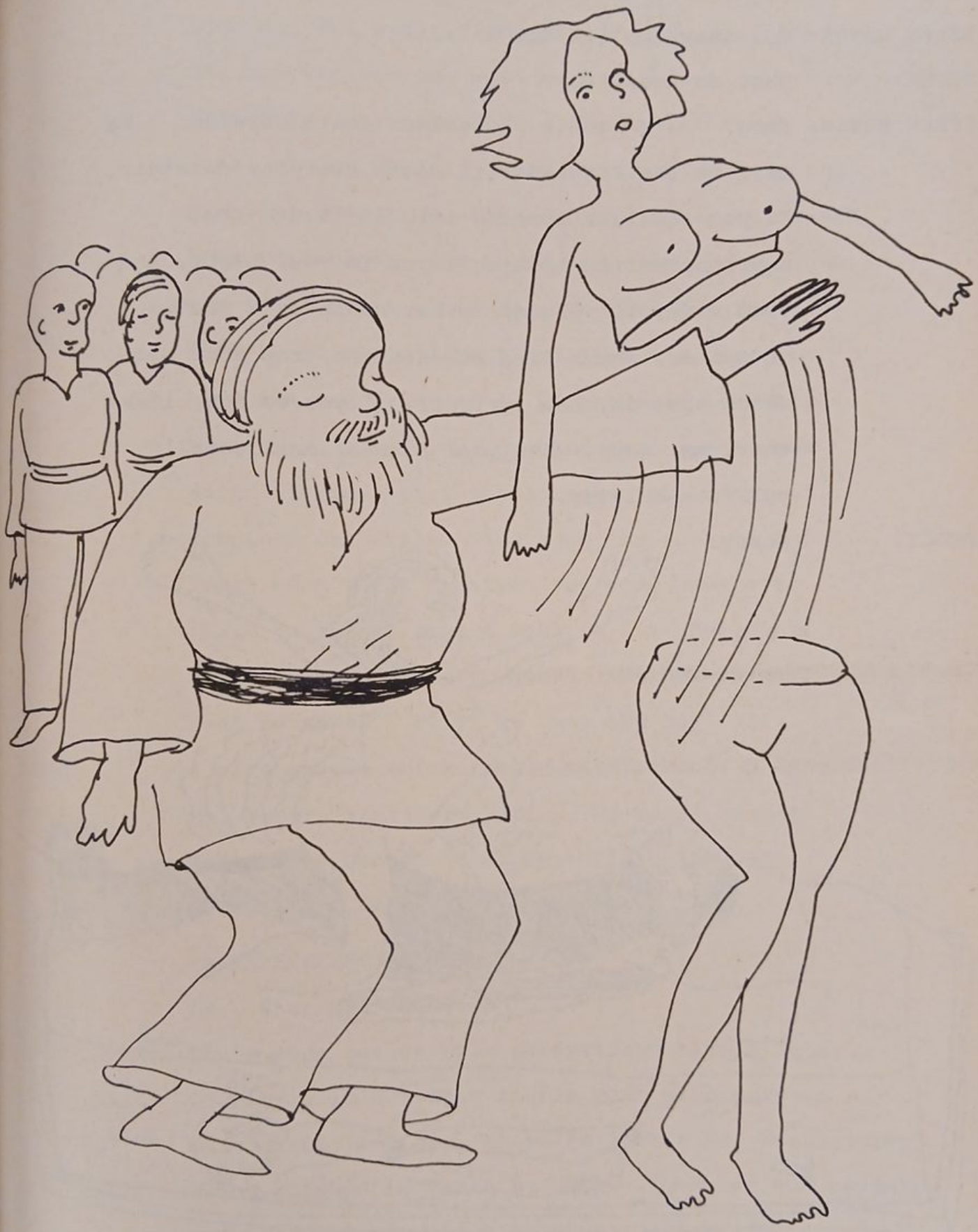
PETER: What then?

HELEN HAYES: I don't know. All dreams do not end in murder. There is always torture. That's amusing. In Edward II, the king gets a stake rammed up his ass. Maybe that's what he'll do with her. But in ordinary cases, the fun is--who will get whom first? Will the father be able to kill the daughter before the daughter pushes him out the tower window? Or has the daughter, even as she shoves, begun to feel the toxic effects of an artfully-tainted pistachio ice cream container he put in her way earlier in the day? And, in her death throe, how many others can she bring

down with her?--which is why I withdrew from the room so hurriedly.

You will see these strolling players skulking about the corridor frequently. Or, indeed, perfectly innocent-seeming persons may be of their number. The Warburtons, for instance. There they come again, even as we speak. Corblimey, she looks dead already! Will the drooling, imbecile boy, whom you may view standing on the dining room table over there peeing in the epergne, rape the fair-skinned little four-year-old towheaded laddie who whistles wistfully by us in his Lord Fauntleroy suit? Or who? Who will be first? Maybe it will be the tough kid with freckles who always scoffs at him as he passes by with his harp and his Pomeranian. Or maybe the cop on the beat will take him up on the roof. Meanwhile, the little boy whistles, and he himself decides who it will be. He has his choice, too. After all, that is what psychodreama is for.

As for the little girl, if she hadn't done it to her father, he would have done it to her. At least he wanted to. The impulse to kill arises very powerfully in we humans. Our needs must be assuaged. We were all put on earth to kill one another--that is what tragedy is about--or to laugh one another to scorn--that is what comedy is.



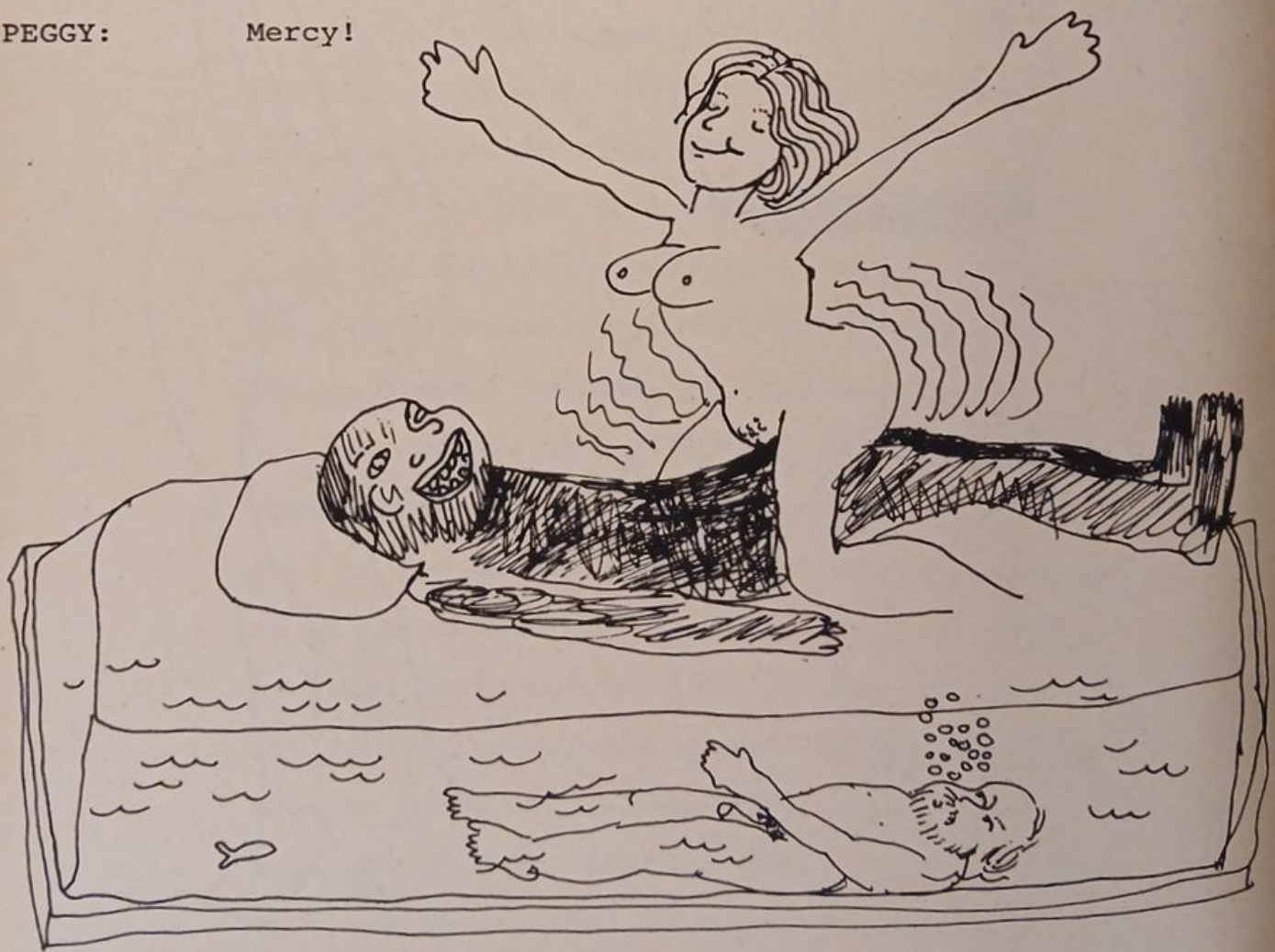
PETER: Don't the survivors feel terribly, terribly guilty?

HELEN HAYES: No, they don't. Not at all.

PETER: What do they feel?

HELEN HAYES: Smug. This now is the sudden death corridor. We call it the Frankenstein Meets Everyone corridor. If you can lure someone into it--touch that unprepossessing-looking lever to your right, and your wife will plunge to her death on a cactus of spikes, which lies beneath the trap door upon which she--oh, how sprightly of you to jump like that, Ms. Pope, when your husband accidentally pulled the lever.

PEGGY: Mercy!



HELEN HAYES: A commodity in very short supply here, I'm afraid. Like all the great disciplines--est, mind control, TM, sunbathing--one must be a bit fanatic if one wishes to derive benefit. Ah, now, through this glass window we find ourselves looking into the Bad Seed Summer Theater. There in the cribs are newborn babies. And there, pouring lye on them, are their older siblings. To feel the full effects of one's direct emotions--this is the high aim and ambition of psychodreama. There have been, of course, psychodreama institutes which stopped, or I should say, fell short of, complete catharsis. You know the sort of thing. "Your hand feels tingly? Put your hand over there on the chair and talk to it. Now, what is your hand saying to you?" But how unreal! What nonsense! Here, we chop the hand off.

PETER: A performance which really gets a hand, I dare say.

PEGGY: Oh, Peter, that's terrible. He can't resist making bad puns. He'll do anything to get attention. He's still a big baby.

(AIEEEEEEEEE!)

PEGGY: Oh! What was that?

HELEN HAYES: Let's step out on this parapet and take a look... Oh, there is our dear little moat with our own dear crocs, and see, there is little Mr. Warburton being gnashed to death by them. Remember our seventy-year-old son wearing his latent hatred like a

stale carnation? Naughty, naughty crocs, why are you so willful? Aren't they cunning, though? Good-bye, Mr. Warburton. Such a dear man. And there is his ancient mother in her wheelchair, sitting on the drawbridge, even now rubbing her hands together and titillating her insteps with one another. Hello, ancient mother! How are you down there?

ANCIENT MOTHER: Fit to kill, you old bat, fit to kill!

HELEN HAYES: Isn't she a caution? Mr. Pope! What are you doing with your hands approaching your wife's back as she leans over looking down? Stop it at once; you haven't paid! Therapy, as you perfectly well know, is always what is paid for in advance. Let us not forget ourselves. Even though that is, of course, what we're here to do. Step inside? Good. Now, that's better.

Well, I think our little tour is practically over. You may tip me at your discretion. I hope you've enjoyed it. You see, this is a place where long-standing family courses are acted out once and for all. In conventional therapy, with its long discourses and fruitless ahas, the patient is squeezed dry of his manias like a sponge, until every drop of neurosis is drained out of him. Then the therapist releases the sponge back into the world, and, <u>shloop</u>, it all rushes right back into him. Here, what we do is take the sponge and let it wipe up whatever mess it likes.

After all, that is what sponges are for. People were meant to be sick, and if they weren't, God wouldn't have made them that way. The only trouble is, they're not enjoying it, reveling in it, chewing up the scenery with it. Ah! One more thing--that door! Remember it?

PEGGY: Why, isn't that the door behind which the family sat at dinner?

HELEN HAYES: Right you are if you think you are!

PETER: Yes, and the children planned to murder either the mother or father. What happened?

HELEN HAYES: Open it, and see for yourself.

(CREAKING SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

HELEN HAYES: Great heavens, Mr. Pope, what is this! But why do I ask? For as you and your wife can plainly see, the family lies slaughtered, each and every one of them, and not by poison. They've been shot to death! And, see, there's the killer, even now, that nice boy from down the block--a mass murderer. And, my God, he's raising his shotgun at me!

(BANG!)

PEGGY: Peter, he's shot her! She's a mass of gore! And she's crawling towards us, Peter, reaching out her hand, trying to tell us something.

(SOUND OF A GONG, ALMOST DEAFENING. SOUNDS OF GASP, GASP, PANT, PANT. AT THIS POINT, THERE'S A GAP IN THE TAPE.)

PETER: Peggy, we're back on the drawbridge. Look, we're safe! See--there's the castle behind us. There're the crocs in the moat. God, I hope Helen Hayes is O.K. I'm sure she is. I heard a gong sounding. That must be their way of telling us that the tour is over.

PEGGY: Thank goodness!

PETER: Is this going to end in ambiguity? Did it all happen or not? Darling, did we really get into a bigger accident with our car than we thought? Maybe we're in a hospital and we just dreamed the whole thing.

PEGGY: I feel as if I was in a cheap movie about the supernatural. You know, one of those "am I awake or am I dreaming" kind of things.

PETER: That couldn't have been the real Helen Hayes, not the First Lady of the Theater, for Christ's sake. Reduced to playing a tour guide in some cheap amusement park sideshow for psychos. I don't believe it.

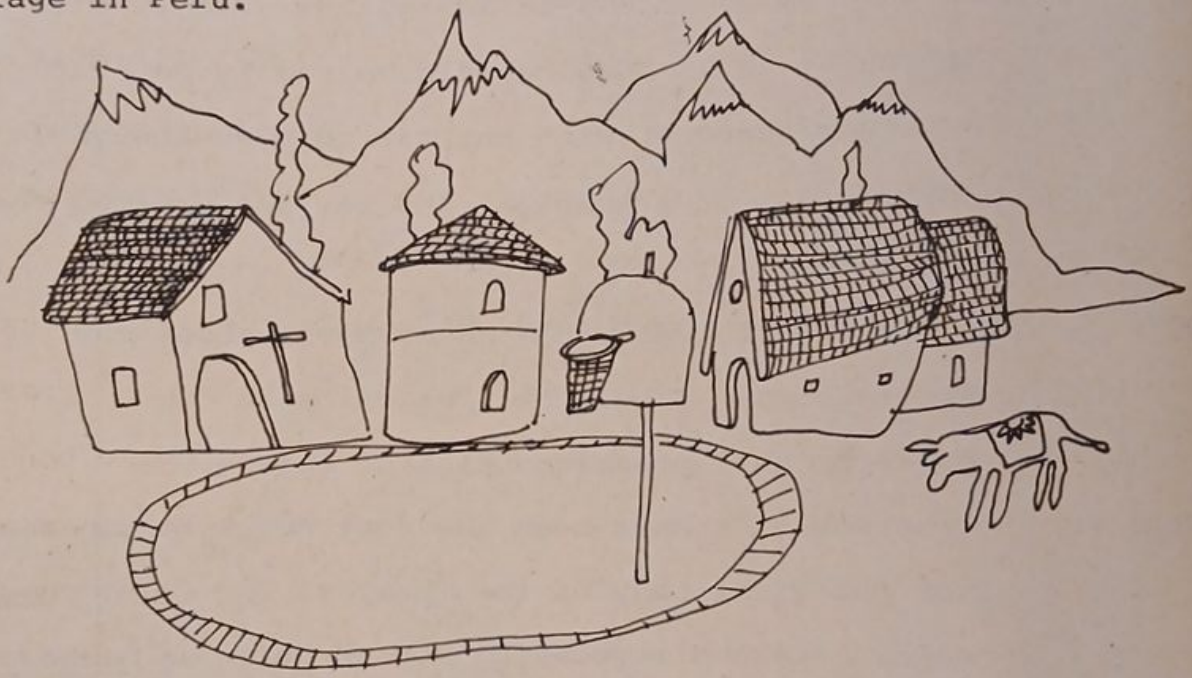
PEGGY: Look! It's her! Someone just tossed her to the crocodiles. Oh, darling!

PETER: I need a drink and two joints. Helen Hayes. She's being torn to pieces! I can't look. Why am I looking? I shouldn't be looking. It's so horribly fascinating. Helen Hayes being eaten by crocs.

PEGGY: Let's go. There's not much left of her. Just a few bones. They're burping.

SOCKLESS
Salvation of the Seventies?

In the spring of 1973, reports were circulating on the worldwide grapevine of mystics and truth seekers about a man named Victor Chorizo, who lived in Quitiquil, an inaccessible village in Peru.

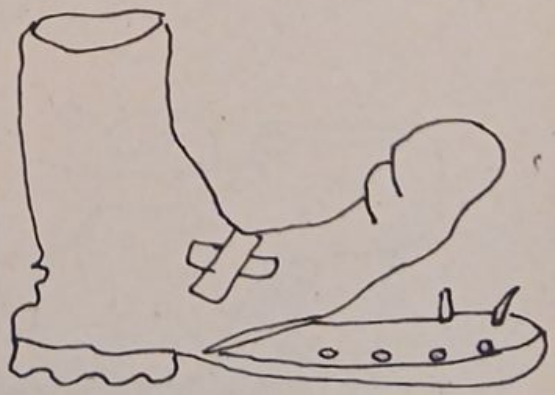


According to the stories, Chorizo had found a way to achieve pure enlightenment that had nothing to do with any Oriental or Indian discipline, or any system of self-development, new or old. Chorizo believed that the breaking down of the mind, the ego, and all its attendant neuroses could only be achieved by breaking down the feet. And the key to Chorizo's mind-foot breakdown was never to wear socks. Shoes had to be worn, but never socks.

The sockless philosophy was a boldly simple way for attaining the many levels of higher consciousness that Chorizo called <u>anancianzas.</u> All his disciples had to wear extremely

uncomfortable shoes on their sockless feet--shoes with torn linings, protruding nails, cracked uppers--shoes with huge holes in the soles. The shoes were also far too small or too large for the feet, depending on which anancianza you were in. The entire waking day was spent doing vigorous physical exercises that put great stress on the sockless feet--long hikes, mountain climbing, jogging, ballet exercises, tennis, and basketball (Chorizo believed in playing tennis and basketball without a ball). The exercises were designed to focus all conscious and unconscious thought on the increasing pain of the sockless feet until they became the center of your entire existence.

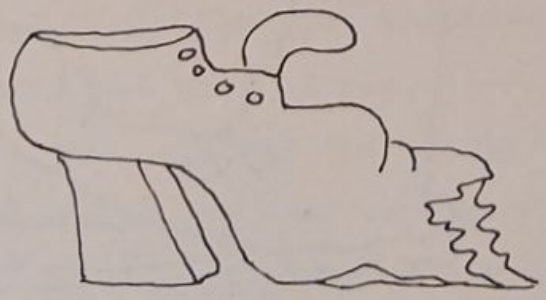
The disciples went through many anancianzas, starting with simple chafes and burns, and going on to deep cuts, sores, blisters, bunions, corns, and, eventually, permanent bone rearrangement. Each anancianza elevated his pain threshold, until the day when the sockless person made la chana moquer (the last step), and found himself in the state of machado, the great numbness. Once you are in machado, you are beyond all pain. Your mind is a no-mind. Your ego is nonexistent. Your body is in the perfect state, and all you can feel is a sixty-cycle hum. As Chorizo jokingly called it, you are "footloose and fancy free."

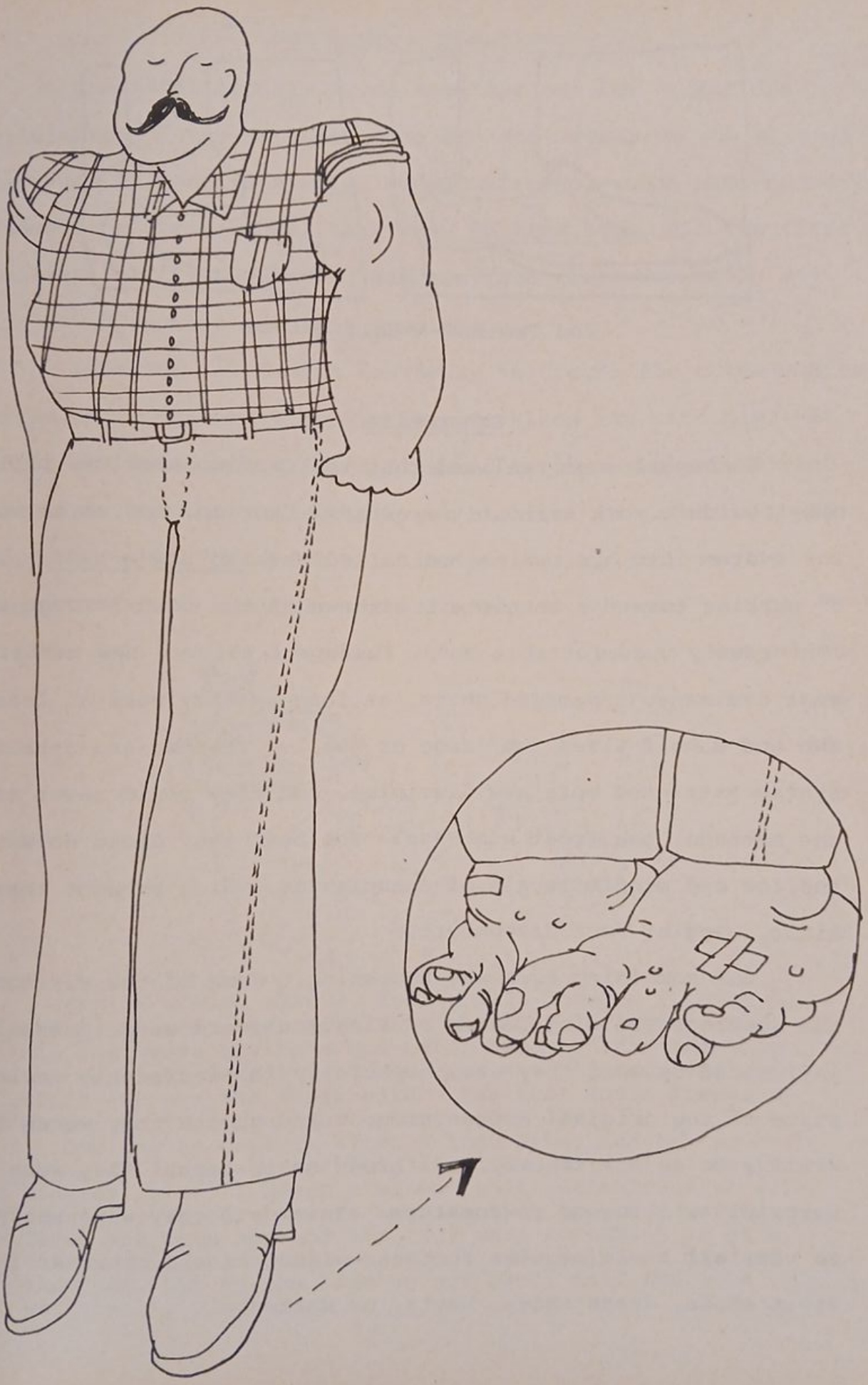


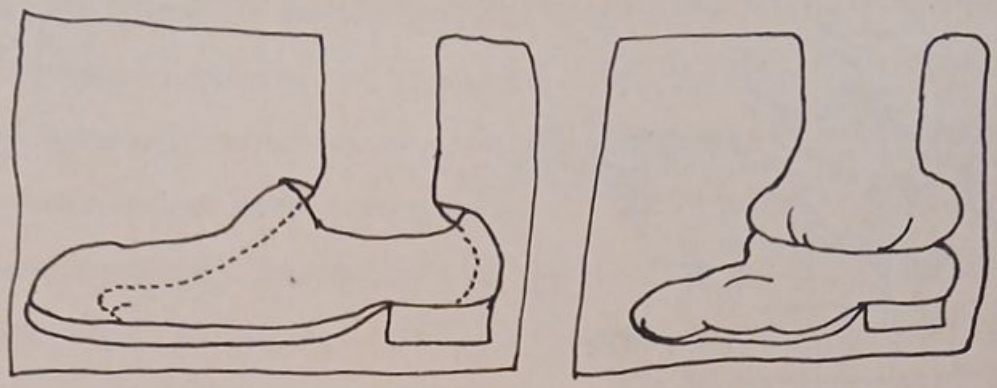
Chorizo himself was an impressive figure--a six-foot nine-inch, 250-pound master of martial arts, whose formidable prowess added an extra dimension to his philosophical teachings--fear. Chorizo commanded total respect and blind obedience, qualities that were no doubt essential for the attainment of the highest levels of socklessness. Even "a healthy dose of stupidity," as Chorizo put it, was necessary.

In 1974, Chorizo died suddenly from an accidental snakebite wound. The leadership of the little sockless commune fell to Dr. Norman Fuchsperl, a former podiatrist and lay analyst who was Chorizo's closest associate.

Fuchsperl was a finer theoretician than Chorizo, but was much smaller, and could not maintain the same kind of discipline and fervor. Rather than see Chorizo's work fall apart, he decided to leave the tiny village in the Andes and return to Los Angeles, where he formed a new sockless center. "Everyone who was tuned into Zen or some kind of mysticism came to our center, but most of them were turned off by our comparatively harsh regimen," said Fuchsperl. "They wanted higher states of consciousness, they wanted satori, they wanted all the cosmic goodies, but they weren't willing to break their feet."







The Two-And-A-Half Method

Compromise

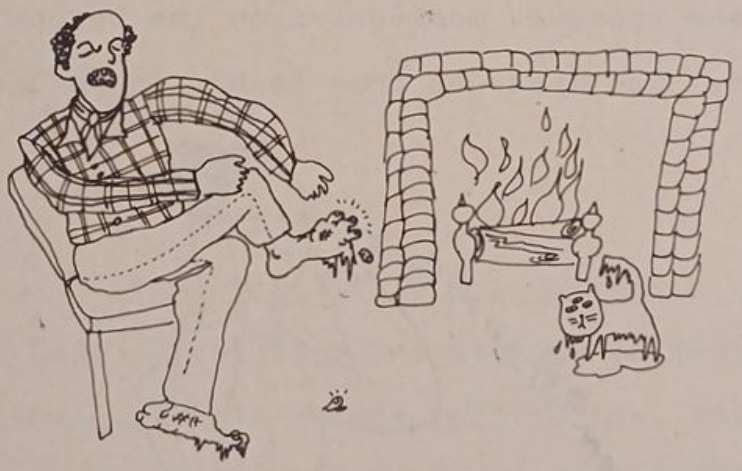
Fuchsperl soon realized that the Chorizo sockless philosophy couldn't work without the awesome Chorizo, and so he modified the system into his own method called the two-and-a-half. Instead of working toward a complete breakdown of the feet through the torturously uncomfortable shoe, Fushsperl allowed new members to wear ordinary, undamaged shoes, as long as they were at least two and a half sizes too large or small. The two-and-a-half system attracted more new disciples, but they could never attain the machado, the great numbness. The best they could do was the low and middle levels of anancianzas, which brought them only minor, nagging foot discomfort.

But something else was happening. Some of the visitors to the Sockless Training Center on Pico Boulevard were immensely influenced by what they saw, especially the incredibly exalted state of the original Andean group. And though they weren't willing to go all the way and "break their feet," they were certainly willing to go sockless. In short, they were ready to wear all their regular footgear without socks, whether it was sport shoes, dress shoes, boots, or whatever.

Ken Kesey's Breakdown

The intellectuals loved sockless for its "audacious triviality." The die-hard hippies left over from the sixties embraced it for its simple, modest virtues, which made no heavy demands on their heads. And when Rolling Stone did its first sockless story, by Hunter Thompson, the stage was being set for a large-scale sockless revolution.

Thompson lived with Ken Kesey in Oregon for three months while doing a long, strong, heavy sockless rap with him. At the time, Kesey was still influenced by the original Chorizo movement, and was trying to break his feet in order to break down his mind. Thompson recalled an amusing incident in Kesey's arduous struggle with the Chorizo system:



Ken is a big, strong, fellow with lots of intestinal fortitude and other admirable physical qualities, but his feet were having a god-awful time in that freezing weather. It wasn't just the cuts and blisters and stuff--it was the sheer cold. His feet would freeze up almost to frostbite just about every day.

One day he came in after a long hike, and he was horny as hell. He staggered into a bedroom with his lady. Two minutes later, I heard a scream that cut through me like a knife. I ran upstairs and saw that the room was on fire, and both Ken and his lady were screaming in pain, neither one able to move. I got some help and dragged them out, but by the time we got back, half the room was gone.

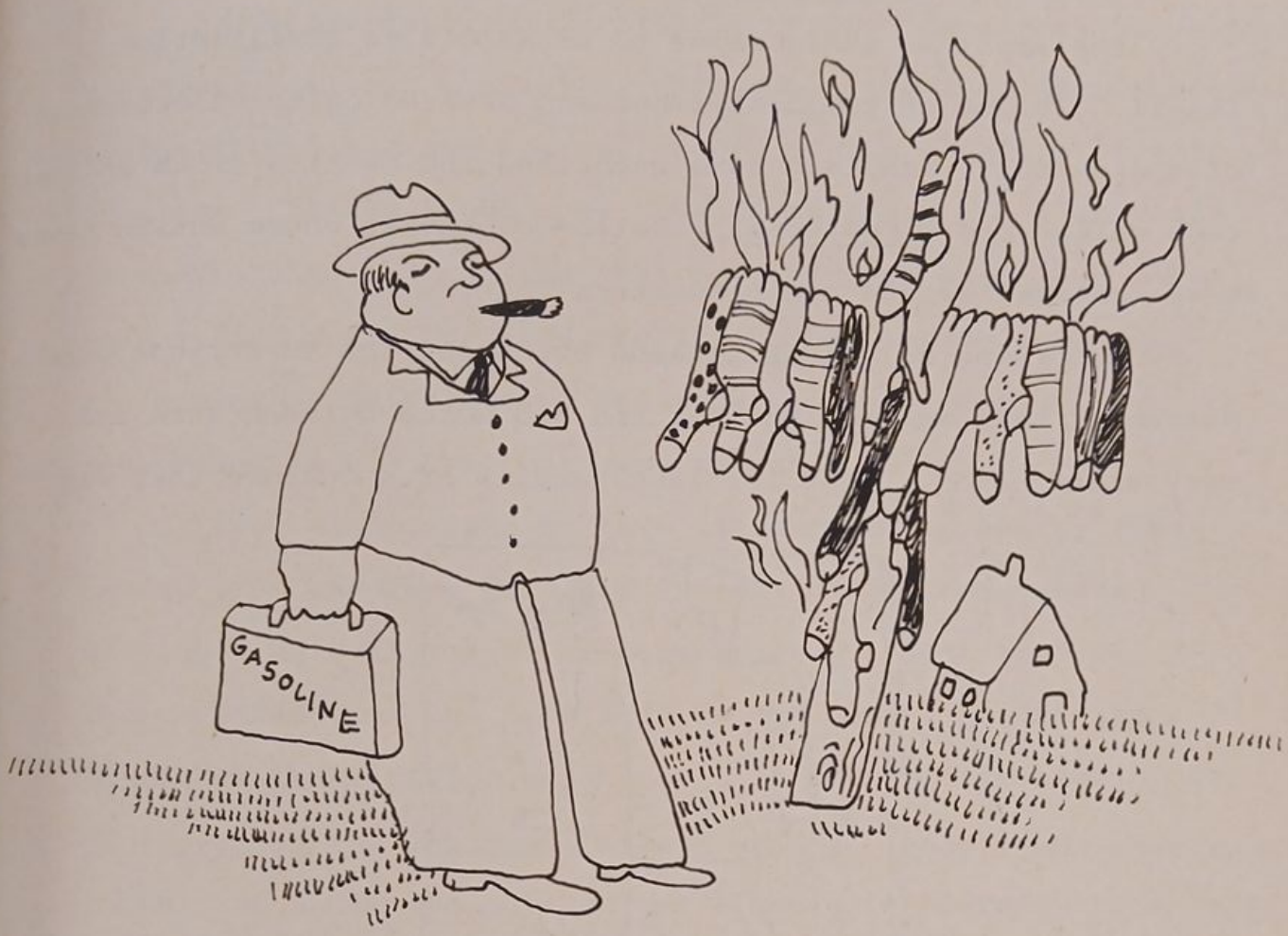
The story as Ken tells it was this: with his half-frostbitten toes, he was playfully rubbing his lady's pubic area. She responded with her usual fervor, and Ken, like a schmuck, actually stuck his foot in, thus provoking the piercing, bloodcurdling scream I heard. It was like an icicle going into her warm, wet flue, and it was such a shock that she literally jumped straight up in the air, knocking over a lit candle and huge bag of hash at the same time. The hash fell into the kitty litter box, which had just been used by a cat with diarrhea, and the candle fell into the box as well, igniting the whole fucking mess. In the same split second, the lady came right down on Ken's foot, breaking off three of his toes. That's when I reached them, immobilized and in great pain.

Ken turned out O.K. because he was such a strong son of a bitch, but his poor lady claimed he anesthetized her clitoris for life. She tried to sue him for a million or two, but the case couldn't be proved for sure. The dope was burned to a smelly crisp.

People Get the Message

In Santa Barbara, Lena Plumgood, a psychic of high repute, claims that she receives messages from the beyond through her sockless feet. The messages come to her in an ancient pre-

Biblical tongue. "It sounds like a cross between Hebrew and Portuguese," said Mrs. Plumgood. "It's a highly developed language, very eloquent and chatty." Experts say it bears a remarkable resemblance to Turmeric (see page 90).



From Politics to Pop Culture

The long hand of politics has already wormed its way into the sockless movement. In Eureka, California, Rayford Lee Hutch, running under the newly-formed Sockless Party, won a landslide victory in his race for mayor. In a triumphant but overzealous gesture, his followers burned a fiery cross made of socks on the loser's lawn.

The world of comic strips is ready to take on sockless with Ankles Aweigh, a new, nostalgic forties-style strip about two career navy men who defy the military establishment and go sockless in the service.

Sockless: Not a New Idea

The sockless ethic seems to be as old as civilization itself. In one of the most important archaeological discoveries of the century, scholars have unearthed the remains of an ancient race called the Turmerians, a nation of people whose entire lives were centered around their sockless feet.

According to the deciphered evidence, the Turmerians were extremely tall and well-built, and had mocha-colored skin and very small heads. They left the remains of a culture that was

remarkably advanced in mathematics, astronomy, and, most important, foot care. Evidently, the Turmerians felt that the feet were the anchors, the foundations of man's existence, and that all things spiritual as well as physical started in the feet and flowed to the rest of the body. They took great care of their feet, with special exercises, massages, lotions, and ointments. Foot muscles were beautifully developed and foot sculptures were considered the highest forms of Turmerian art. There seems to be no evidence of socks in their lives. The Turmerians were the first pure sockless race.

Sockless: The Newest Explanation

Dr. Paul Kinsolving, professor of Psychopodiatry at Stanford University, claims a direct link between the sockless lifestyle of the Turmerians and his own theory of the benefits of going sockless. He has studied all the pictures of the Turmerians in their ruins and noticed that many of them have wavy lines coming from their feet. He believes that these lines were the artist's equivalent of the same "lines of energy" he discovered in his own foot experiments.

Kinsolving claims to have isolated these energy lines coming from the feet with his specially-designed cameras, developed by Bell Telephone laboratories. Just as blood is recirculated from the feet back to the heart, so are these lines, which he called pedatrons. In his experiments, he has photographed the pedatrons of two groups: people who wear socks, and those who go sockless. The sock wearers had slight, wispy pedatron lines coming from their feet, or sometimes none at all. The sockless people had heavy pedatron lines, ranging from beige to light green in color, with slight curvatures that wiggled in a definitive rhythm. According to Kinsolving, the pedatron acts as a stimulus to the brain, enabling the sockless person to be more attuned to life with his whole consciousness, to be more operable in his work. He does not compare the pedatron lines with so-called creative process, nor with Chorizo's original concept of the destruction of the mind, but rather with some third force, as yet undefined, which has the quality of making you "see" the world in its real state, which he calls biofeetback.

OVERLEAF: Dr. Paul Kinsolving's pedatron photographs.

Fig. 1

Fig. 2

FIGURE 1: The pedatron lines of a typical sock wearer. The slight, wispy lines indicate a light flow of energy, which Kinsolving translates as a lack of awareness.

FIGURE 2: The pedatron lines of a sockless person. Note the strong lines, the more complex curves and rhythms. The energy flow is extremely heavy, giving this person a greater "awareness quotient."

All Things to All People

In San Francisco, we hear talk about sockless bars. In Stanford and Palo Alto, the followers of Dr. Paul Kinsolving are forming self-realization groups based on his biofeetback theories, calling their movement sockonetics. Actors such as Robert Culp and George C. Scott have publicly thrown away all their socks as a symbolic gesture of antiestablishment defiance. To Culp it was his own small way of saying "fuck you" to the corporate structure, no matter how many compromises he had to make. Scott threw away every pair of socks he owned into the Hudson River. "I was standing there in my Frye boots, sockless, and my problems melted away," said Scott. "I don't know how to explain it, except that going sockless is a modest but genuine way to bring me back to the basic things in life--my work, the love of my wife and family and friends, the pleasure of a good meal and a glass of wine, a walk in the woods. You know, the stuff we all like, or should like."

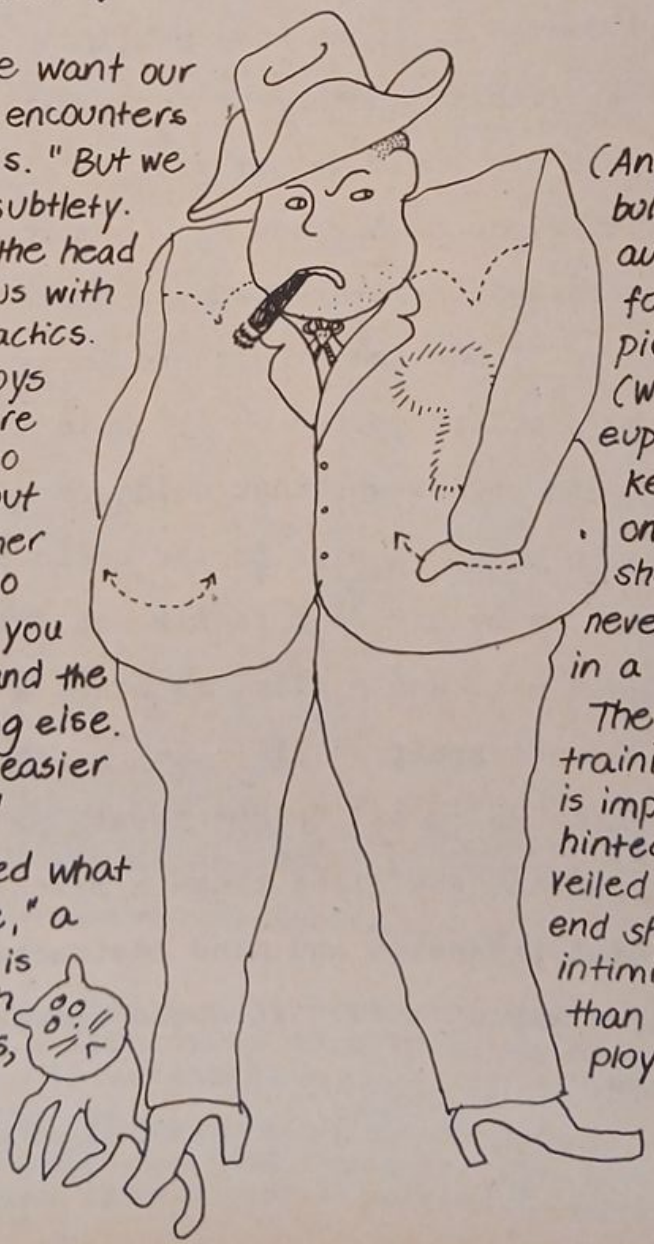
Sockless seems to be all things to all people. Perhaps it's the right idea at the right time--a mixture of boldness and timidity, mind expansion and mind destruction--and somehow, through it all, a way of life. It could emerge as the salvation of the seventies.

GUN

The first Gun center was formed in Bakersfield in 1974. At this writing there are at least 150 new centers all over California. Gun is by far the most popular human potential movement in the state, and is spreading all over the country.

If there is a guru of the movement, it is Maynard Wolris, the originator of the Bakersfield center. Wolris is a large, beefy man who fits the image of the small town sheriff, which he actually was for a few years in Pumpkin Center, a nearby town. He is soft-spoken but has a steely authority in his manner. His eyes are small and narrow and piercing blue. There is just a hint of menace in his careful turns of speech. Wolris does not like to be lumped into the "Winning-through-intimidation" schools, though he does concede that he was influenced by the aggressive qualities of the "Don't say yes when you mean no" people.

"Hell, naturally we want our people to win their encounters in life," says Wolris. "But we want to do it with subtlety. These hit 'em over the head guys are too obvious with their intimidation tactics. All them verbal ploys and stuff can also tire you out. You spend so much time figuring out how to trick the other guy and make him do what you want that you ain't got the time and the energy to do anything else. Our techniques are easier and much quicker."



Everyone is issued what Wolris calls a "piece," a small revolver that is never loaded, although in extreme situations, Wolris will allow his followers to use blanks. (Anyone who uses real bullets in their guns is automatically suspended for ninety days.) The piece, or "my friend" (Wolris likes to use euphemisms), should be kept in a pocket so that only the outline of its shape can be seen. It is never brought out except in a crisis.

The essence of Gun training is that everything is implied, understated, hinted at, and couched in veiled language that in the end should be more intimidating and influential than overtly aggressive ploys.

"The beauty of my training is that you can do about 90 percent of it with a toy rod as well," says Wolris. "But I like the deep-down security of packing the real thing."

Wolris invited us to his Gun center to watch a typical student lifescript exercise. The instructor plays the establishment figure, the manipulator, the man who usually makes you say yes when you want to say no. The student, in this case a man named Irving Zwirdlow, uses his Gun techniques to fight for his rights.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN IRVING ZWIRDLOW, A MAN WHO WANTS TO RETURN A HOUSE HE HAS BOUGHT AND GET HIS MONEY BACK, AND HIS BANKER, WHO HOLDS THE MORTGAGE.

BANKER: Good morning, Mr. Zwirdlow, what can I do for you today?

ZWIRDLOW: I want to return my house. I changed my mind. I don't want it.

BANKER: I don't understand. You own the house. You bought it three months ago and signed all the legal papers, and you're paying the mortgage on it.

ZWIRDLOW: That's right. But I don't want the house anymore. I hate the house. It's not right for me or my family, and I want my money back.

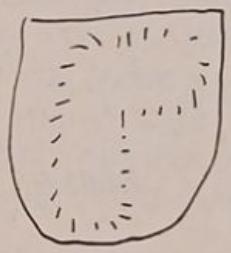
BANKER: That's impossible. You just don't do business that way, Mr. Zwirdlow. It just can't be done. You bought the house in good faith.

ZWIRDLOW: I don't care. Cancel the mortgage and give me my money back.

BANKER: Are you out of your mind? Do you expect to upset the entire banking system of this country? Of the world? You don't do things like that! Now, if you're finished with your silliness, please leave. I've got important business to attend to.

THERE ARE FOUR DIFFERENT OBJECTS IN THESE POCKETS: A BANANA, A HAIR DRYER, TWO CANDY BARS AT RIGHT ANGLES, AND A GUN. WHICH POCKET HAS THE GUN?

(A)



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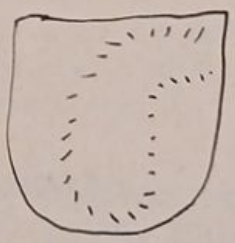

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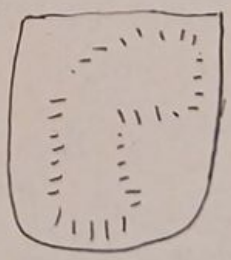


(D)

ANSWER: (B)

ZWIRDLOW: My "friend" here would be very upset if you didn't cancel my mortgage. [PATS THE BULGE.]

BANKER: What is that you're pointing at? Are you implying...

ZWIRDLOW: [INTERRUPTING POLITELY] Look at it any way you want. I'm very upset about the house. My "friend" here gets very nervous when I get upset and things go wrong for me. He could pop off at any minute.

BANKER: This is insane. I don't believe it. Are you threatening me? In my own office, with police protection all around me?

ZWIRDLOW: You're shouting. Don't shout. Calm down. I'm not threatening you. Why should I do that? My "friend" and I could meet you anywhere. We don't have to do business in the bank.

BANKER: But you're a grown man, with a wife and family. You're a responsible adult, a good credit risk. I can't do what you say.

ZWIRDLOW: There's no such thing as "I can't." Our country wasn't built with sentiments like that. Besides, "little Rodney" here isn't as patient as me. Sometimes he gets out of control. [STROKES THE BULGE.]

BANKER: [A BIT UNNERVED] What do you mean? What do you intend to do? [THE BANKER IS NOW ON THE DEFENSIVE.]

ZWIRDLOW: I don't want to do anything but do business with you. I'm a calm, reasonable person, just like you. Have I raised my voice? Do I look unreasonable? Don't you think I know how terrible it is to use one of these things on a human being? God help me if it ever had to come to that. The last thing in the world I want to do is to have "little Rodney" go off and make pop-pop. [TAPS THE BULGE.]

BANKER: Perhaps if you stop referring to your "little Rodney" or whatever you call it, we can figure something out. Though I can't guarantee anything. This is highly irregular.

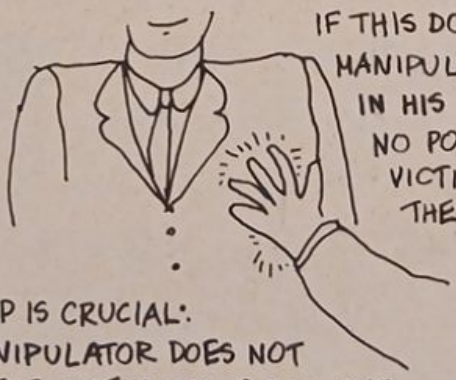
ZWIRDLOW: Do the best you can. I know you can handle it. Remember that my little kosher pickle here [SQUEEZING THE BULGE] gets very hot and bothered when things aren't going right. Why get it hot and bothered? Why take a crazy chance like that?

BANKER: Come back tomorrow at ten and I'll have an answer for you.

ZWIRDLOW: Thank you, sir.

Wolris acknowledges that Gun is not a foolproof assertive technique. "Some guys will go all the way and call your bluff. So you've got to shoot them. And when they find out you're shooting blanks, they can get you in a lot of trouble with the police. Well, I just have to write off those guys. The hell with them. My technique works in 99 percent of the situations. That's good enough for me and most people. If the wise guys insist on calling the police, just make a graceful exit. Look for an establishment person who's more of a coward, that's all."

OTHER EXERCISES CALL FOR MORE FORTHRIGHT. DEMONSTRATION OF THE GUN TECHNIQUE. WHEN THE VICTIM'S CAREFULLY VEILED LANGUAGE IS NOT BELIEVED, THE VICTIM MAKES A LITTLE GUN OUT OF HIS FINGER AND AIMS IT PLAYFULLY AT HIS MANIPULATOR.



IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, HE ASKS THE MANIPULATOR TO FEEL THE BULGE IN HIS POCKET. IF THERE IS STILL NO POSITIVE RESPONSE, THE VICTIM SHOWS HIS MANIPULATOR THE TIP OF THE GUN BARREL.

THE NEXT STEP IS CRUCIAL: IF THE MANIPULATOR DOES NOT GIVE IN, THE VICTIM HAS TO PULL OUT THE GUN VERY CAREFULLY AND SHOW IT TO THE MANIPULATOR IN A VERY SECRETIVE MANNER. THE NEXT TO LAST STEP IS THE CLICKING OF THE SAFETY CATCH. THIS USUALLY WORKS IN NINETY-NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED CASES.

PULLING THE TRIGGER (WITH BLANKS) IS THE LAST RESORT. VERY FEW MANIPULATORS WILL PROVOKE THIS KIND OF SITUATION.

I'M O.K.--YOU'RE PUERTO RICAN

We were driving north on the MacArthur Freeway toward Oakland when we saw the billboard. Peggy and I felt instinctively that we were onto something, but what? About ten miles further, we saw the same billboard: "I'm O.K.--You're Puerto Rican." The signs reappeared every ten miles as we got closer to Oakland. We followed the instructions on the billboards. On Fruitvale Avenue, a sign directed us to "make a right turn on Galindo Street at the second blinker light after the Squirrel Nutkin All-Nite Deli and continue for one-half mile," which we did.

And suddenly, there it was--the same huge sign that had been luring us for the past hour. It was on top of a small, factory-like establishment called the I'm O.K.--You're Puerto Rican Company. We entered and found the owner-president of the company, Vic Scuzzi, in his bungalow behind the factory, which also served as his office. Scuzzi, a stocky, swarthy type with a sweat-stained red bandanna around his neck, spoke freely.

"I was into all this transactional analysis shit, y'know? I mean, I was trying to read the books, figure it out. I knew there was something in it. But I couldn't get past page three.

"I always been in the novelty business. You name it, I made it. Also lots of stuff you never heard of, wonderful numbers. I made a line of pornographic cookware--sexpots, I called them. They had these fantastic orgy scenes painted on them, but the paint kept peeling off. Lousy quality control--

made in Brazil. I had an item called cocksicles. You can figure out what they were. I had a talking dog. A stuffed dog with a tiny tape recorder in it. You wound it up and it talked to you. But the little gizmo inside always went on the blink. That was the story of my life until now. A million fantastic ideas, but they always went on the blink.

"Then I saw this I'm O.K., You're O.K. book, and I figured it might help me, y'know. But I couldn't understand a word of it. With the diagrams and the circles and arrows and whatnot. So I figured, what is it about this thing that appeals to me? It's that I'm O.K. No matter how low I get in the rat race of life, I'm still O.K., right? So I thought of this philosophy, "I'm O.K.--You're Puerto Rican," which means no matter how low you get in life, you're still better than a PR. You've got to be better than somebody, for Chrissake. And in my book, everybody is better than a Puerto Rican. Do you know any PRs? They're the worst, right? Worse than the niggers.

"I figured I'd make a few bucks by putting my message on

buttons, T-shirts, hats, y'know, novelty items. I thought it would be a real inspirational message to people. Well, fuck me if it didn't turn out to be a gold mine. And not just money. People write me letters and cards by the thousands, thanking me. Singles, marrieds, widows, pensioners, teenagers who are too shy or too full of pimples and B.O. Look at that sack of mail. I haven't even opened it yet." (He pointed to a huge duffel bag full of letters. We couldn't help being impressed.)

Scuzzi showed us his I'm O.K.--You're Puerto Rican operation, a mail-order business with his inspirational message imprinted on virtually every type of clothing, drinking glasses, tote bags, posters, even sandwich board signs.

"I been invited to Esalen, to Aspen. Even the yogis want to meet me. I'm the guru of the underdogs, the have-nots, the down-and-outers of the world. They wear one of my T-shirts and they know that they're better than somebody."

Scuzzi gave us a pair of T-shirts and asked us to put them on. We did. We felt a small but unmistakable rush of power and confidence surge through us. A small but unmistakable high. We put on a pair of his I'm O.K.--You're Puerto Rican socks and his silly hat with the same inscription, and the surge grew stronger. We were ashamed to admit it, but Scuzzi really did have something. Was it all as simple and tacky as this?

"Maybe it's one of them magic sayings, like a mantra. Maybe I just got lucky for the first time in my life," said Scuzzi. "Anyway, I'm going to make a few bucks and save the fucking world."

VDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1976

L++ S y

UPI photo

UPI photo

Victor Scuzzi, novelty manufacturer, lies under his desk (left). Scuzzi was found by his secretary, Estelle Abbandanda, with six bullets in his body. Cesar Vasquez, twenty-nine, of San Gabriel, was led to jail by policemen after confessing to the shooting of Scuzzi.

Eligible for Food Stamps?

HDA will continue throughout ter.

Scoppetta charged formation gathered

By P

Postscript to the I'm O.K.--You're Puerto Rican movement. On December 24, 1976, a certain Cesar Vasquez, of San Gabriel, California, stormed into the office of Vic Scuzzi, fired six bullets into his body, and fled. He was captured only minutes later and offered no resistance, claiming that the murder was justified after what Scuzzi had done to his people. Scuzzi recovered, and has since become involved in a new venture that combines Oriental religion with drive-in Mexican snack bars--called tacoism.

HOW TO RISE TO THE TOP OF THE RELIGIOUS RETREAT WHILE YOUR PEERS ARE STILL STRUGGLING TO ATTAIN THE LOTUS POSITION

A NEW COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IS DEVELOPING IN OUR ASHRAMS, OUR RELIGIOUS RETREATS. SMALL GROUPS OF ASCETICS WHO ARE EITHER BORED, FRUSTRATED, OR SIMPLY AMBITIOUS ARE TAKING OVER THE ASHRAMS WITH A BOLD DISPLAY OF AGGRESSIVENESS. THEY ARE ADAPTING THE POWER GAMES OF THE BIG BUSINESS WORLD TO THE RELIGIOUS AREA, AND THEY'RE MAKING THEM WORK.

THE MAN LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MOVEMENT IS D.T. KAWASAKA, A FORMER BUDDHIST MONK AND BEAD WHOLESALER WHO REBELLED AGAINST THE HARSH DISCIPLINE AND (TO HIM) BORING ROUTINE OF ASHRAM LIFE. KAWASAKA WANTED TO BRING THE BEST QUALITIES OF BUDDHIST LIFE TO THE MASS MARKET BY DEVELOPING A CHAIN OF

D.T. KAWASAKA GRANTS AN INTERVIEW TO PETER.

FAST SATORI DRIVE-IN ASHRAMS, BUT THE CENTRAL BUDDHIST HIERARCHY FORBADE IT. RATHER THAN KNUCKLING UNDER TO AUTHORITY, KAWASAKA TOOK HIS ASHRAM INTO HIS OWN HANDS WITH A SERIES OF DEFT POWER PLAYS AND "A LITTLE KICKING OF ASS," AS HE SO FORCEFULLY PUT IT.

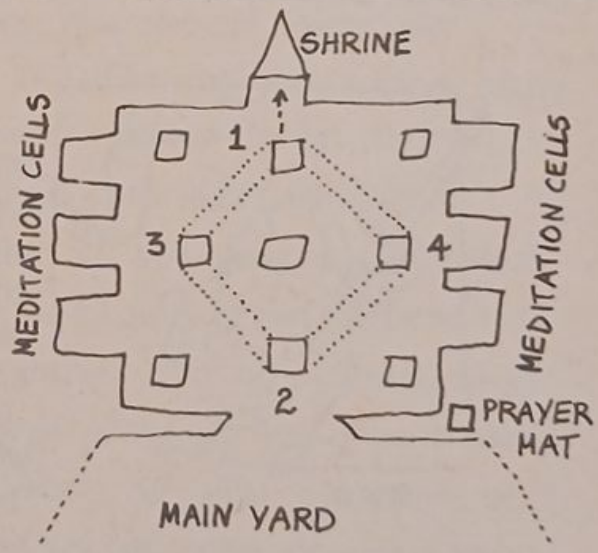
KAWASAKA IS NOW SPREADING HIS IDEAS ON THE LUCRATIVE LECTURE CIRCUIT, TRAVELING ALL OVER CALIFORNIA WITH HIS FOLLOWERS IN HIS "ZEN BUS." HE GIVES TALKS ON HOW TO WREST POWER IN AN ASHRAM, USING A VERY SOPHISTICATED MIXED MEDIA PRESENTATION.

WE THINK HIS IDEAS CAN BE ADAPTED TO AREAS BESIDES ASHRAMS AND RELIGIOUS RETREATS. WHY NOT USE THEM TO TAKE OVER SMALL BUSINESSES AND OTHER AREAS WHERE THE OPPOSITION IS WEAK AND PASSIVE? "WHY NOT?" SAID KAWASAKA, WHEN WE ASKED HIM THIS QUESTION AFTER HIS LECTURE. "POWER IS POWER, WHEREVER YOU GET IT. REMEMBER THAT THE SWORD IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN. UNLESS YOU USE A VERY BIG, VERY SHARP PEN."

LUCKILY, I WRITE VERY FAST AND TOOK LOTS OF NOTES DURING HIS LECTURE. HERE ARE THE HIGHLIGHTS OF KAWASAKA'S TALK:

HOW TO GRAB POWER IN THE ASHRAM

A good place to begin is with the actual physical layout of the ashram. To the unenlightened, a communal prayer hall seems nothing more than an arrangement of shrine, prayer mats, meditation cells, and doorways. But to the informed power player— for whom everything in life is a game to be won or lost, with power as the prize— even the most holy-looking room has a "power-geography" which can be exploited for personal gain.



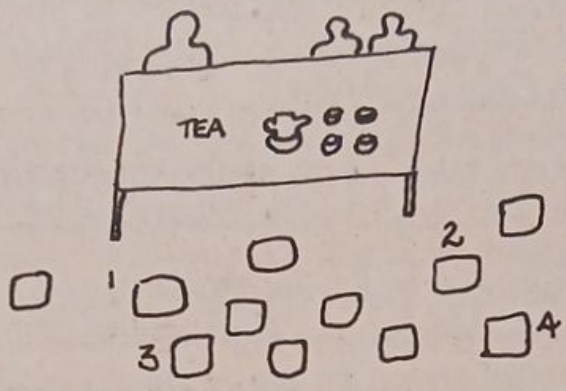
STUDY THIS DIAGRAM.

Note that the most powerful positions are those numbered one through four in order of their power, and that the "power pattern" of this room is a diamond shape. Why are the numbered positions powerful? There are several reasons: prayer mat number one commands the central sight line to the shrine. All others must pray "over" position one, thus conferring on that mat a good deal of divinity-by-association. Likewise, locations three and four hold central command over the lateral meditation cell areas, and are thus unconsciously felt to be monitors or gatekeepers of those facilities— posts that are very high in status, with "high-clout-potential." Position two controls the exit way into the main yard, and assumes the role of supervisory overseer of the whole scene. Note, too, how powerless the other positions are: the corner mats are shoved off into the extremities of the room, while the mat in dead center is captive of the other eight, a static and paralyzed hub around which the pattern of power— real power— turns.

TEA POWER

Be aware of power-positioning in less-formal ashram assemblies, too. When participating in leisurely tea-and-discussion sessions, remember that position 1 on the diagram below is the most powerful, followed by 2, 3, and 4.

POSITION ONE ALLOWS THE POWER STUDENT TO KEEP TABS ON THE MASTER'S FACIAL EXPRESSIONS, AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE MAIN DISCIPLES.



PILLOW

POSITIONS THREE AND FOUR ARE SECOND-ECHELON VERSIONS OF ONE AND TWO. ALL OTHERS ARE EITHER TOO DISTANT FROM THE MASTER (AND, THEREFORE REMOTE FROM THE ACTION), OR TOO SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE EMBARRASSMENT MENTIONED BELOW.

POSITION TWO, WHILE LESS FLEXIBLE, IS, LIKE ONE, OUT OF DIRECT SIGHT LINE OF THE MASTER'S GAZE, AND ENABLES THE POWER-PLAYER TO MINIMIZE THE NUMBER OF TIMES HE IS ASKED, POINT-BLANK, POTENTIALLY EMBARRASSING PARADOXES AND KOANS LIKE, "WHAT IS THAT THAT IS WHOLE, YET PARTIAL?" AND, "WHY IS TRUTH LIKE THE DOG WHO FLEES THE CAT?" (EMBARRASSMENT IS ONE OF THE WORST FATES THAT CAN BEFALL A POWER-PLAYER, FOR IT CALLS INTO QUESTION HIS "POWER-PERSONA," HIS "BRUTE CLOUT-POTENTIAL FACADE.")

CHOPSTICK POWER

FIG. A.

Simple everyday objects can provide the true master of power with splendid opportunities to advance up the power ladder. One case in point is the ordinary chopstick. Most members of the ashram will eat using the standard "Chinatown" chopstick grip: one stick is held steadily between the thumb and the third finger, while the other is flexed and manipulated by the thumb and index finger. The bowl is held at chin level, and rice is scooped into the mouth in a continuous motion (Figure A).

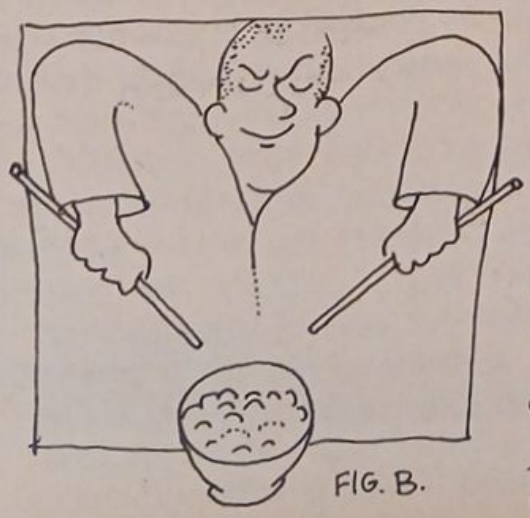
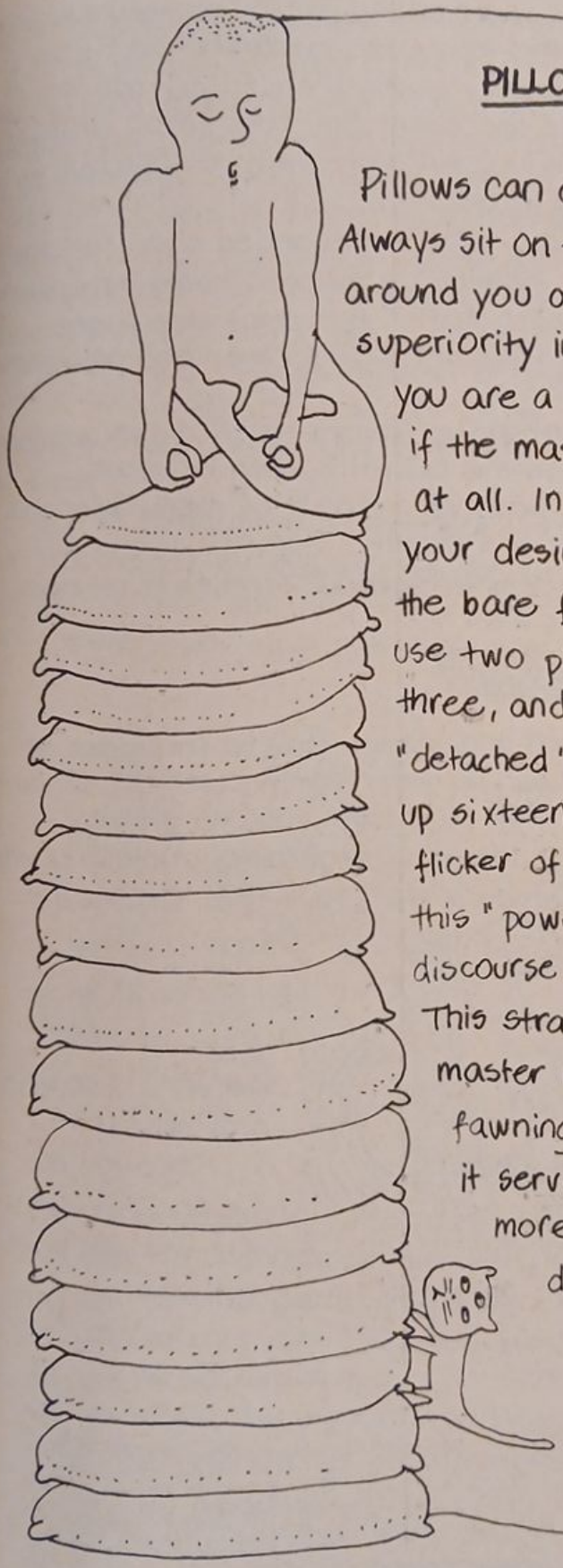


FIG. B.

But the master of power would do well to perfect the "power grip": each stick is held in an overhand fashion, as though grasping the handlebars of a bicycle (Figure B).

The "power implications" of this grip are many: the sticks are held in a firm, masculine way that suggests confidence and strength. When eating, the fists are always at the ready in a posture of reigned-in, coiled preparedness. This shows others that you are a no-nonsense eater, that you know what rice is for and are proud of it. Also, this grip allows you to leave the bowl where it belongs, i.e., on the table, which is, let's face it, the way civilized people eat.



PILLOW POWER

Pillows can also be used to your advantage. Always sit on two stacked pillows when those around you are using one; the resultant superiority in height announces to all that you are a force to contend with. However, if the master is present, use no pillows at all. Instead, make casual mention of your desire to "rough it" by sitting on the bare floor. If your "power competitors" use two pillows, you should then use three, and so on. It is the mark of a truly "detached" power master to be able to pile up sixteen pillows and then, without a flicker of shame or uneasiness, climb atop this "power tower" and begin earnest discourse on humility and self-abnegation. This strategy of currying favor with the master may seem at first glance to be fawning and servile; rest assured that it serves merely as preparation for the more direct and satisfying tactics discussed in the next section.

MASTERING THE MASTER

So far, I have only discussed what can be called basic "power jockeying." But real power, of course, resides at the top of the hierarchy: with the master himself. If your desire for power is a middling, take-it-or-leave-it affair, then it will suffice for you to sip tea, chant Om, chop wood, and carry water with the rest of the boys. But if you sincerely want to control the ashram, make the master a primary target.

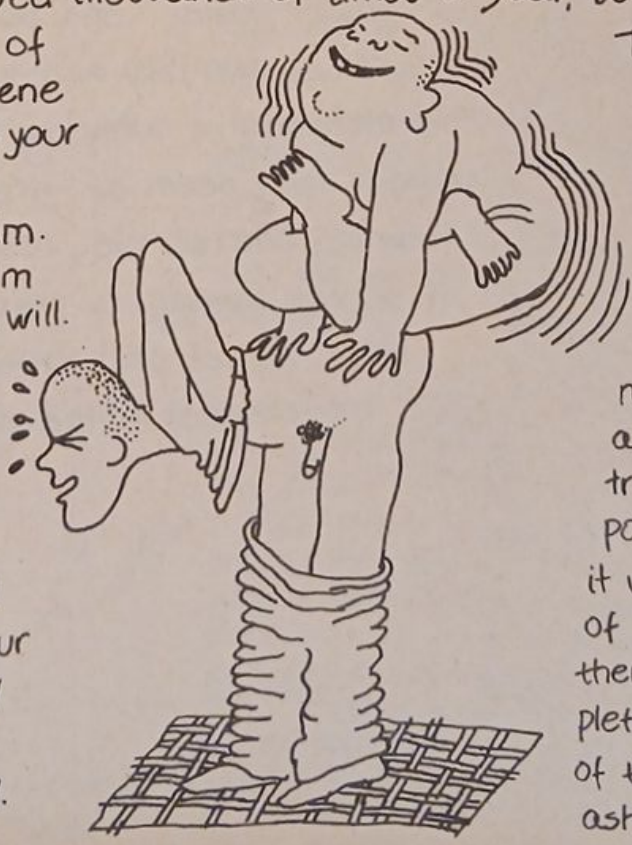
Begin with outright flattery; even the most transcended ego will respond to compliments like, "Thy robe is quite beauteous, master," and "Thy singing is mellifluous, and as honey to mine ears." But don't stop there. Compliment his bearing, his authoritative manner, his clear and omnipresent aura of divinity, his rugged piety, etc., etc.

Then begin to insinuate more... intimate favors. Hint at the supreme loneliness of his task. Sympathize with the awful burden he bears, providing spiritual leadership to so passive a group of men. Offer to visit him in his chambers; bring mint tea, incense, almond cookies, George Harrison records. Encourage him to unwind. Smooth a pillow. Stroke his brow.

IS SEX NECESSARY?

Though carnal relations between men and women may be forbidden by the laws of your sect, nonetheless there can be nothing wrong with two servants of God rejoicing over their common pursuit of Wisdom, the One, the Way. Lightly kiss his cheek. Remark that the leader of the Catholic Church extends his ring to be kissed thousands of times a year, but that the two of you need no lump of base gold to intervene in the expression of your mutual love.

Offer yourself to him. If he responds, let him do with you what he will. (Most masters are extremely old and enfeebled, so if this sort of thing isn't ordinarily to your taste, be comforted with the fact that your very attentions may be enough to excite him to near ecstasy.



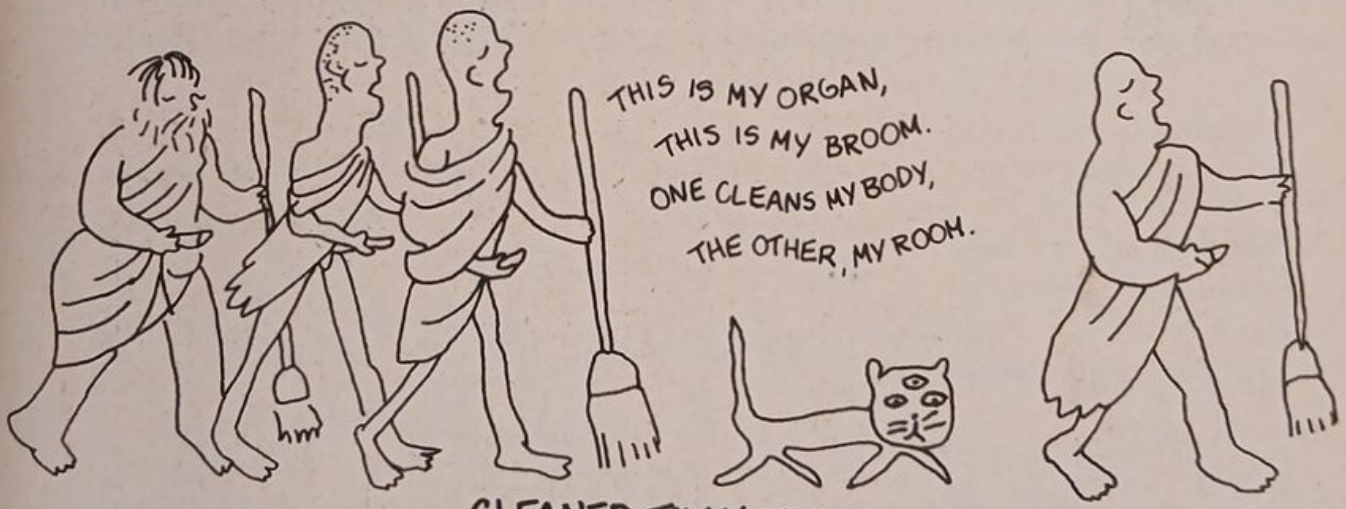
Things may get a bit sticky if he is a yoga master, however. If so, grin and bear it.)

Once you do have sex with the master, you will be in a good position to truly maximize your power. Once you, as it were, "have the ear of the king," you can then begin a more complete assault on the rest of the members of the ashram.

RITUALS

You would be well served by disrupting the daily routine of the ashram and establishing yourself as a threat to one and all. The phenomenon of ritual is useful for such a purpose, and the master — your paramour — is authorized to invoke new rituals. Therefore, start with casual comments about how routinized the life of the commune is. Point out that so regular a day-to-day schedule surely breeds laziness and complacency. And as the master ponders it, follow up with a suggestion: why not institute spontaneous, unannounced "visitations" by His Holiness (and yourself, acting as his aide-de-consciousness)? The two of you would interrupt the other ascetics in their chambers, either while meditating, resting, fasting, or whatever. Ostensibly, the purpose of such a ritual would be to help the others sharpen their awareness to a razor's edge. For how could complacency exist, when at any moment the master himself might suddenly appear and quiz one on this or that?

If this is adopted as practice, you should remain strictly "low profile." Let the master do the talking, quizzing, reciting, admonishing, etc. But be certain all see you, and make sure that the others — potential competitors and power-foes all — live in moment-to-moment fear of these raids.



CLEANER THAN THOU

The next step is to voice reservations about the state of "devotional readiness" of the ashram members. When the master and you have a quiet moment together, broach this subject: you have lately noted that those around you take their brooms much too casually. This is no trivial sweeping brush, but an extension of the hand used to make the unclean clean. Therefore, once a week, this ritual should be implemented: all members must assemble in the front main yard with brooms in hand. On a series of your counts, they must dismantle the brooms, examine and clean every part, and re-assemble them. Then all must fall in into rank-and-file rows, grasp their brooms in one hand and their members in the other, and march smartly around the yard, "chanting" thus: "This is my organ/This is my broom/ One cleans my body/the other, my room."

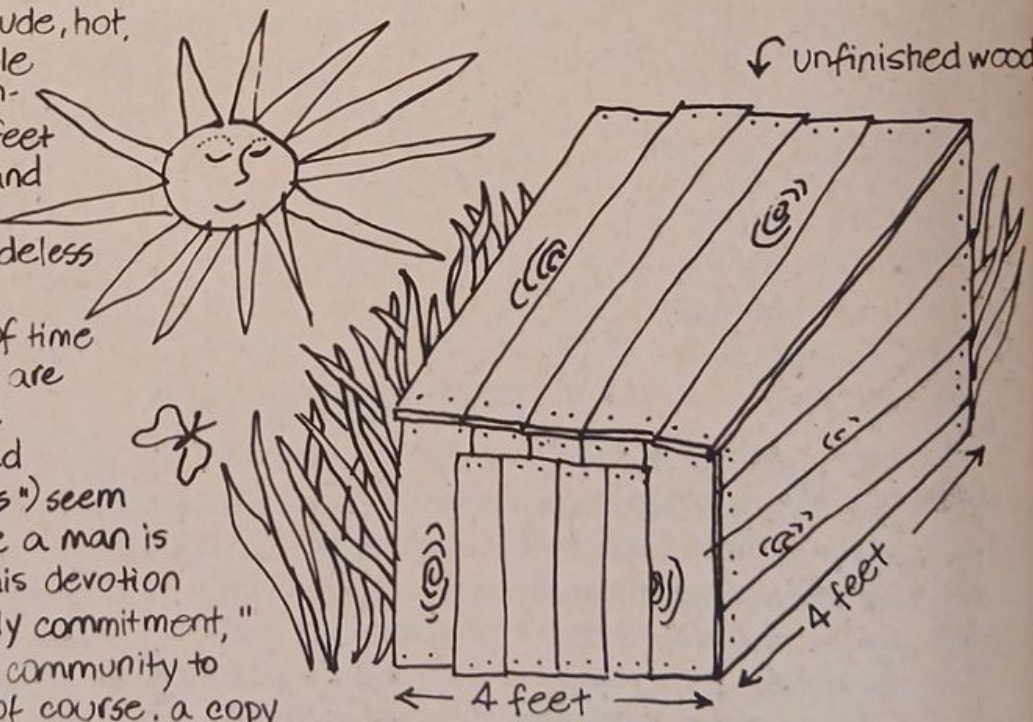
If challenged on this, remark confidently that you and the master agree that no one — not even the Buddha himself — can reach satori without proper knowledge of "tool functions." (Your stake in this affair is to embarrass and demean everyone in sight, making clear your power over them.)

The practice of "making an example" of one of a group has always been an effective method of power display and crowd control. Several famous usages of this technique immediately spring to mind. In gangland warfare, an opponent is brutally murdered as a warning to the rest of his "family." In the contemporary classroom, a child is mercilessly humiliated for petty offenses, such as whispering and gum chewing. There is the case of Nazi Germany, and the lynchings of the American South, and so on. As a true pupil of power, you would be well-advised to put this practice to your own use.

SHAME AND HUMILIATION

Suggest to the master that so-and-so is lackadaisical in his attitude toward prayer, that his meditation technique is sloppy, his asceticism the height of egotism. When asked for your advice, reply that your concern is not for this one poor fool, but for the entire community. Recommend, therefore, that the master establish and institute the use of a "holy devotional chamber," to which certain ashram members are to be sent in a ceremony to be known as "symbolic purification," or whatever.

Construct this crude, hot, airless, uncomfortable torture box out of unfinished wood, four feet on all three sides, and place it in the midday sun in a shadeless part of the yard.



Vary the lengths of time different individuals are sent to it, until the sentences ("assigned devotional periods") seem arbitrary. Each time a man is sent "to work on his devotion and reaffirm his holy commitment," summon the entire community to witness it. This is, of course, a copy of the "cooler" used in prisoner-of-war camps of World War II — or, at least, a copy of those depicted in such movies as The Bridge on the River Kwai and Von Ryan's Express.

The practice is especially useful for dealing with individual power-competitors. If you have singled out one who poses a particular threat to your position, be excessively lenient when you recommend his sentence to the master. Banish everyone around him to days in the "chamber," but, if you send him there at all, release him after ten minutes, and greet him at the door with water, flowers, fresh food, and profuse apologies. This will effectively isolate him from the rest, and prevent the formation of alliances which could curtail your rise to absolute power.

BRUTE FORCE

Thus far, we have proceeded from subtle techniques of power enhancement to more direct kinds of control and manipulation via a close relationship with the master. But should you find yourself in an ashram whose master does not respond to your sexual overtures, you may feel that only the use of pure and direct force will place you at the top.

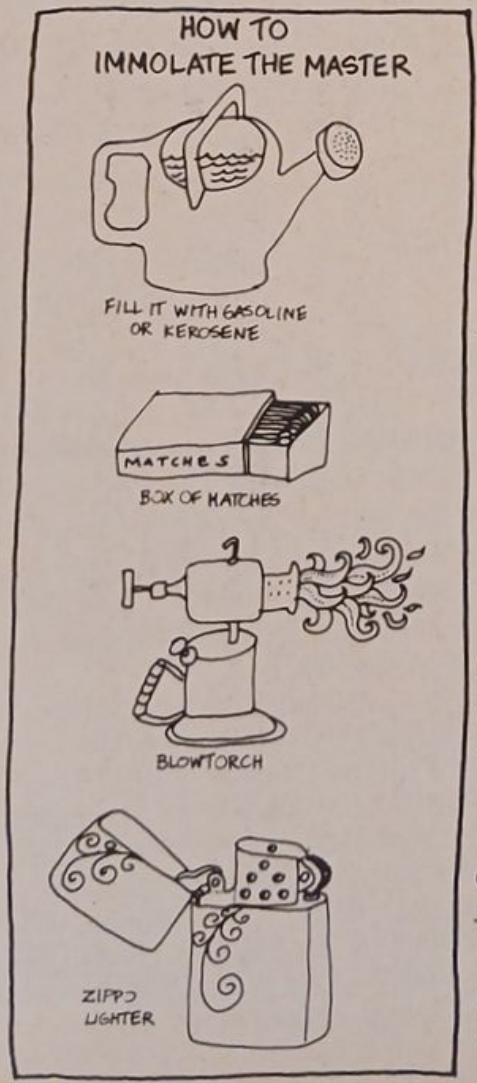
The problem is this: how can you best take control of an institution consisting of about two dozen men who do nothing but sit around all day in attitudes of intense passivity, perhaps pausing now and then to sip tea, eat rice, clean house, and talk?

(1) GO TO THE MASTER'S CHAMBER, ANNOUNCE THAT "ALL THINGS MUST PASS," AND PUNCH HIM IN THE MOUTH. TELL HIM THAT YOU INTEND TO CALL THE SHOTS FROM NOW ON, AND IF HE DOESN'T LIKE IT, YOU'LL SHOW HIM WHAT REAL DETACHMENT IS BY SEPARATING HIS HEAD FROM HIS BODY. (ZEN BUDDHISTS ARE FAMOUS FOR THE WITTY NATURE OF THEIR DISCUSSIONS, SO THE ABOVE QUIP MAY BE ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR TAKING OVER A ZENDO.)

(2) MERELY INFORM THE ASSEMBLED MEMBERSHIP THAT YOU ARE TAKING OVER, AND ANYBODY WHO DOESN'T LIKE IT CAN MEDITATE ON A PURE ORGANIC KNUCKLE SANDWICH YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO SERVE UP TO THEM. RENUNCIANTS ARE MOSTLY A PUNY LOT, SO WHATEVER RESISTANCE YOU ARE LIKELY TO ENCOUNTER SHOULD AT WORST GIVE YOU A GOOD LAUGH. IF, HOWEVER, YOU FEEL YOU NEED ALLIES, A SMALL GROUP OF FRIENDS OR ACQUAINTANCES DRAWN FROM THE MILITARY, ATHLETIC TEAMS, OR ANY OF THE CURRENTLY FASHIONABLE AND QUASI-FASCISTIC SPIRITUOTHERAPEUTIC MOVEMENTS WILL SUFFICE.

(3) NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED IS A TACTIC I CALL "TAKING THE MASTER HOSTAGE." THIS INVOLVES THE KIDNAPPING OF THE MASTER AND HOLDING HIM UNTIL YOUR DEMANDS ARE MET. REMEMBER THAT ASHRAM MEMBERS REVERE THEIR MASTERS, AND THAT WHAT LOOKS TO YOU LIKE A SKINNY, WRINKLED OLD MAN IS, TO THEM, THE INCARNATION OF THE LORD HIMSELF. SO DON'T SHORTCHANGE YOURSELF WHEN YOU WRITE THE RANSOM NOTE.

(4) POWER STUDENTS WITH A BIT OF THE THESPIAN IN THEM MAY PREFER TO KIDNAP (OR KILL) THE MASTER AND TAKE HIS PLACE. ANY DECENT COSTUME AGENCY CAN PROVIDE SUITABLE ATTIRE AND MAKEUP (BEARD, WRINKLES, ETC.), AND FOR A NOMINAL FEE AN ACTING COACH WILL INSTRUCT YOU ON HOW TO LOOK AND ACT TWICE YOUR AGE AND THRICE AS WISE. A GENIAL SMILE, A JUDICIOUS CRINKLING AROUND THE EYES, A DRONING MURMUR, A SWAY OR TWO OF THE TORSO—THAT'S ALL YOU NEED FOR MOST ASHRAM INTERACTIONS. FOR EXTENDED DIALOGUES WITH ANYONE IN PARTICULAR, MERELY WHISPER SOMETHING ABOUT THE "EVER-UNFOLDING LOTUS" OR "QUIETING THE FIRES OF THE MIND." IF WORSE COMES TO WORSE, SIMPLY SAY NOTHING AT ALL.



POWER IN THE ASHRAM

I would like to close with a few brief suggestions concerning what to do with your power once you've attained it. To begin with, the ashram can be administered as a fairly lucrative commercial enterprise: minimal reorganization can have it, under your guidance, turning out handmade brooms, chopped firewood, throw mats, and other craft items. These are especially marketable if advertised as having been made in the ashram per se—not only is their authenticity as handmade goods guaranteed, but their "spiritual" origin yields another easy 50 percent markup.

Guided tours of the facilities are, of course, a natural source of income, as is the creation of a special "retreat" lodge on the premises for executive groups, private weekending, etc. Consider using the buildings and grounds for a limited enrollment, high-priced summer camp, staffed by the members of the ashram themselves and offering such activities as arts and crafts, Zen archery, and instruction in junior and senior soul-saving and karma safety aid.

THE JAYNE MANSFIELD SEX CAMP

The Jayne Mansfield sex camp started in 1960, when the idea of taking lessons in sex techniques was unheard of. Jayne Mansfield was, of course, one of the great sex symbols of the movies, a highly publicized star with a stormy lifestyle, and most important, a lover of thousands of men before her tragic accident. If anyone was ever qualified to start a sex camp, it was Miss Mansfield.

Today, the camp is owned by a foreign investment firm (West German) that plans to expand it into a nationwide franchise operation. The camp is actually Miss Mansfield's former home, a large Spanish-style estate done in pink stucco, with thirty rooms, seven guest cottages, and nine choice Bel Air acres.

I spoke to the camp director, another ex-movie star, a legendary sex symbol in her own right. She asked that her

name not be used. She is now in her fifties and slightly puffy, but I can still sense the deep, tempestuous sensuality behind her bright, mocking eyes. She was drinking from a gallon wine jug that contained a clear liquid that was either water, gin, vodka, tequila, or aquavit. She didn't offer me any.

The ex-movie star enjoys talking about the sex camp, especially the early years. "I think it was more fun in those days," she said. "I mean, Jayne and I would have five or six guys over the house and they would ball us.

"Jayne liked to have parties with a bunch of guys, that's all. She liked young people with hardly any experience. She would sort of direct them. She never thought of what she was doing as a form of human potential and growth, but I guess that's what it was. I mean, you get a nice-looking boy with a nice build and a big cock, you want him to realize his human potential, right? And since Jayne was a happy-go-lucky nymphomaniac, she would go day and night. She never stopped teaching.

The word got around Hollywood that her parties were something else. People used to come to the house and just watch and take notes. Sometimes they would film us. We didn't care. We were raving exhibitionists.

"At first, there was no rhyme or reason to her methods. She just wanted the boys to give her a good time, so she told them exactly what to do. You know, slower, faster, deeper, shallower, up, down, around, etc. Then she figured out some basic training techniques which were called rhythm, harmony, and counterpoint. She showed her students how to vary the rhythm of their strokes as if sex were music. She and I taught Latin, jazz,

rock 'n' roll, bossa nova, all kinds of stroking rhythms. Harmony means both partners working on the same wavelength, moving together, building the tempos together. Counterpoint is the opposite of harmony. You know, a little contrast in the relationship, where one partner has to dominate the other and call the shots, change the positions and stuff. Jayne was the first person to use the line, 'different strokes for different folks,' by the way.

"So the word got around the Hollywood party circuit about her sessions. Everybody and his brother wanted to do us. I was insatiable, too.

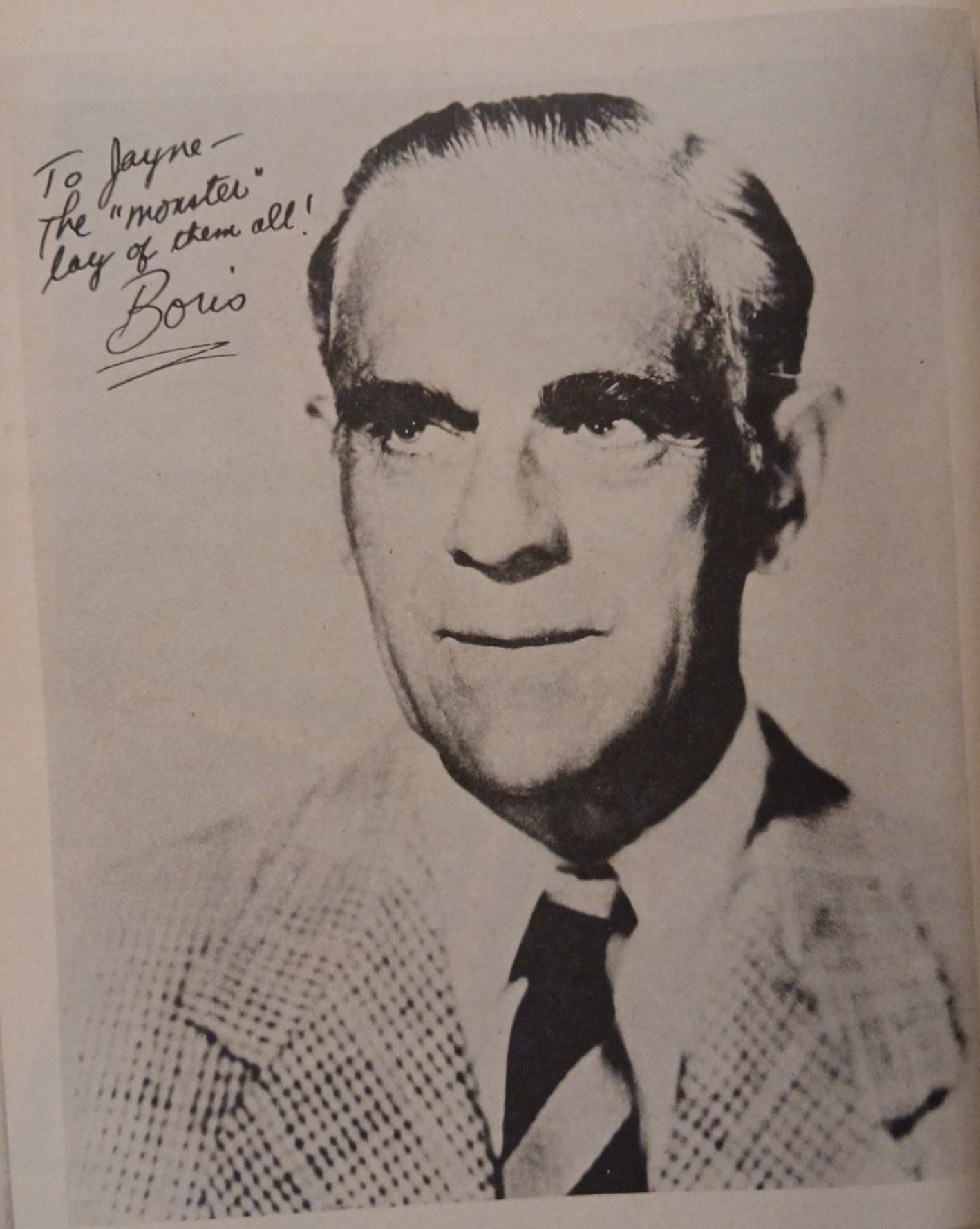
"I'm a certified nympho myself. I never lose my lubrication. I get wet and gooey just talking about it. Feel me down there. Go ahead, touch me. Don't be ashamed. Stick your finger in. Don't you feel the dampness? Are you sure? I'm usually very wet.

"Anyway, Jayne and I got into our work in a big way--our labor of love, we called it. As I said, at first it was all informal and unstructured. Then people used to come up to Jayne and say, "Jayne, if there's any way you can verbalize what you do, you can help an awful lot of guys who have problems with their fucking." So I guess what she did was take sex instruction out of the laboratories and books and whatever and bring it back where it belongs--to the beds, where it can be taught properly. Her philosophy was, if you're not fucking properly, you're not realizing your full potential as a beautiful human being. It's like golf. You'll never break ninety if you don't know how to swing a club right. And since Jayne and I loved to help people and share our knowledge, we were perfectly suited to start the first sex instruction camp.

"Do you know who gave Jayne the idea to start a formal school? Duke Ellington. He was a very dear friend of hers. He told her that if she enjoyed doing it so much and showing people how to do it, then why not charge for it? Since everybody was having a good time anyway, they certainly wouldn't mind paying for it. After all, what else would people pay good money for? Duke had a marvelous head for business, as well as being a swell lay.

"So she converted the house into a resort-type place with regular rates for sex instruction that included a modified American plan--that's full breakfast and dinner. She also got the tennis courts fixed up, cleaned the old pool, installed a few Ping-Pong tables and other little recreation things, and pretty soon she had a nice little camp going.

Duchess Jayne
Love you madly
Duke


To Jayne—
The "monster"
lay of them all!
Boris

"At first, Jayne and I did all the teaching. I concentrated on the art and science of straight fucking. I don't do the funny stuff or the fetishes. I don't even believe in foreplay that much. But Jayne did the more far-out stuff. She had those tremendous tits. They were so well trained, she could practically walk on them. And Duke made her install videotape, mirrors, and all kinds of sexual paraphernalia. We had the first pro shop in sex camps. Luckily, we could also get some of our good friends to show up as guest instructors, like Boris Karloff and Harry James and Betty Grable (they were a fantastic couple!). And there was Jim Morrison, before the fatal night, and some football players from the Rams. Jennifer Jones was fantastic--wonderful lips on that woman. Too bad her thighs fell apart so fast. Of course, Lana was tremendous. Very, very intense. Too intense. She would fall in love with every student. Send him suicide threats if he didn't run off with her or something. She was always hysterical, taking overdoses of this and that. Poor Lana. She loved to be a guest lecturer, but she was more trouble than she was worth. Marilyn could have been the best. Better than Jayne or me. Better than anyone. She loved to teach, to give herself. In fact, I was going to help her set up her own sex camp just before those CIA bastards rubbed her out.

"And then there were people like Myron Levy, Ron Lombardo, and Beverly Kron, people you never heard of, who just happened to be friends of mine and great teachers. Myron was round-shouldered and had a pot belly and knobby knees. But he was a born teacher who really brought out the human potential in our students."

An Hour with a Mansfield Instructor

(In the interests of our research, and with Peggy's permission, I took a sex lesson. I urged Peggy to take a lesson with a male pro, but she insisted that she was completely fulfilled and very happy with me. I assured her that I wouldn't be jealous, that it should be considered like any other form of instruction. But she declined. I want to be on record about this.)

I was told to look for Lucille, that she was the finest instructor in the camp, better than the guest lecturers and teachers from the movie colony. Lucille was free for a private lesson at three--could I make it? Yes, I could.

You never know what the great ones will look like. I expected a Las Vegas-type dancer or a tall, willowy model. Instead, Lucille was a short, chunky girl with a boyish cut of dirty blond hair and a cute, crooked grin. She had the eyes of a zealot, a believer in the Mansfield method. She pulled off her T-shirt and white shorts to reveal a smooth, firm body with small breasts. She had a tiny spot of blond crotch hair. There was a little sign in her room that said, "Good morning. Have a nice lay."

"Don't worry about getting it up or getting excited about me," she said. "I take care of all of that. You just listen to my directions, do what I tell you, concentrate on your strokes, and you'll be fine."

And then she was on top of me, staring at me with those zealot's eyes that seemed to pierce right through me. She grunted, moaned, and salivated on my chest, pushing her body

into me. Suddenly I was as hard as a nail. She felt me and then got underneath me in the missionary position.

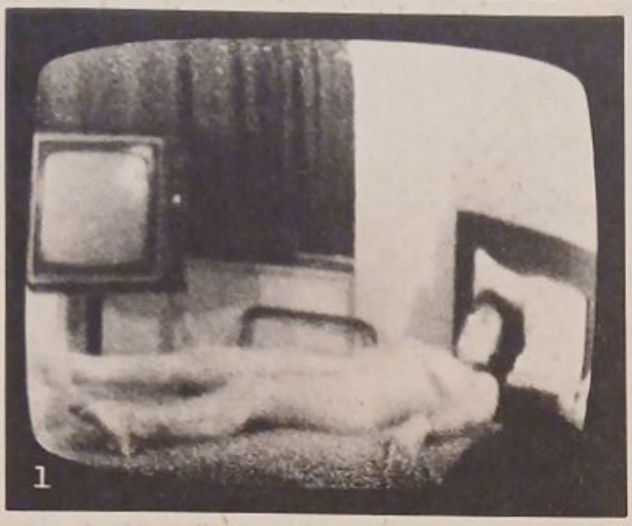
"Wonderful. Wonderful," said Lucille. "Now, just point the head of the cock slightly up, make sure your weight is evenly balanced on both legs, and move in. Move the hips straight back, then straight in. Do that for a while. Fine. Wonderful. Now as you stroke, I want you to stroke right through me, as it were. Move right through, right through my body and out the other side. Use your cock to move right through me. Your cock is moving into me and through me. Do you feel yourself fucking right through me? Where are your legs pointing? Are your knees bent? Good. Move with a rhythm right through me. Good. Excellent. Again. Again."

I felt myself going right through Lucille. Over and over. The marvelous part of her was how tight she felt even as I was going through her. Amazing. She wasn't the best looking or best built girl in the world, but now I knew why she was the best, period. Oh, my goodness, I was off! I was stroking through her and out the other side. I was in a perfect rhythm. And then I wetted her.

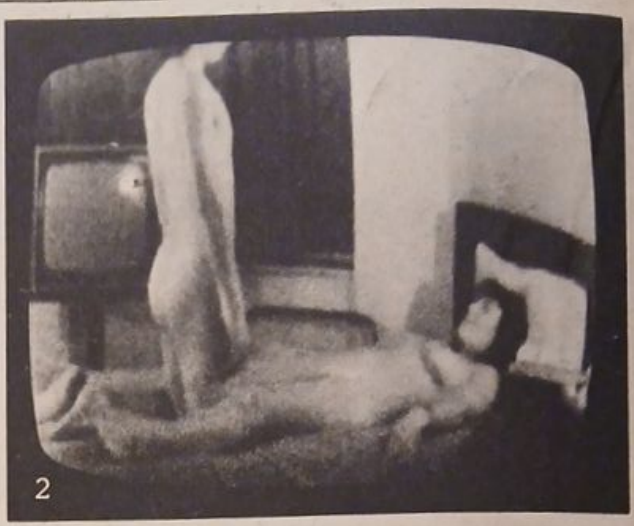
OVERLEAF:
Two instructors demonstrate the Jayne Mansfield F-Zone method.

THE JAYNE MANSFIELD F-STROKE METHOD

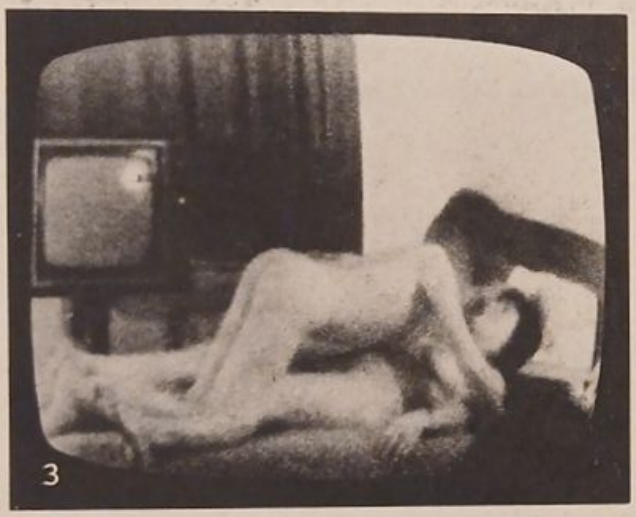
The Basic Forestroke



Ready position: female.
Body parallel to bed. Legs spread comfortably. Arms relaxed.

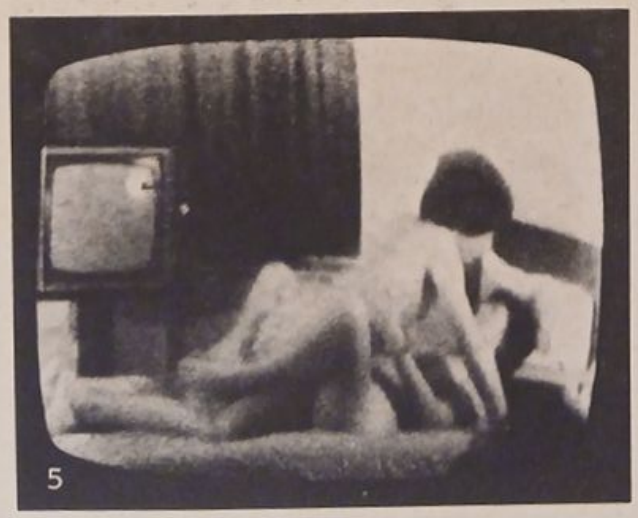


Ready position: male.
Facing female. Body kneels between female's legs. Weight on knees and legs. Arms relaxed.

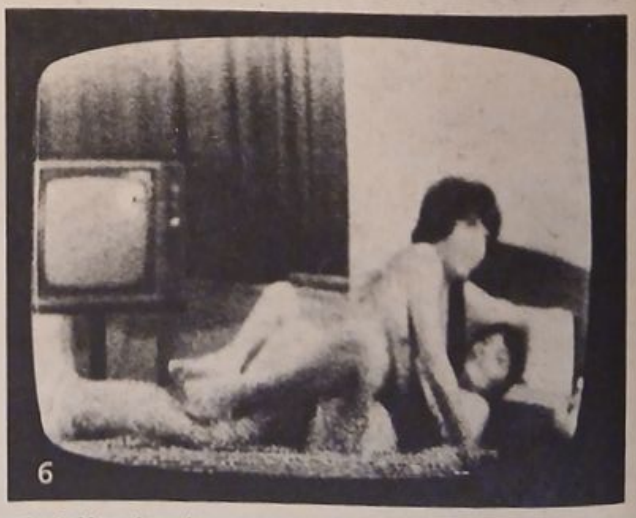


Backswing.
Male's hips pull back. Spine arched. Hands are on either side of female's shoulders. Backswing should be minimal or it will result in an exaggerated windup motion.

The approach.
Male moves body forward, shifting weight to hips. Body is always on a straight line. Female begins to close legs.



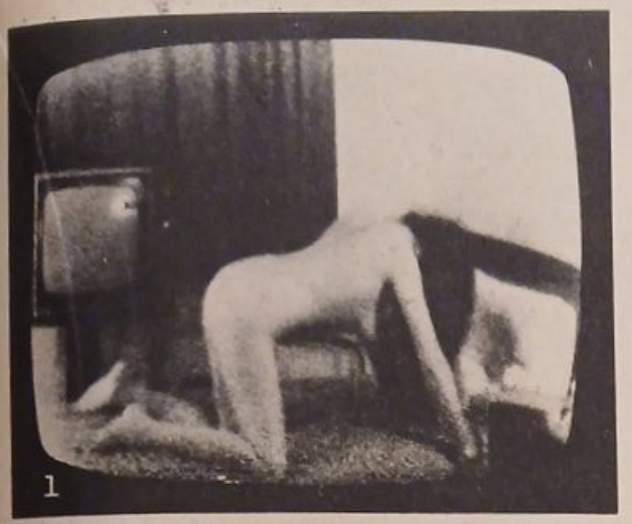
The stroke.
Male now has all weight on pelvis. Strokes in a straight line directly into the female's "sweet spot." Female moves pelvis upward. Legs are raised and grip male's legs. This insures that partners stay in prescribed F-zone.



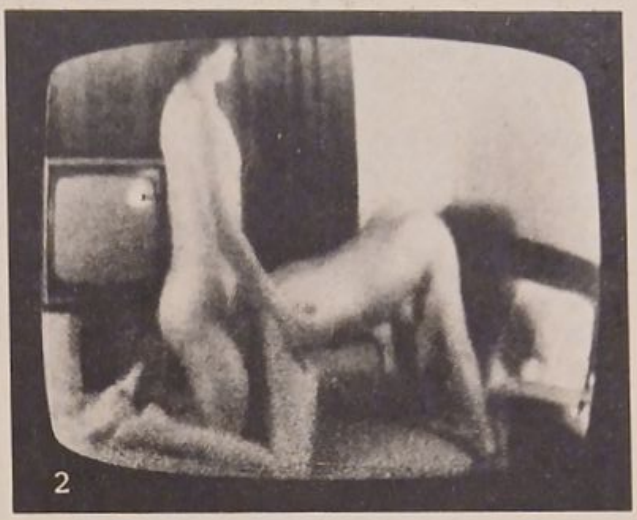
The follow-through.
Male continues to "stroke through" female, as if he could come out on the other side. The longer the follow-through, the harder the impact on the female's "sweet spot." At the end of follow-through, bodies relax slightly, faces show signs of pleasure.

THE JAYNE MANSFIELD F-STROKE METHOD

The Basic Backstroke



Ready position: female.
Assume kneeling position on bed with back to male. Weight rests on hands and knees. Buttocks raised slightly.



Ready position: male.
Body kneels between female's legs, weight resting on knees, hands holding female's hips for support.

Backswing.
Male's hips pull back slightly. Hands move to female's buttocks, gripping them firmly and raising them upward. Female moves her buttocks further upward in coordination with male's hands.

The approach.
Male moves pelvis in a straight line toward female, moving hands to female's waist for firm support. Female remains relaxed, concentrating on the stroke.

The stroke.
Male shifts more weight to pelvis and strokes in a straight line, making full contact with female's "sweet spot." His hands are now on female's breasts. Female moves her pelvis and buttocks in the same line as male's stroke.

The follow-through.
In a smooth, flowing motion, male's weight is well forward, and he "strokes through" female. Again, the longer the follow-through, the harder the impact on the female's "sweet spot." At the end of follow-through, bodies are still in contact, relaxing slightly, faces showing signs of pleasure.

Lucille jumped up in a minute or so and congratulated me on how quickly I had picked up the technique. She pressed a button near the bed and a movie screen descended, and I saw a videotape of our little session. I must say that we looked rather good together. Lucille stood next to the screen with a pointer and made a running critique.

"You're very good, very natural, and wonderful. But look here, how you twist and corkscrew. Don't move your body out of what we called the F-zone. There's a perfect fucking area for the partners that has a kind of magnetic field around it because you're generating so much energy and heat. If you move your body out of the F-zone, you lose your sexual power; your strokes become erratic and inconsistent and you can't fuck through properly. See over here. You tried to be a little acrobatic. You were showing off for me. Don't. Stay within the F-zone. Move your hips and cock in a straight arc and stroke through. I know it sounds very rigid and dogmatic, but once you master the idea of staying in your F-zone, you'll do it automatically, and the rest will be sheer heaven. Do you see how I move my body, but I never move that far to the left or right, just up and down? When you're in my rhythm, you're stroking right through me. Look at my face. Am I in heaven when you're doing that? Don't I look ecstatic? Look at your face. You're transported. You're a beautiful, wonderful human being. Stay in your F-zone. That's the key to our method."

Later that evening, I was talking to the ex-movie star in the lounge. She was still sipping from her gallon wine jug. (Was it the same one?) She looked a little puffier and a little

sleepy and furry. I had a Lillet on the rocks with a twist of orange peel. I congratulated her on her instructor and told her how well I had done on my first lesson.

"Honey, if you master that F-zone technique, you've got it all down," she said. "Fucking through your partner is what counts. I've had all kinds of people try and tell me different. Frank, Artie, Mickey, Warren Beatty--Warren tried to get me into teaching a lot of other stuff--you know, foreplay, sucking, etc. I'm not crazy about sucking. That's for kids, the younger generation. I think other camps put too much emphasis on the oral stuff and the funny games--the S&M and the costumes. It's bullshit. Gets you away from the real thing, and you lose your identity, you're not a whole person anymore. I think all those other things are a form of escape."

She now has plenty of competition in sex camps, camps that do not teach her method, although they are influenced by the F-zone technique. Then there are the Zen sex camps owned by Fred MacMurray and Donna Reed, where you do not think about

technique at all but simply concentrate on visualizing your strokes. You talk to your cock and ask it to do certain things. You never worry about the position of your body or the lengths of your strokes. You concentrate on the vision of yourself as a fucker, and you breathe deeply all the time.

But the Mansfield camp was still the place to start, to get a good, sound training in the basics and exposure to all kinds of interesting instructors, including guest celebrities. Everyone from Elvis Presley to Harold MacMillan has taken lessons in Bel Air. It has that unmistakable aura of old-fashioned Hollywood glamour.

"God, I couldn't begin to tell you how many well-known guys Jayne and I taught and helped," said the ex-movie star.

"There was Spencer Tracy. He was a glove fetishist. Not dress gloves--baseball gloves. He loved to masturbate into a well-oiled catcher's mitt or one of those big trappers, those first basemen's gloves with the claws. I don't know if they still make them anymore. He was fairly easy to cure. We had him screw girls who wore greased leather suits.

"Clark Gable. The King, they used to call him. I used to call him King Shlong, if you pardon my gross pun. Clark's problem was that he was too big. Most girls wouldn't go near him. We had to teach him how to use his pi-pi, how to let the head do most of the work.

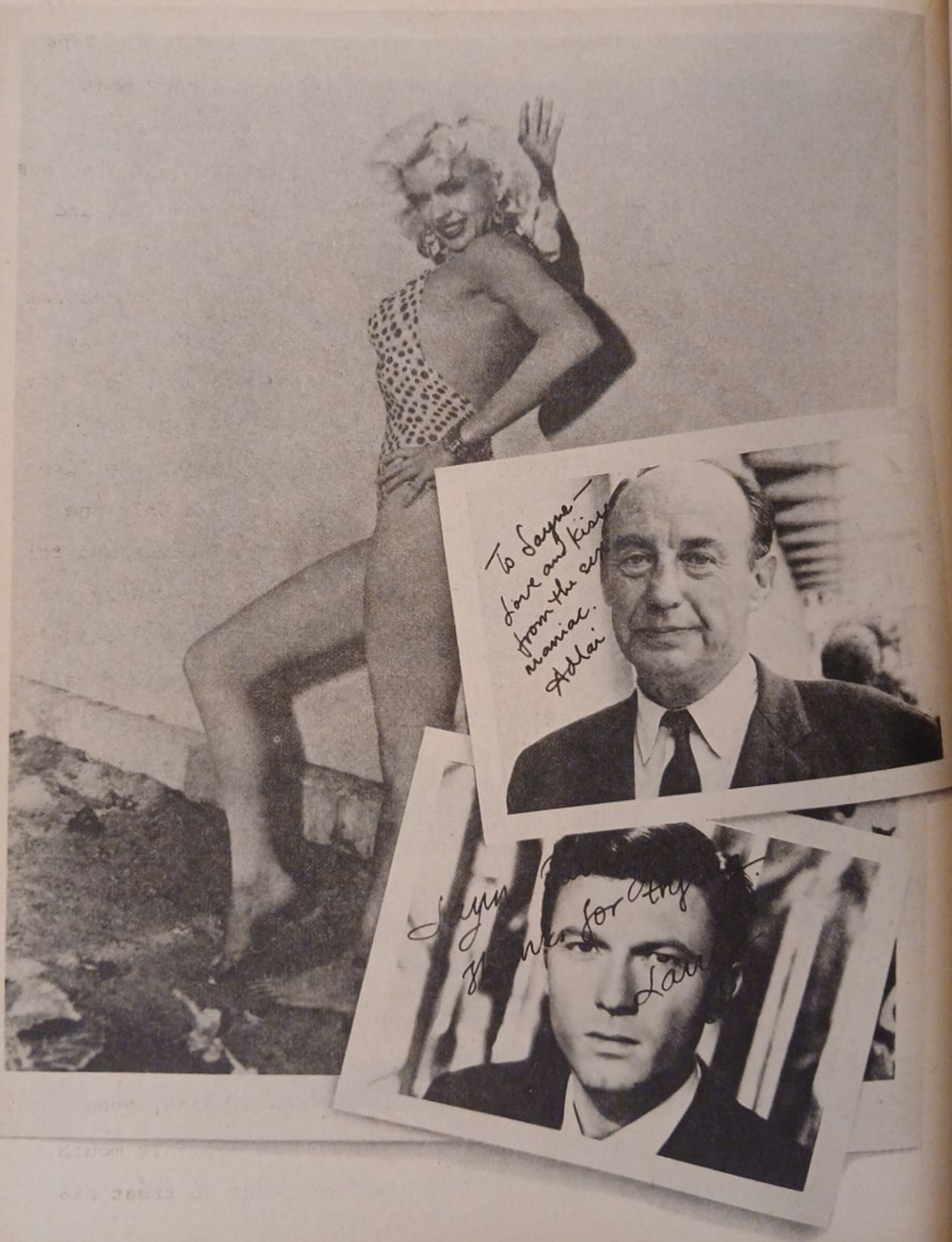
"And George Sanders. A chronic premature ejaculator. He'd come in two seconds. And then he'd cry and cry. A classic case. What to do? Simple. Shorten his stroke. Ernest Borgnine had the same problem.

To Jayne,
The least boring
woman I know
Jenge
To Jayrie
You've made
old mick
very happy
Spence
xxx

"Ernest Hemingway, of course. Old Papa. You know about his famous case of terminal impotence. He thought he was hopeless. Psychologically and physically. He was a sick man. But I cured him. His suicide was an accident. He was ready to take his place in society again as an active fucker. I adored that man. A big, wonderful lug with a heart as big as the great outdoors. he loved. Papa couldn't be cured by any conventional methods. No blow jobs were good enough to make him get it up. Besides, I'm not that oral. I mean, I'll do blow jobs, but I'm not crazy about them. That's for the younger generation. Today's kids like to suck. I like to get pumped and drilled to death. No, Papa's cure was altogether different. He told me that the best times he ever had were on those African safaris in the thirties.

"So I wore an animal costume and let him shoot me--with blanks, of course. I would wear all kinds of animal costumes. Sometimes I was a lion, a cape buffalo, even an elephant. Usually I was a koodoo, an African antelope with corkscrew-shaped antlers. Papa loved to shoot koodoos. And he could only get it up after killing something, something he loved, like animals. I guess it's some kind of Freudian hang-up, or Jungian or something. Guns or penises, right? God, you should have seen the size of that man's pee-pee after he pumped me full of holes with his 30-30! It was a monster. He would just fall on top of me while I was still in costume. In fact, he preferred to take me while I was in costume, which brings up the question, was he really a necrophiliac specializing in bestiality? Who cares. I say, if you dig it, do it. Although I did sweat my brains out in those animal costumes. The only ventilation I

Jaynie—
You made the
Earth mo
Papa


To Jayne—
love and kiss
from the sex
maniac.
Adlai

had was in the crotch. But it was worth it to help Papa. Papa introduced me to bullfighters, by the way. Do you know that bullfighters have a terrible time fucking? It's those sexy outfits they wear. They're so tight that it makes their pee-pees disappear into their bellies. You've got to pull them out and stretch them for hours. But that's another story.

"Laurence Harvey. Dear Larry. One of my oldest and dearest friends. The only way he could get it up was to wear a ballet dancer's tutu, have four Siamese cats walk on his face, have his legs shaved, and get a warm enema--all at the same time. A classic case of the anal-oriented balletomane felinist who likes to be shaved. Always a tough nut to crack. There's only one way to cure those types. Give them more than they bargained for. Make them see how foolish their demands are. We gave Larry ten cats, five shaves, and a proctoscopy. He loved it. We couldn't budge him. Jayne did everything she could, all her tricks, all her numbers. We brought in guest instructors from all over the world. No one could get him off his kick. One day, I asked Larry if his fetish wasn't a bit much. Didn't it get a little annoying--all those details to take care of? 'Of course, it's wearisome, darling,' he said. 'I just like people to make a fuss over me.' Our only failure. Tell you the truth, I think Larry was also a you-know-what.

"Maurice Chevalier. Another odd case. A happy-go-lucky guy, with a twinkle and a smile for everyone. That was his problem. He could never stop twinkling and smiling and singing, even when he was trying to ball someone. We had to tape his mouth.

"Adlai Stevenson came to our camp for years to treat his

penis elbow. I know, I know. It's hard to believe that someone can have penis elbow, but it's true. It's a bursitis type of condition in the penis, similar to tennis elbow. It's very painful. You get it from stroking too hard for too long a period. Adlai was a hell of a fucker, you know. A monster. Don't believe all that egghead business. He was a wild animal, a crazy person. At first he came to the camp for the fun of it. He loved to ball me for hours. One day, he fell back in terrible pain as he was fucking. He could barely get his dork out of me, it was so painful. Bursitis. Do you know how painful that can be? And here's the rub. You don't lose your hard-on. It's so painful that the penis is sort of frozen in a permanent state of hardness until the pain can be relieved. So Adlai was walking around with a lovely but terribly aching cock, totally useless to anyone. What to do? Remember, this was long before acupuncture. I said to him, 'Adlai, go to the Mayo Clinic, Vienna, Zurich, Johns Hopkins. I mean, I'm not a doctor, for God's sake.' But he was too embarrassed. So I thought it might relieve the pain a little if I went down on him very lightly, very gently. A gesture of sympathy. And sure enough, it did. That was the cure. It made him soft instead of hard. Can you imagine? I had to do it day and night, with just a few time-outs for a mouthwash and some sandwiches and coffee. It took three and a half days, probably the longest soft-core blow job in history. Of course, I didn't blow him constantly. Most of the time I just had his cock in my mouth, just keeping it warm. A mercy blow. Not every sex camp instructor will do that. But of course, Adlai was a friend."

It seemed as if the ex-movie star had taught about half the celebrities in the world. She had an enormous reservoir of stories and anecdotes about famous actors, politicians, writers, and jet setters. De Gaulle was a bed-wetter. Jackie O. liked to be whipped with a cashmere scarf. Elvis Presley did, indeed, have the best stroke she ever caught. He was a superstar. Most athletes, especially football and basketball players, came too fast. Baseball players could be wonderful. Jewish comedians were wonderful. Writers were terrible, except for poets. At three in the morning she was still chattering away, now on her fourth gallon jug. She had attracted her usual group of admirers and was telling them all the old stories about the camp. She was a fixture, a living institution, and they say she can still work the F-zone better than anyone when she's sober.

REBIRTHING

About three in the morning on February 27, Peggy and I were lying asleep in our motel beds in Eureka, a city not far from the California-Oregon border, when we were awakened by a terrible cry. We sat bolt upright, I clutching the bedclothes to my chest, Peggy clutching her notebook. There, standing between our beds--how had he gotten in?--was a stark-naked, soaking wet man, crying terribly. I pointed to the Kleenex. "Thank you," he said. "I don't usually do this sort of thing. It's not manly." I did not disagree with him and noticed he had red hair.

"Oh, I'm so unhappy," he said. "See what they did to me."

"Who?"

"The rebirthers," he said. "Oh, I'm so disconsolate, I'm practically inconsolable."

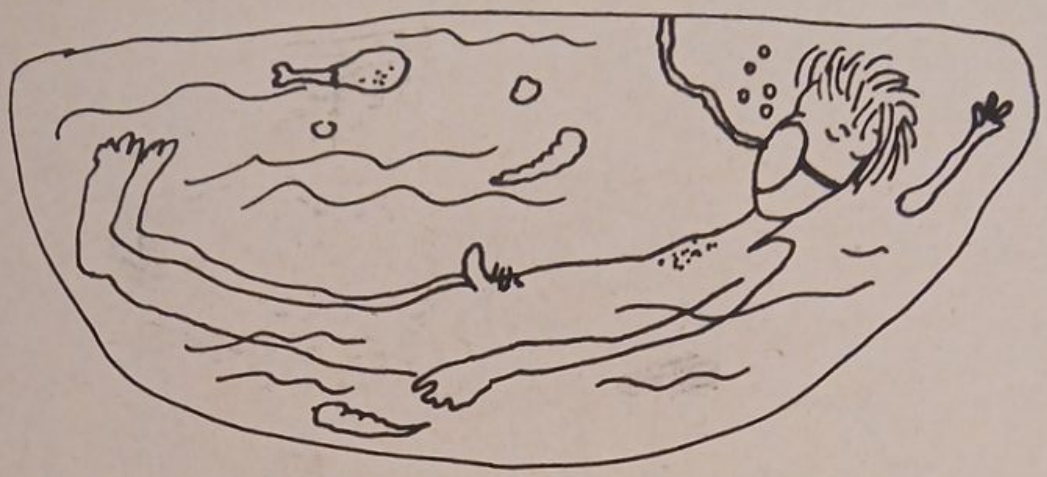
The fellow sat down on the luggage rack and took some instant tea, which Peggy prepared for him. I covered him with Ramada towels. We were mystified. But not for long, for, wet as he was, he soon poured out his story.

He had had a reservation at the rebirthing camp--evidently situated somewhere near here--and entered the parklike rolling grounds with pleasant anticipation of the therapy awaiting him. He had read the brochures, as well as Le Boyer and Orr, and knew that its purpose was to relive the birth trauma so that he could

revise all the harmful and no longer appropriate decisions he had made at parturition.

"Like when they inject your old lady with dope, and you form the impression that the best way to get along in life is to play dead in a sewer. When you're dragged out of a dark, cozy 103-degree sleeping bag and insolently dangled by your ankles in a 65-degree, blinding white room, stark naked, by a stranger, while a whole lot of other people stare at your genitalia with a sense of emergency in their eyes, as though they'd all just placed bets on it. When for the first and last time they use S&M artificial respiration on you--a smart smack on the ass--to convince you to take your first breath of air. When your constant source of food, air, and blood for nine months--whom you have never met and do not know to be your mother--is unceremoniously wheeled away, while you are dropped in a hard white crib in a room with a lot of other young people as badly treated as yourself. When, having been inside, you are outside; having been carried, are discarded; having been together, are alone; having been served, must serve yourself. When, having been for nine months in a delicious state of arrival, you are suddenly treated as potentially careening towards death, and to insure your comprehension of that fact, you are named after an uncle who died of alcoholism at twenty-three by a father who makes mute and inglorious faces at you through a plate glass window, thus setting the standard for his relationship with you for the rest of your life."

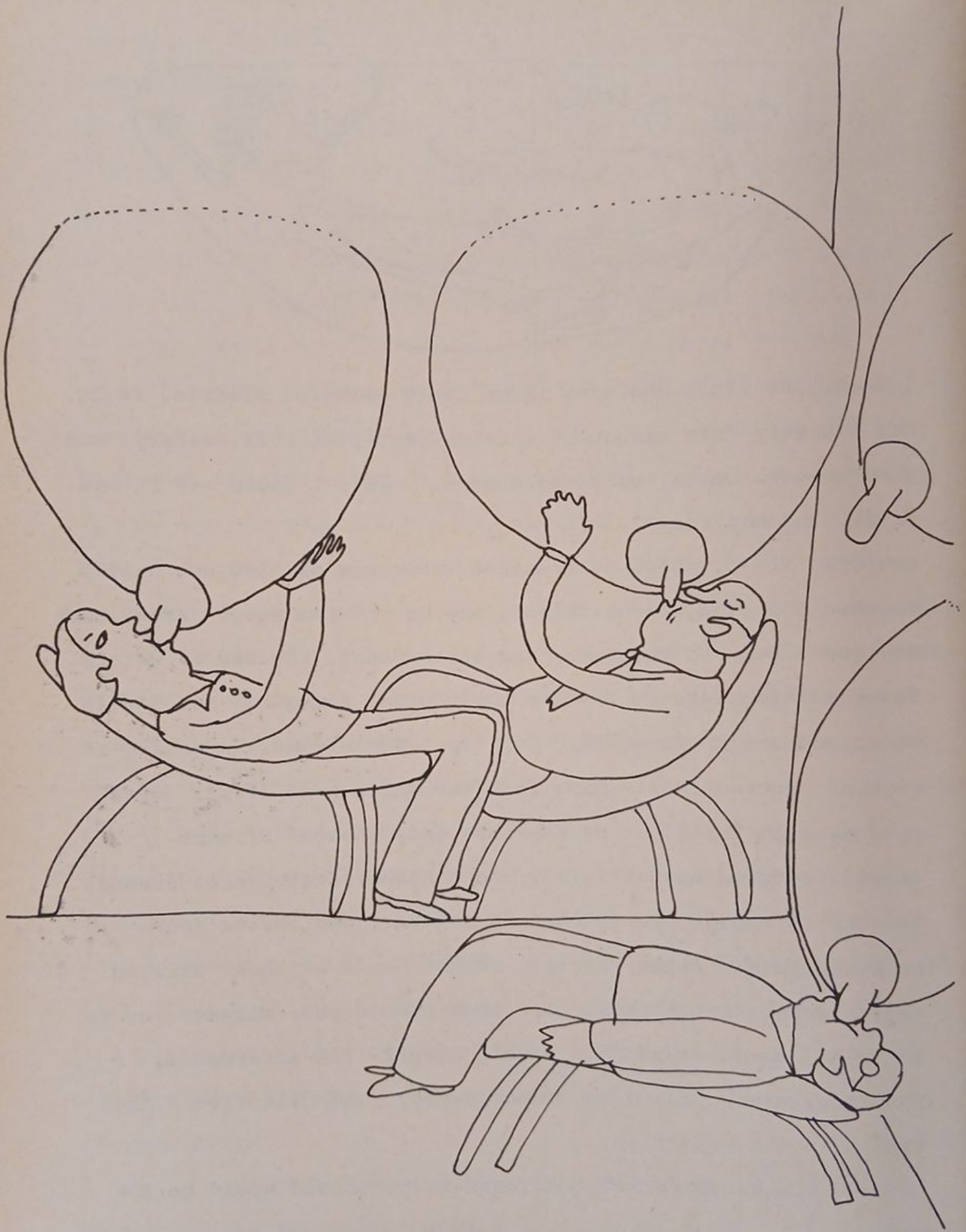
In rebirthing, however, one may change all that, dispel it--<u>poof!</u>--by immersing oneself in a tub of warm, simulated

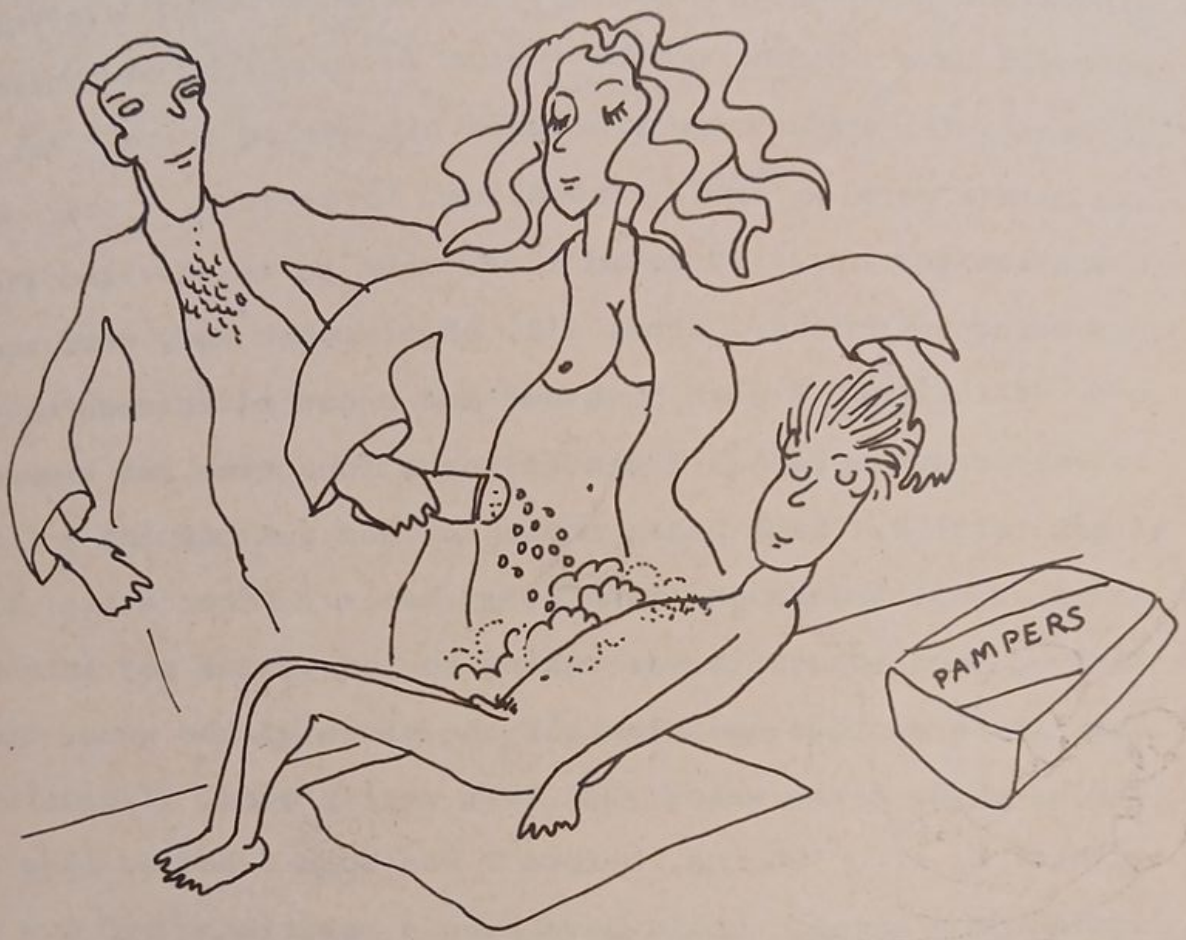


Indeed, the fluid had many large fatty globules floating in it. And a pretty fair amount of chicken parts, carrots, celery, and what used to be called "soup greens." Yes, I would say it was primal chicken soup.

amniotic fluid, which is a saline substance tasting not unlike chicken soup and which, indeed, may be chicken soup. Back, back one goes, back to the womb, the birth canal, the bag of waters. Reverse into history. Relive those great moments. You did it once, you can do it again. Curl up. Experience the thrill of regular contractions. Dive into the world head first. Open your eyes to the light of day, and see, instead of some desperate-faced obstetrician, the handsome features of Joanna and Chris, whose only concern is to curry and caress your puckered form. Place yourself in the hands of these skilled and attentive rebirthers. Let them remove you, massage you in the nude, swaddle you in a lovely diaper, and afterwards, if you like, carry you to be fed on sweet, warm milk from a huge breast in the mammarium.

So the brochure had read, and so it seemed would be the case.





As the man explained it, he had entered the rebirthing chamber with Chris and Joanna, whose soft velour robes parted as they walked to reveal their magnificent forms. They held hands and seemed really stuck on one another. "But I couldn't tell. Although, as they lowered me into the womb-tub, I thought I saw them French kiss. I wasn't paying attention too much because the womb-tub was a bit alarming. For I was going to go under water with a breathing tube in a tub whose flexible sides would be filled with a 103-degree saline solution to reexperience something that hadn't been very nice to begin with."

He curled up, closed his eyes, and went under. It took some getting used to. He felt the sides of the tub give with his elbows and heels. It felt just like a womb would have felt if he could have remembered how a womb felt, which, of course, had he been able, would have precluded his coming there. But Chris and Joanna were on hand, canoodling, lovey-dovey. They could watch out for him. He could trust them to rescue him, should the going get rough. After all, that's what they were there for.

"At first, I just hung out and breathed through the tube. It was pretty boring. I did it for a long time, it seemed. Then I got restive. So I began moving around and bopping a little, snapping my fingers and tapping my heels. After a bit, I got kind of teed 'cause it was taking so long, so I got into throwing little punches and blows at the sides of the womb, bang, punch, thud, kick, whack. It felt really good. I didn't mean nuthin' by it. 'Course, before I was born I had no idea I was inside of a human. Could have been a rebirthing tub for all I knew.

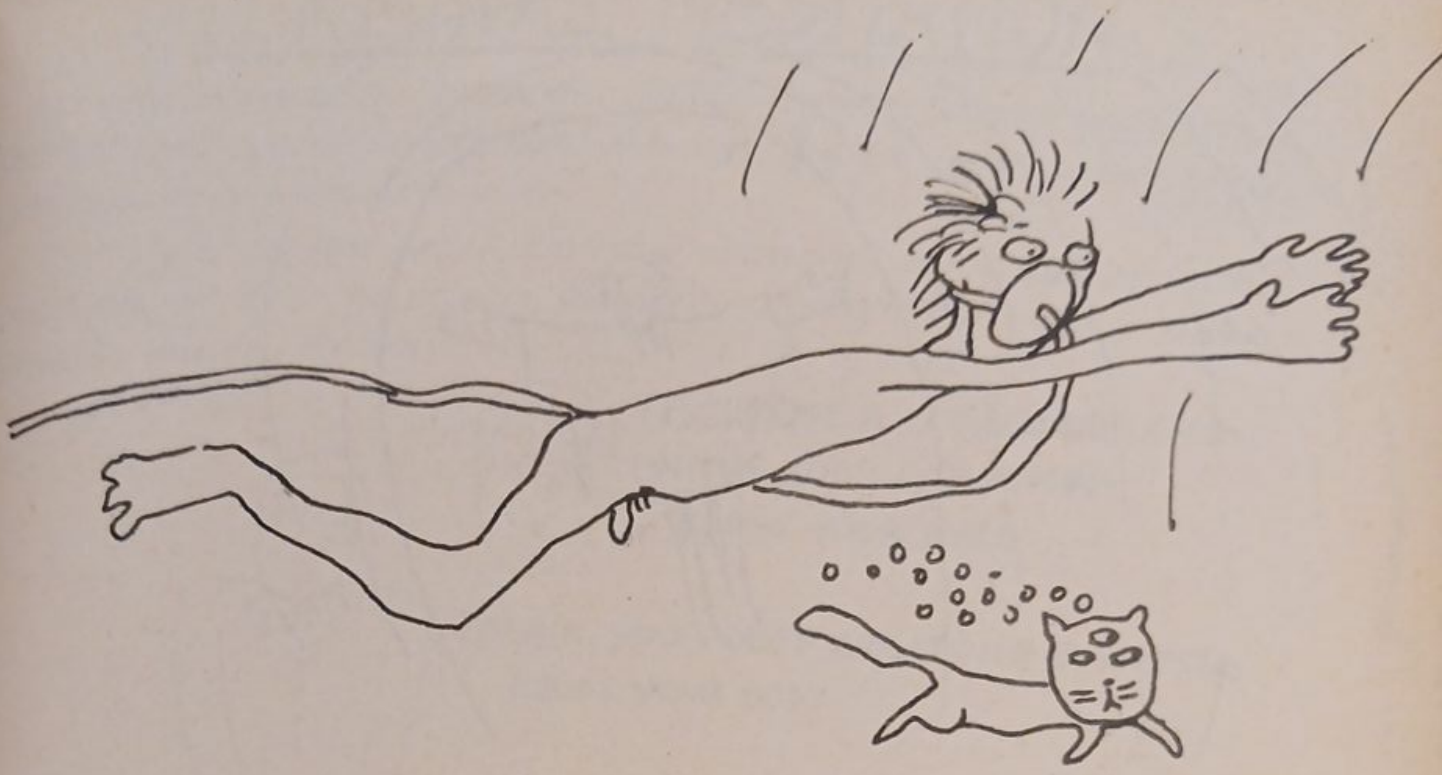
"Anyhow, I really got into this heavily, started doing karate, zap, slash, and having a wild old time. I was surprised Joanna and Chris didn't stop me, so I stopped and listened and I could hear Joanna moaning a little as though she approved, and saying, 'Yes, yes.' So, slap, bop, konk, I gave the old womb another set of blows. I wondered if Joanna and Chris had often seen this sort of action before. And then I realized they must have seen just about everything ten times over, and if I was throwing punches to scatter the boredom, what the hell were they throwing, I wondered. 'Faster, faster,' I thought I

heard her say, so I led with a right cross, an uppercut, and three jabs from the shoulder. I thought if I hit the womb-tub hard enough, it'd burst and--whee, I'd be a miscarriage--drop him into the compost heap, Alice, and forget about him. I thought I'd surface and ask about this, when I heard Joanna's voice again, and this time it sounded like, 'Harder, harder,' so by George and by jingo, I hit out harder, kick, kapow, slam, konk, bash. 'Deeper, deeper,' I heard her say, so I inched down until I was standing on my head, and there I practiced my haymaker.

"'It feels so <u>good</u>,' I heard her say, and by God, it did feel good. 'In and out,' she said, 'up and down.' So I got this great idea. I'd use the bottom of the womb like a trampoline, and so I started doing somersaults. Wow! But it was dark down there, so as I was doing a slow motion half-gainer, pike

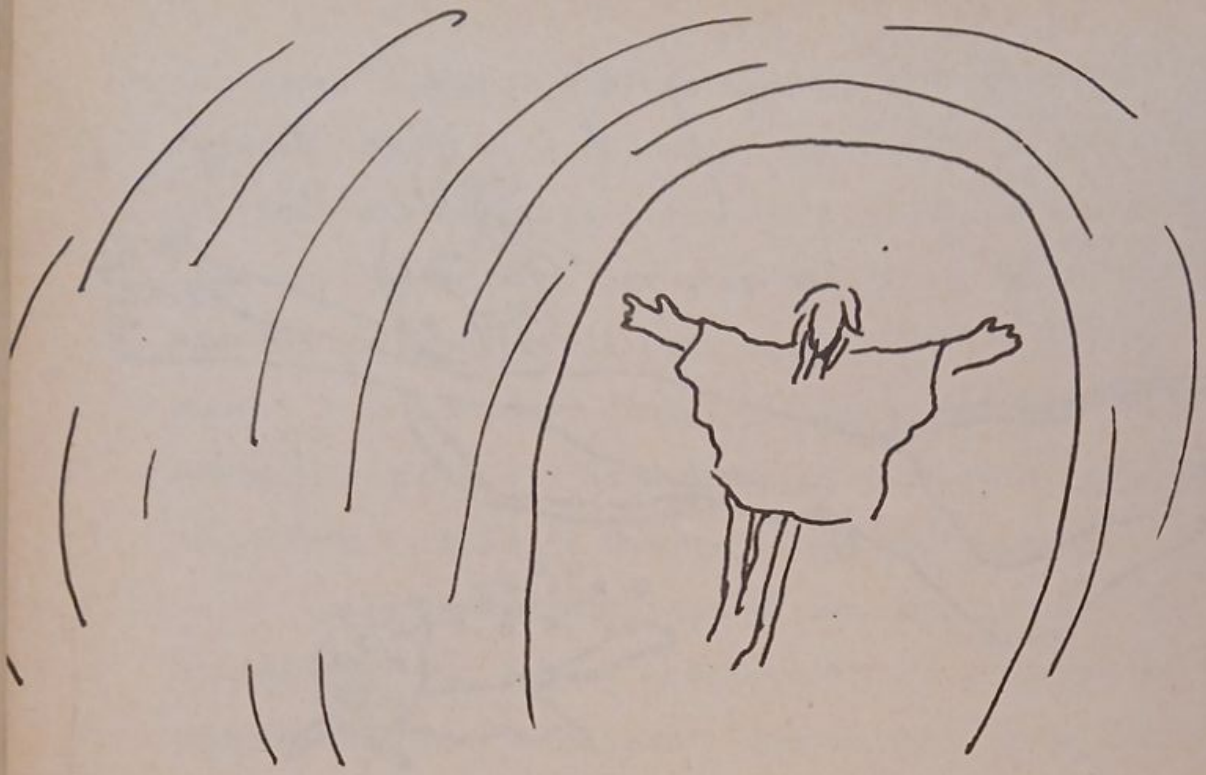
position, I didn't realize that my breathing tube was getting twisted around my arch, neck, and body. It was like an octopus, and before I knew it, I was all tied up in it. I gave three tugs to the surface, but they didn't tug back; they must have thought this was still part of my womb-kick spree. I couldn't move. I was bound. 'Help!' I wanted to cry, but if I'd opened my mouth I'd have drowned, even if I could have said it, which I couldn't because I was choking.

"I flailed wildly, kicked out every which way to attract attention. But no one understood! In a matter of moments, my oxygen was gone--why wasn't Joanna pulling me out--what was



Chris doing?--Chris! Joanna! You idiotic numbskulls, save me, save me, I'm going, I'm going. 'I'm coming. I'm coming," I heard her cry. Thank God! Any moment she would pull me out. Any second I would be safely lying in their arms being comforted.

"'Wait, wait, I'm not there yet," said Chris. Not there yet? Where was he? 'It's too late, I'm coming,' she said. 'Ah, God, me, too, me, too. I'm coming, too. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! It was a moan the likes of which I never heard before, from both of them. But she didn't come! She didn't, and it began to get dark and still. And I knew what this was. I knew, because I saw a little white point of light at the end of a dark tunnel. It got larger and larger as I approached it, whiter and whiter. I wanted to struggle against it, not let it happen to me. But I had to let go, give in, let it take me. 'Oh, Christ, oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!' was the last thing I heard, and, would you believe, right on cue I saw Him. There He was,



standing in a caftan, His arms opened wide, just like they said He'd be, palms upward, if you don't mind scabs."

"Extraordinary," said Peggy. "Why, you should open a Death Trauma Center. Take people through their death trauma beforehand, and--"

"No," the wet man said, somewhat mistily. "But it was not far from this spot, and not many years ago either, that the dread event occured."

"I thought it happened just a few minutes ago," I said.

"Is your name Chris?" said the man.

"No!" I said.

"Is your name Joanna?" he asked Peggy.

"No, it's not!" she said, half rising from her chair. "What do you want?" I'd never before heard her voice take on that peculiarly vibrant timbre.

"Revenge," he said, and vanished.

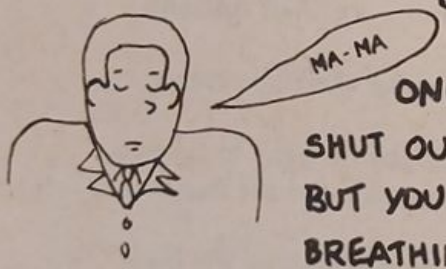
TERMINAL MEDITATION

It is very important to choose the perfect terminal for your meditation. The best ones are the underground subways. If there are no subways where you live, try a railroad station.

Contrary to popular belief, the train terminal is the ideal place to meditate. The noise, the crowds, the dense atmosphere will free your mind from its everyday concerns.

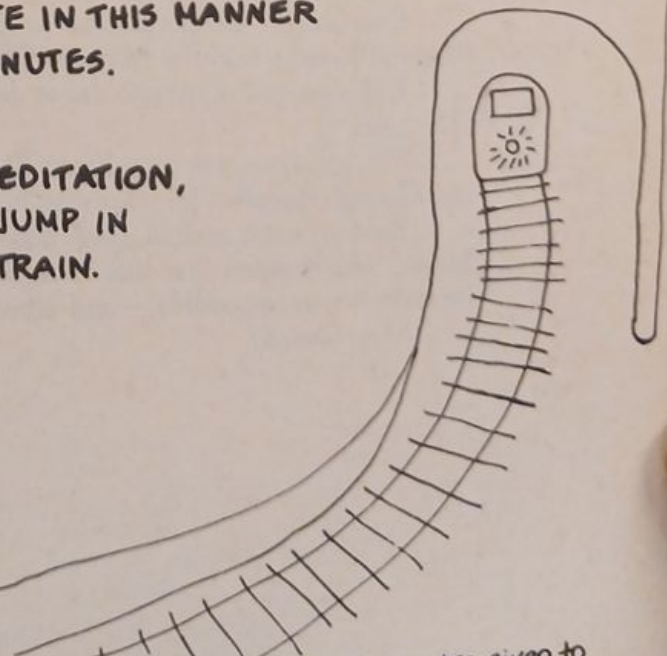
(1) CHOOSE A COMFORTABLE SPOT ON THE SUBWAY PLATFORM. CLOSE YOUR EYES.

(2) BEGIN YOUR DEEP BREATHING EXERCISES. RELAX YOUR BODY.



(3) SAY YOUR MANTRA* TO YOURSELF AS YOU BREATHE. IF YOU DO NOT HAVE AN ASSIGNED MANTRA, USE A SIMPLE ONE-SYLLABLE WORD LIKE ONE. SHUT OUT EVERYTHING FROM YOUR MIND BUT YOUR MANTRA UNTIL YOUR DEEP BREATHING BECOMES A NATURAL, INSTINCTIVE ACTION. MEDITATE IN THIS MANNER FIFTEEN TO TWENTY MINUTES.

(4) AT THE END OF THE MEDITATION, OPEN YOUR EYES AND JUMP IN FRONT OF A SPEEDING TRAIN.



* In the early days of terminal meditation, everyone had his own special mantra given to him by a guru. Today, most mantras are "pd" (public domain). You can use any word that feels comfortable – da-da, wi-wi, ma-ma, anything that has a nice ring to it.

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And an extra special, deep bow of gratitude to Matty Simmons and Leonard Mogel, who insisted that this book could be done, no matter how many times we thought it was impossible — and convinced us that less is more.

Up yourself!

IN OUR BOOK:

A GIT WEEKEND
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF FOR ANYTHING. THE WORLD OWES YOU A LIVING.

H'AI CH'AI
THE ORIENTAL ART OF AWKWARDNESS.

HOW TO BE A HINDU SAINT
A VISIT TO A TRAINING SCHOOL AND THE FABULOUS MR. SAINT PAGEANT.

VELVEETA
THE MOST ENERGETIC, EXCITING COMMUNE IN AMERICA.

A LEAF FROM PEGGY'S JOURNAL

THE VITO PALAZZI SKYDIVING SOCIETY
SEE YOUR LIFE FLASH BEFORE YOUR EYES AND MAKE THE BIG BREAKTHROUGH.

TANKS FOR NOTHING
THE AMAZING FINDINGS OF DR. JOHN DILLY, WHO LIVED THE LIFE OF A CLAM.

THE BRUCE JUNG PSYCHODREAMA INSTITUTE AND MINK FARM
WHY SUBLIMATE WHEN YOU CAN KILL?

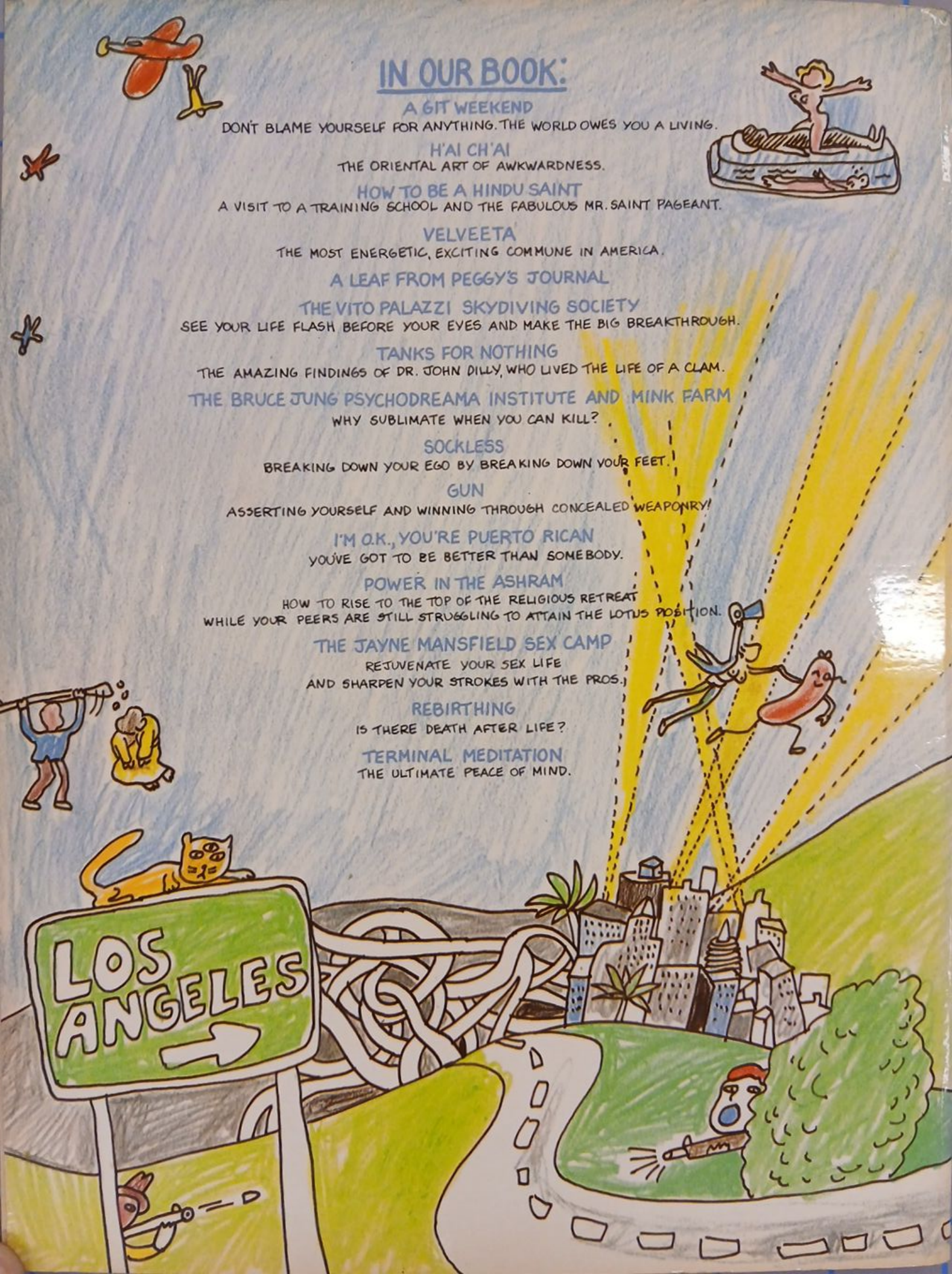
SOCKLESS
BREAKING DOWN YOUR EGO BY BREAKING DOWN YOUR FEET.

GUN
ASSERTING YOURSELF AND WINNING THROUGH CONCEALED WEAPONRY!

I'M O.K., YOU'RE PUERTO RICAN
YOU'VE GOT TO BE BETTER THAN SOMEBODY.

POWER IN THE ASHRAM
HOW TO RISE TO THE TOP OF THE RELIGIOUS RETREAT
WHILE YOUR PEERS ARE STILL STRUGGLING TO ATTAIN THE LOTUS POSITION.

THE JAYNE MANSFIELD SEX CAMP
REJUVENATE YOUR SEX LIFE
AND SHARPEN YOUR STROKES WITH THE PROS.)

REBIRTHING
IS THERE DEATH AFTER LIFE?

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